MARCH, 1948

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Esquire

THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

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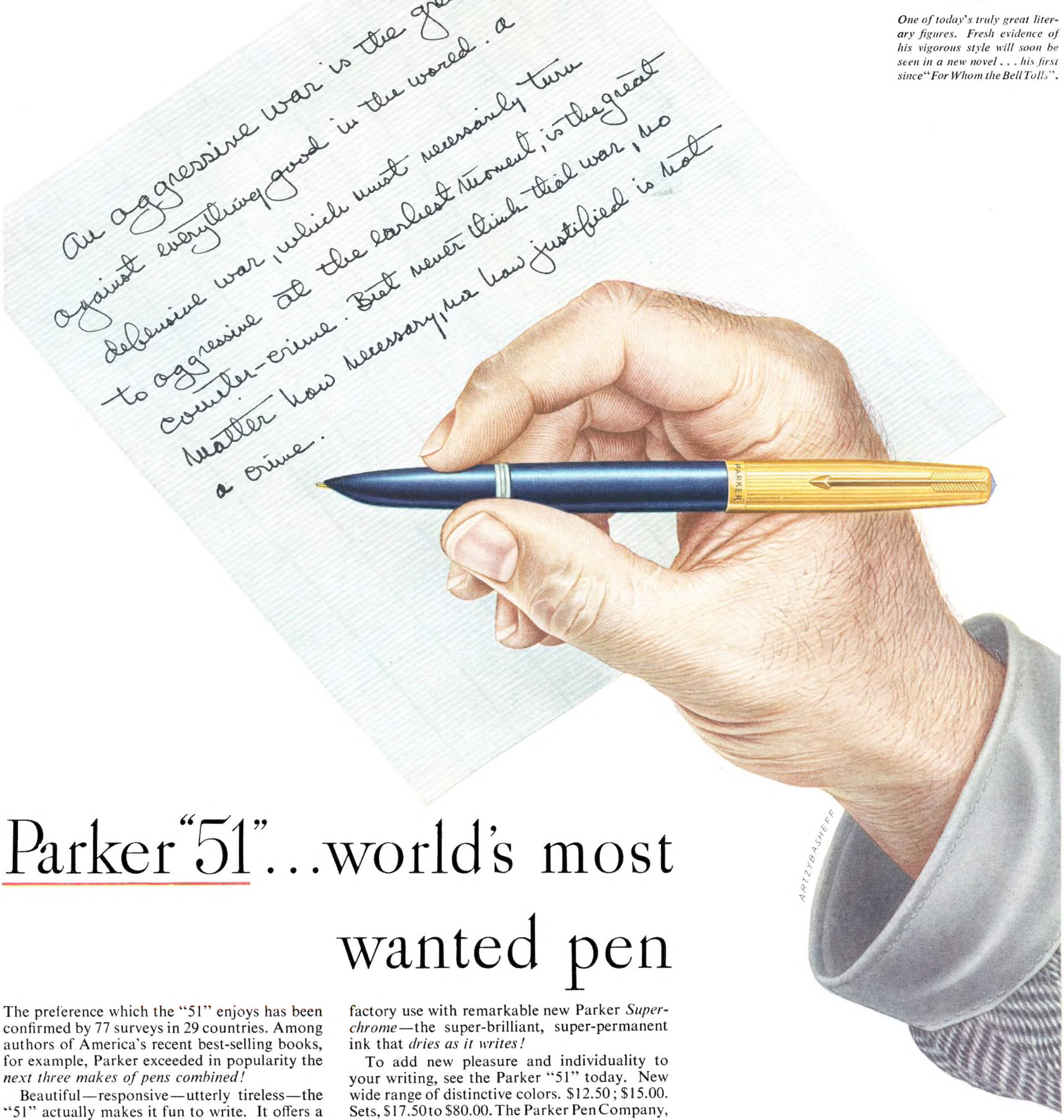
Advice to Unfaithful Husbands

by Helen Lawrenson—Author of LATINS ARE LOUSY LOVERS

IN THE HAND OF ERNEST HEMINGWAY

WHO IS WRITING A NEW NOVEL OF OUR TIMES

One of today's truly great literary figures. Fresh evidence of his vigorous style will soon be seen in a new novel . . . his first since "For Whom the Bell Tolls".



An aggressive war is the great crime
against everything good in the world. a
defensive war, which must necessarily turn
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counter-crime. But never think that war, no
matter how necessary, no how justified is not
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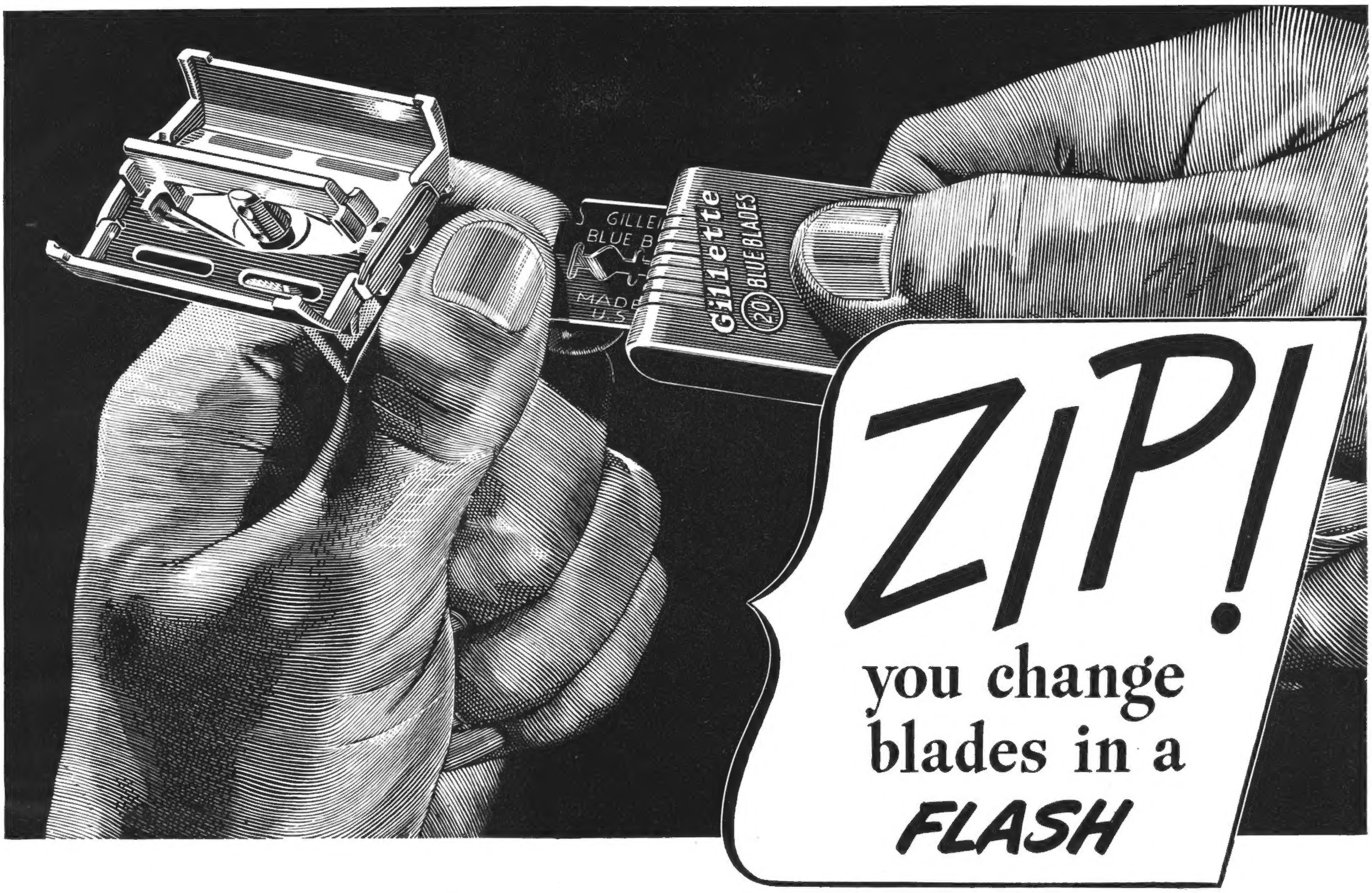
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FLASH

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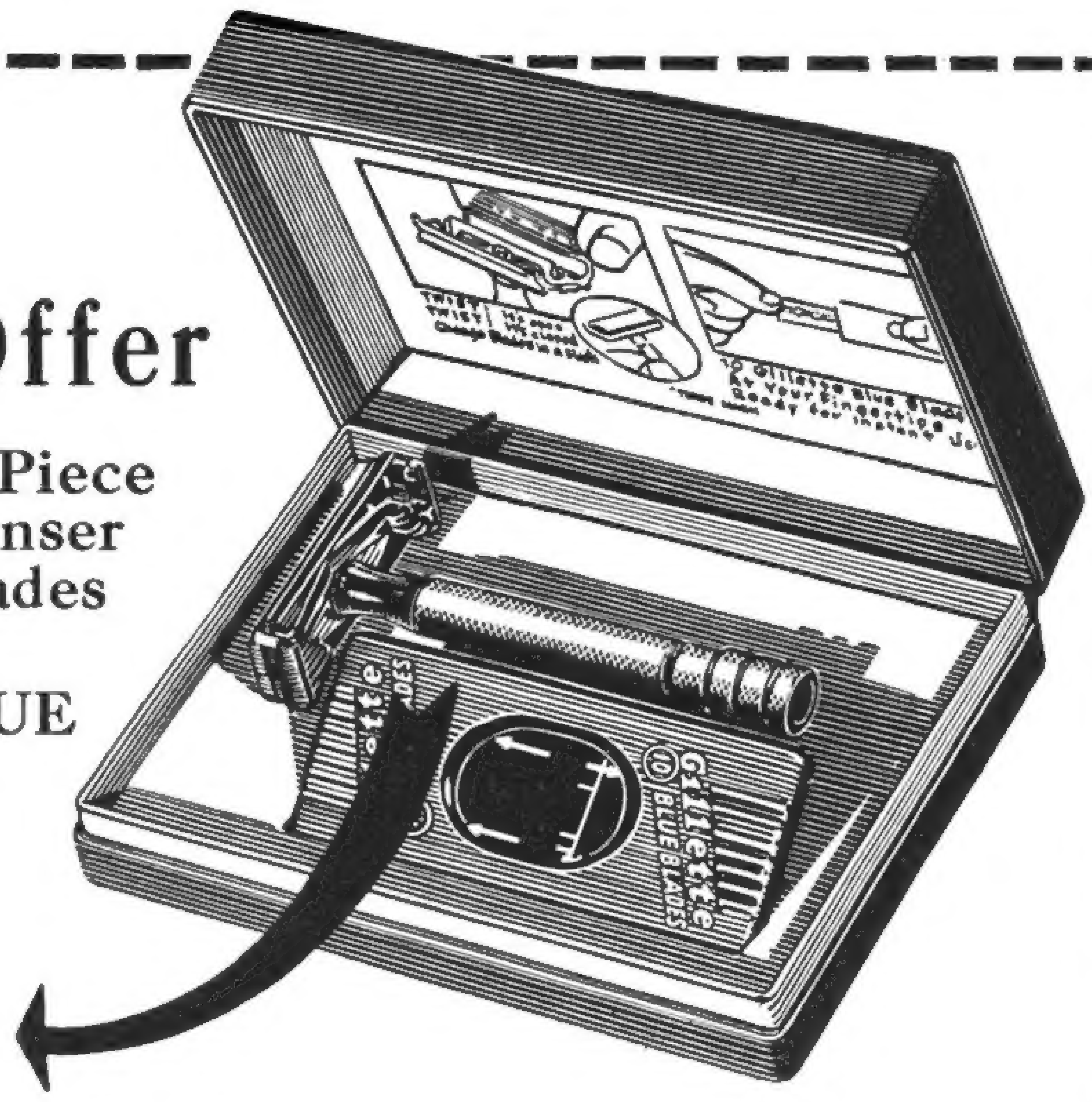

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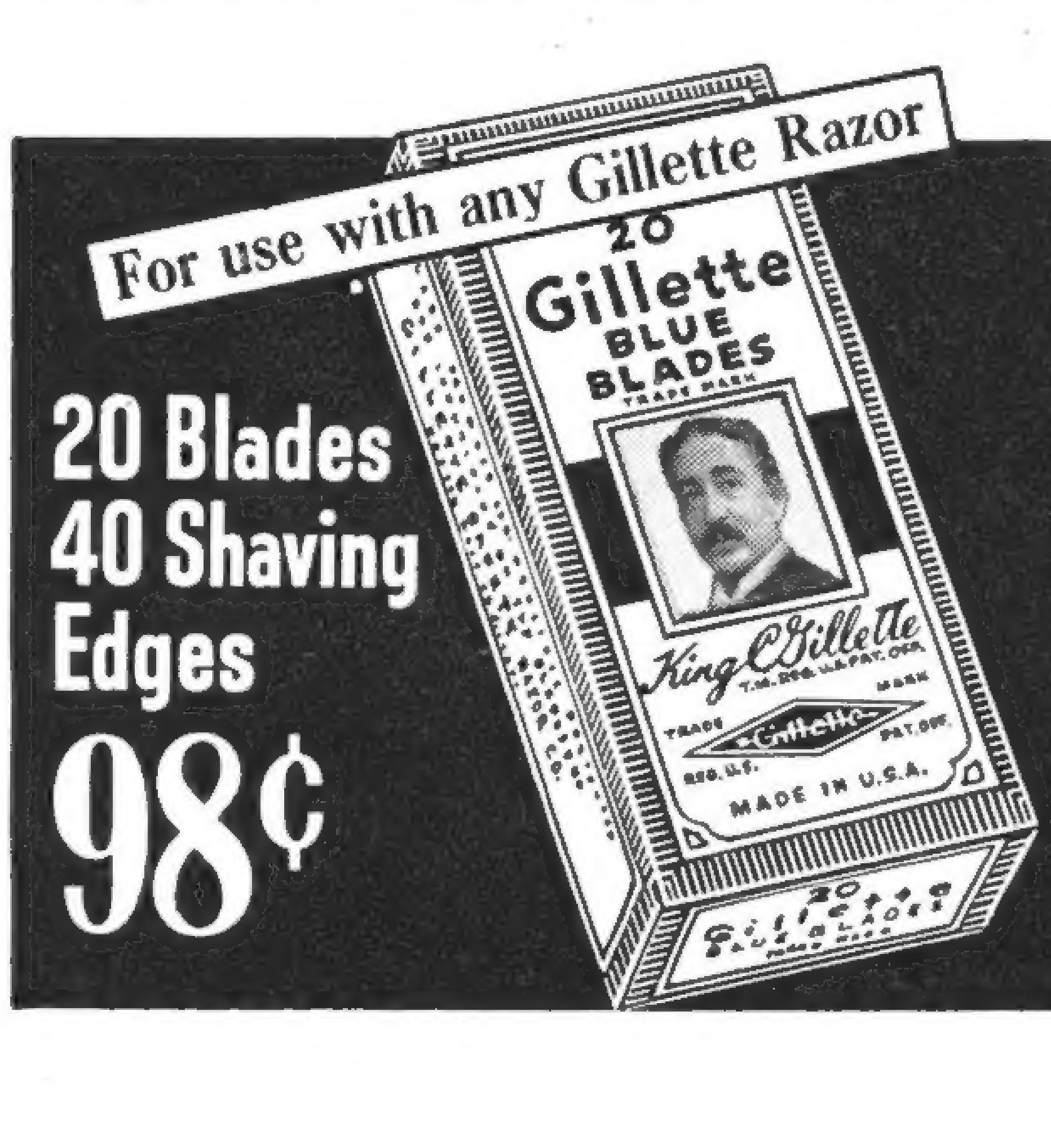
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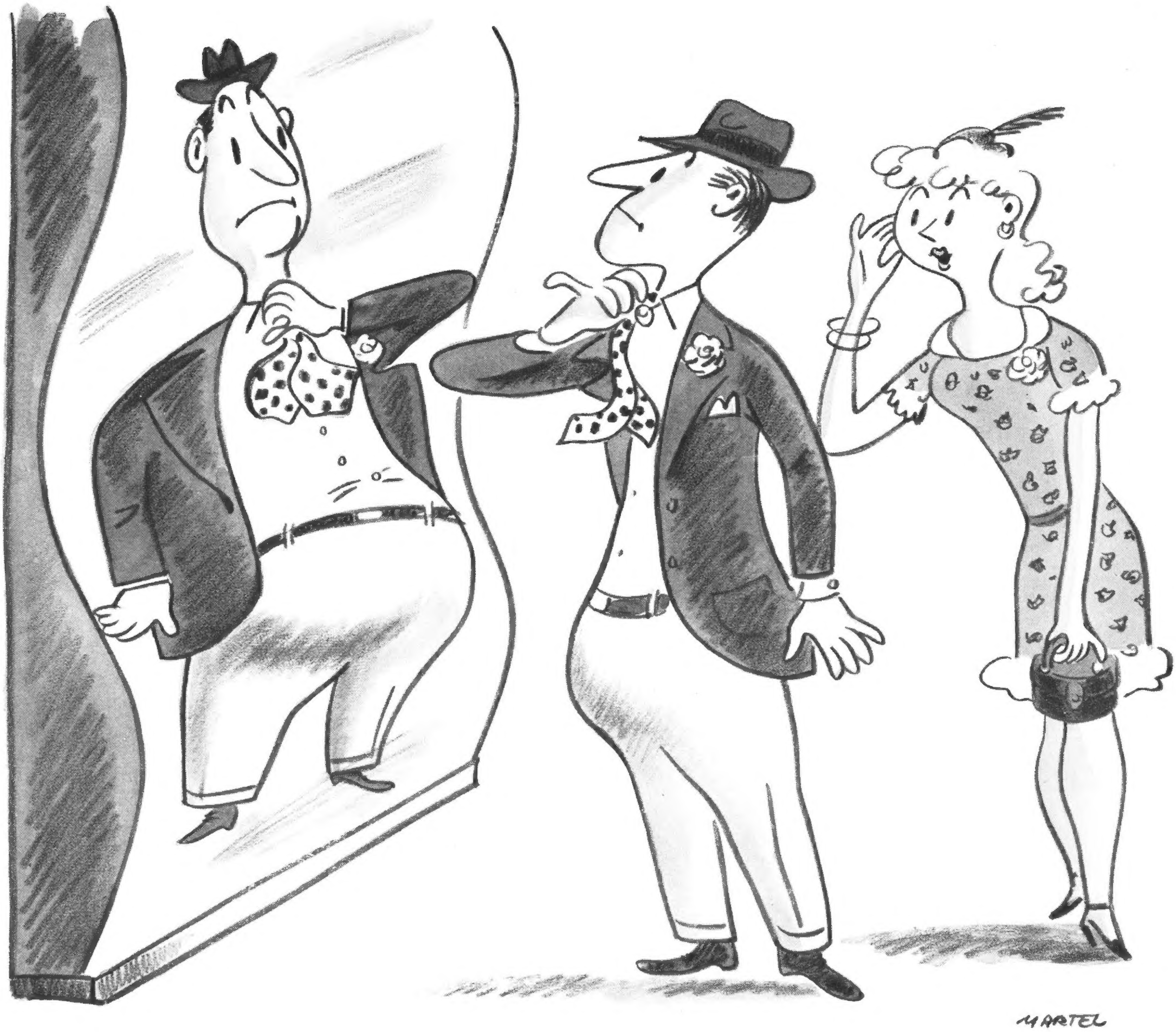

Do you have a "funny-mirror" figure?

Few women fool themselves about their looks. But we males sometimes *keep on dreaming* that we have the slim figure of our youth. Have you taken a hard, appraising look in the mirror recently? Is Prince Charming beginning to bulge at the belt?

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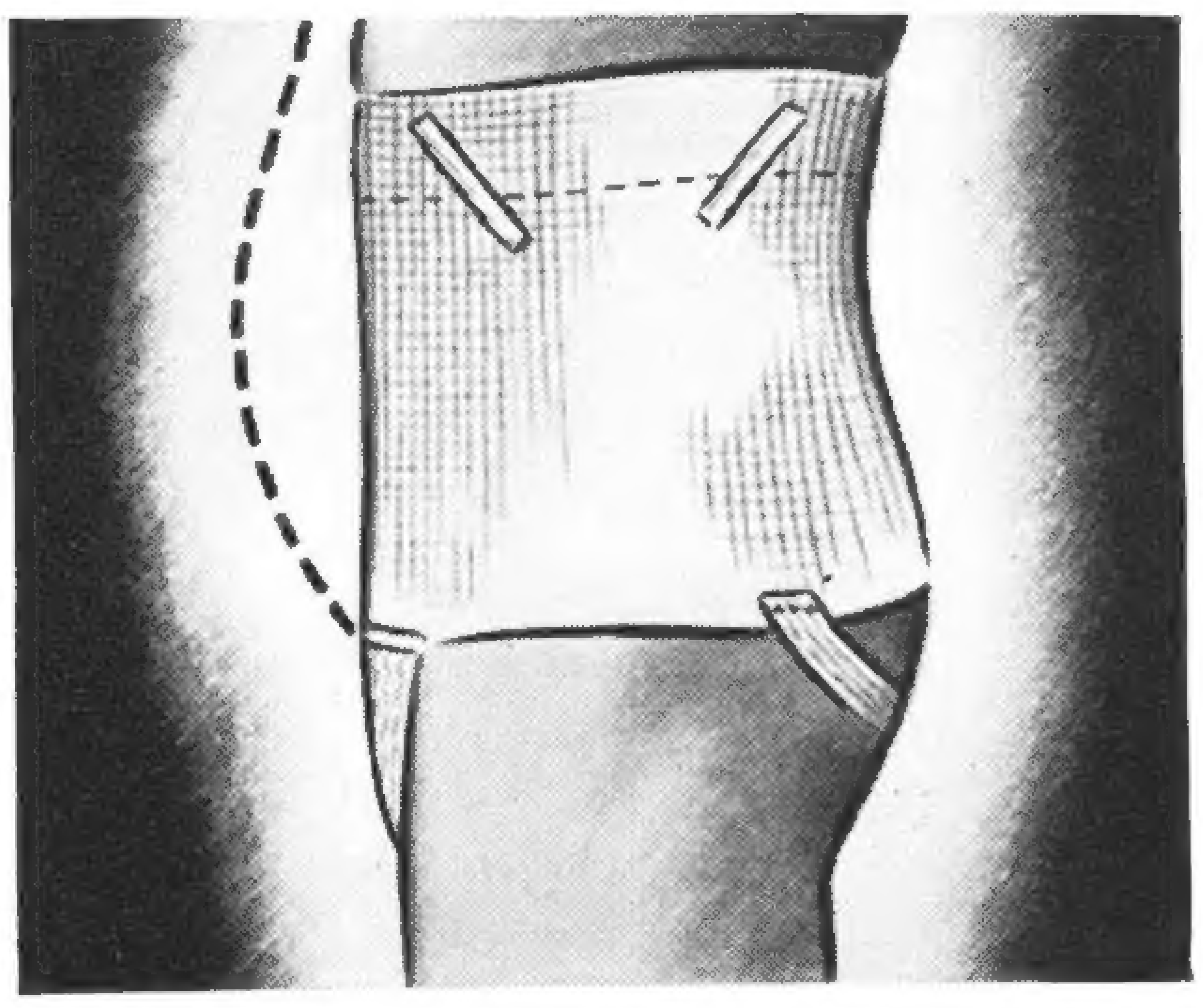
Why not try one for a week? We believe you'll find you'll look and feel lots better. Sold at drug, department and men's wear stores. A remarkable value at $3.50. Write to Johnson & Johnson, New Brunswick, N. J., for interesting folder.



YOU LOOK TRIM—FEEL FIT

The dotted line charts the telltale abdominal slump of many men past 30. Note how the Chesterfield corrects this unsightly bulge—streamlines the figure. You can see how much it improves posture—helping to reduce fatigue.

Johnson & Johnson **CHESTERFIELD** **SUPPORTER BELT**

TAKES THE MIDDLE OUT OF MIDDLE AGE

Do You Brush Your Teeth?

We've just completed a reader survey, and you may read some of the results in the editorial on the next page. We happen to think that the score adds up pretty happily for Esquire, since this survey actually was conducted under conditions permitting every respondent to speak his mind, and if the worst was coming our way, we went right out into the open asking for it.

But you'll want to find out for yourself what our typical Esquire reader is, by reading the editorial, so we won't dwell on that any further in this space. It did seem, though, if we ever were to match the statistics of our survey to the averages of the U.S. Census, that Mr. Esquire would shape up as an exceptionally competent and successful man in this exacting society of ours.

Our chief thanks are not to this happy circumstance (which is, after all, the accumulative accomplishment of all our years of publishing to meet certain standards of taste), but to the individuals who answered our questions so freely and generously. One of the pleasures of reading mail marked "Esquire" has always been the personal and familiar feeling our readers have for Esky. When we come in for criticism—and believe me, the weather is pretty rough sometimes—we get such a blast as an irate top sergeant gives his small fry kid brother to finish the whole subject off once and for all, and get back to being a family again. When we get kidded, we have to hold on to our pants. And when we are praised, we get it with a lavish sentiment which only Esky seems to arouse in the minds of a public well read in every type of publication. To all of you, then, who took the time to tell us something about yourselves and how you feel about Esky, our most sincere appreciation. This magazine has reiterated time and again a policy of flexibility and change—we have the right readers, we know: our aim is to change and build Esquire until it represents everything our readers could ask. —D.A.S.

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Esquire
THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

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T.M.REG

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Editorial: Meet Mr. Typical Esquire Reader

May I come in?
A
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ONE of O. Henry's best stories concerns a reporter who was sent out to write up a typical Man-about-Town. He tried bravely, combed the bars, the clubs, the hotels, the streets, but couldn't seem to find a guy who had everything that makes up a Man-about-Town. Finally at the end of the search, musing over his problem, he was clipped by a taxicab and carted off to the hospital. Next morning he peered through his bandages to read a newspaper account of the accident: . . . "The victim was unidentified, but appeared to be a typical Man-about-Town."

You may feel a bit like our friend after scanning this page, for here we plan to picture the typical Esquire reader, that fabulous fellow who reads our stories and our advertisements, who laughs (or doesn't) at our cartoons, whose image plagues the editors day and night, to say nothing of our stanch advertisers. What's he like? How old is he? Is he a businessman, a farmer, a doctor? Does he smoke? What does he like to read—or (horrors) *can* he read?

Last time we found out some of those things was several years ago. So we gathered our forces and sent out tireless ferrets in the form of hundreds of questions in a little book to a large cross section of our readers, selected at random. No eager-beaver quiz kid at your elbow pressing you for an answer; no planted questions of the how-often-do-you-beat-your-wife variety. The questionnaire was small, scientifically controlled and punctuated with a few of Esquire's choicest cartoons to put the reader in the mood, and he was left to write in any kind of answers he chose. On the last page was a little envelope containing a quarter, a present from Esky by way of offering a Coke or a smoke for the trouble our friends went to in answering the questionnaire so courteously. True, a few complained, even though the quarter was there for Johnnie, with no compulsion to send back the leaflet. "Unadulterated, brazen effrontery," said one man, pinning back our ears. "If this is checked by a young lady under thirty . . . not too light or not too heavy . . ." wrote one hopeful, she was invited out for "dinner on the Astor Roof," and other respectful pleasantries. One chap asked *us* some questions about *our* plans for the future.

The survey, of course, covered every portion of the U.S., went into homes of Esquire readers from Times Square to Terrapin Creek. We learned a lot about America: we learned a lot about Mr. Esquire Reader.

He's quite a guy. We could fill this issue with fascinating facts about his personal life, his business, his hopes and plans, but for this first portrait of our man we'll have to sift through a monumental stack of bristling data and do a sketch once-over-lightly, with a broad brush. But we hope you get the outlines: when it's all over, it'll probably be *you* we're talking about. So, dipping with a flourish into our paintpot, we up with:

Mr. Esquire, himself:

The guy is 38.7 years old, on the average. Ninety-seven per cent of our answers came from male readers, and three per cent from the gals, so let's call him mister.

Sixty-two and six-tenths per cent of our men had had some college training, and 32.4 per cent are college graduates. The largest group (50.2 per cent) has a B.S. degree; 35.6 per cent a B.A.; M.D.s run 12 per cent, we're proud to say; and (mark this well) the D.D.S. group is 6.7 per cent. The Ph.D. brain trust runs pretty high, at 3.2 per cent. Forty-one and six-tenths per cent are professional men; 2.9 per cent semiprofessionals such as artists, writers, druggists; 7.8 per cent white-collar workers; 9.1 per cent skilled and semiskilled labor; and there remains a miscellaneous group, at 19.7 per cent, of students, servicemen, retired gentlemen-at-ease.

Esquire readers make money. The average Mr. Esquire earns $8369 yearly. Twenty-five and five-tenths per cent of our guys make $10,000 and over, Uncle Sam will be happy to hear. A stouthearted 5.2 per cent bring home over $25,000 every year for their groceries; 60.7 per cent make more than $5000; 87.4 per cent over $3000. The boys really get things done: 17.2 per cent are owners; 8.3 per cent salesman; 8.0 per cent president or chairman of firm; 7.1 per cent supervisor or chairman.

The Esquire guy is in pretty good shape for his age. He prefers to take part in sports in this order: golf (38.6 per cent), swimming (25.7 per cent), tennis (19.9 per cent), baseball (16.9 per cent), fishing (16.2 per cent), bowling (14.9 per cent), hunting (11.7 per cent). As for sitting on his fanny and watching, he prefers football games first, then baseball, basketball, hockey, horseriding-racing and boxing.

Mr. Esquire, how he lives:

So you see a little what he looks like, and what makes him tick. Now to catch him at home. Most of the Esquire guys live in a house (74 per cent), in apartments (23 per cent), hotels (1.35 per cent) and the rest hit the sack in clubs, dorms, and the like. The ones who live in houses usually (60.5 per cent) own them, and the average price today is $19,585 per house. Just over six rooms on the average; with 1.5 bathrooms. Esquire men treat themselves well—76.1 per cent have study or den, 52.7 per cent a recreation room. Mrs. Esquire usually tidies up the joint, except for 39.1 per cent who have servants, averaging 1.4 per house. The checks go out for summer places too—15.1 per cent have summer homes, and those who own them average a cool $12,377 for this seasonal change of pace and place. They have 1.6 children.

Mr. Esquire's place is okay, you'd say. So far, he's planning in most cases (76.3 per cent) on buying a television set this year. He owns a refrigerator (60.9 per cent). He's got 2.8 radios scattered about the house, and the average price is $102.99 for each. He owns an expensive record-combination set and averages 143 records.

Upstairs you'll find our Mr. Esquire a man who cares about how he looks. He spends an average of $341.18 on his wardrobe. He owns 1.3 raincoats, 6.3 suits at an average price of $60.10. He's got 2.1 overcoats, 3.1 hats at an average price of $12.02, 5.6 pairs of shoes at an average price of $13 a pair. In his bureau are 19.1 shirts and they cost him $4.38 each. The top drawer holds 38 ties, at $2.62 a clip. Of course he has a watch, it cost $96.48 on the average. A few of our boys (.3 per cent) own tickers worth $1000 or over.

Out in the garage is usually (85 per cent) a car, or to be more exact, 1.2 cars, since the Esquire kind of guy likes to sit the little woman in her own convertible. He tends to drive around a good bit: 33.4 per cent of the boys run from 10,000 to 14,999 miles in a year.

In the den you'll pick up his camera that he plays with on week ends. It costs $68.03. Usually it's a still job (89.8 per cent), but since most of our men own more than one kind of photographic equipment, 27.3 per cent own movie cameras and 27.4 per cent the projector.

Mr. Esquire, what he does about it:

He enjoys life. He gives a lot of cocktail parties. 17.7 people drop in, on the average. He's careful about the liquor, usually (86.7 per cent) does the buying himself by brand (97.7 per cent). Incidentally, even in a bar he normally calls for drinks by brand (81.7 per cent). At his party the drink preferences run in this order: highballs (51.1 per cent) and then beer, Scotch & Soda, Gin mixes, Manhattans, Martinis, Bourbon mixes, Old Fashioneds, Rum mixes, and so on into the fancier preparations.

Mr. Esky dines out 5.9 times per month. He picks up the tab at a night club three times monthly. He has dinner guests 3.4 times every month. A good community man, he belongs to 2.1 clubs.

A good guy, he averages $208 yearly on gifts, not even counting Christmas. He gives gifts on other days too: Mother's Day is his favorite, then his anniversary, Easter, Father's Day, St. Valentine's, and faithfully right down the line.

His cigarettes he usually (70.5 per cent) buys by the carton, and he smokes an average of 8.2 packs a week. He pays $7.23 for a pipe, and he has seven around the place.

He shaves daily (89.9 per cent) and if he's going out for the evening, gives the whiskers a second going-over (61.3 per cent). He swabs toiletries generously over his mug: uses aftershave lotion 6.3 times per week, ditto for face powder. No sissy, he still goes for bath powder and a deodorant six times a week. He brushes his teeth regularly, and swabbles mouthwash with surprising diligence.

Mr. Esquire, and his reading habits:

So there's our boy. Usually he's read Esquire for seven to eight years. His copy gets well mauled by 10.2 people, from among his family, friends, or guests. His preference of Esquire features: cartoons, advertisements, satire-humor, fashions, fiction, articles, and so on down through the various features. He saves the magazine for about a year, unless he is a deliberate collector.

Looking up at those paragraphs, you might think they are just a mess of figures. But out of them, at least for us, a man shines through—a successful, educated gentleman, young enough to enjoy life and old enough to have established himself in it. He lives well, enjoys people and good things, provides the best for family, friends, guests. He has a full, well-ordered and expressive life.

And so we conclude this report to our readers, with a bow and a toast to our typical Mr. Esquire. And if you don't mind us getting a bit personal, may we add that we were talking about *you* all this time? Your health, sir, and ladies. ⌗

You can look trimmer

Feel better, too, simply by wearing a

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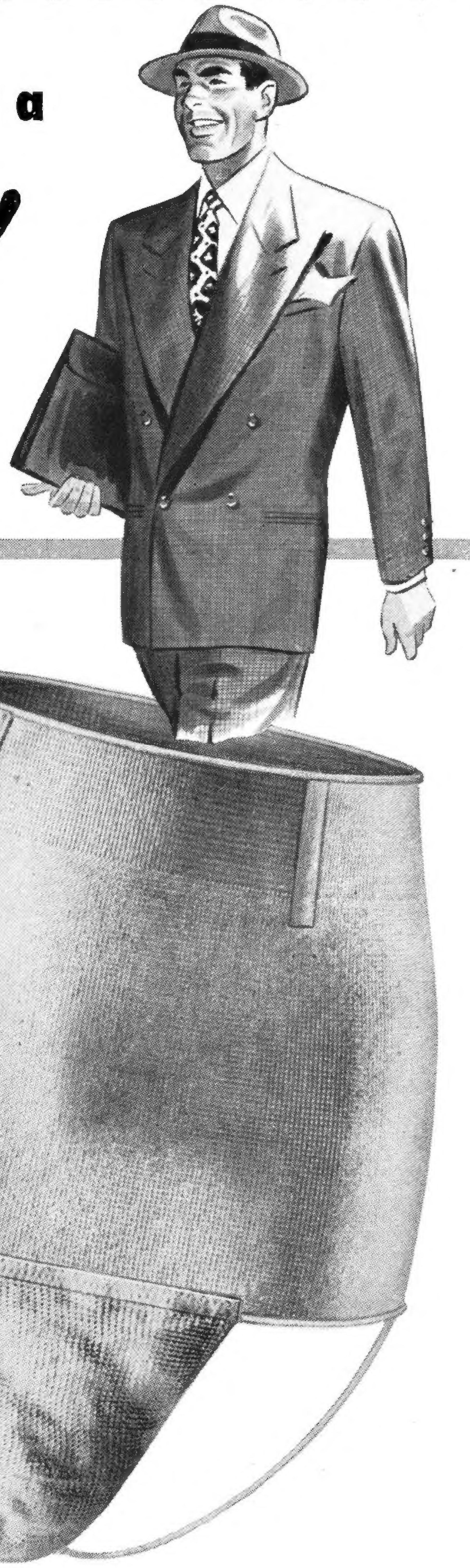

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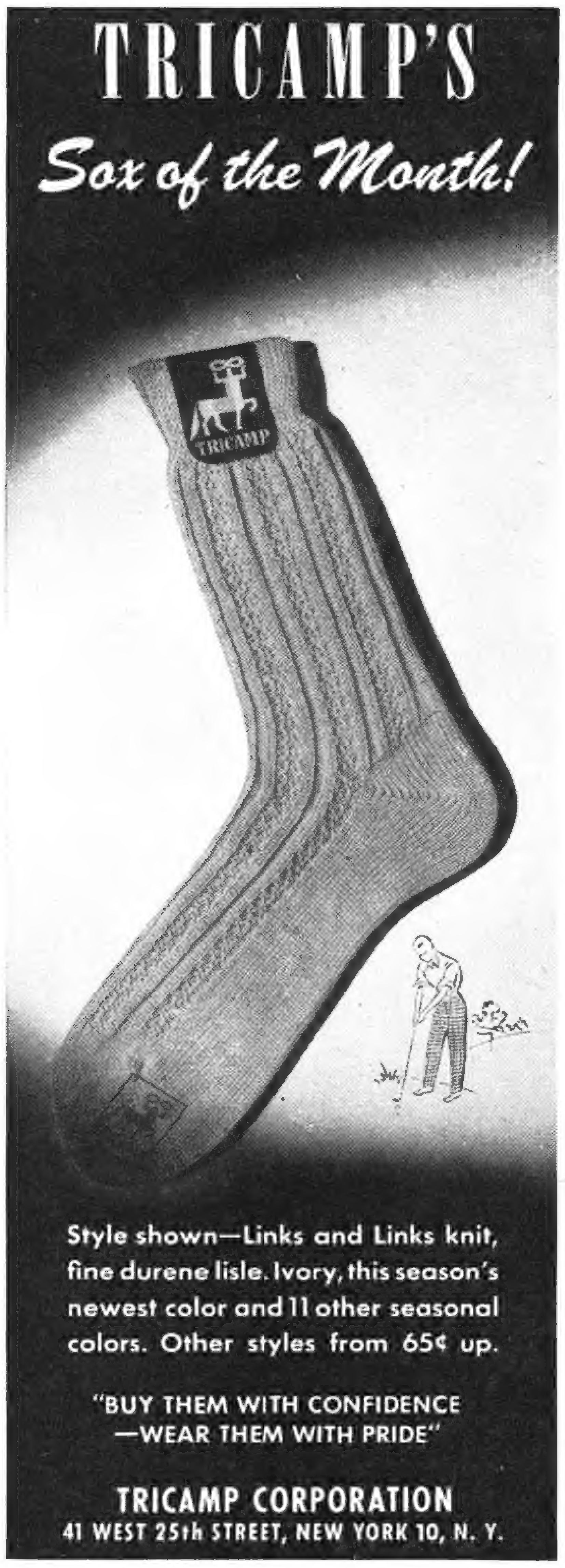

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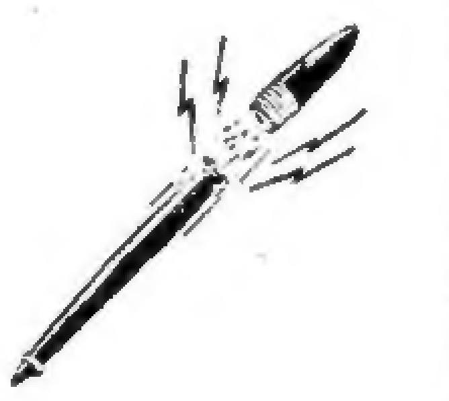
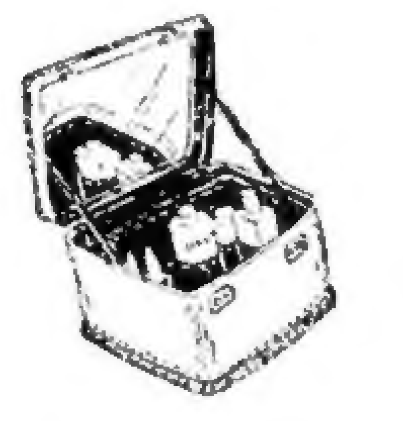
Talking Shop with Esquire

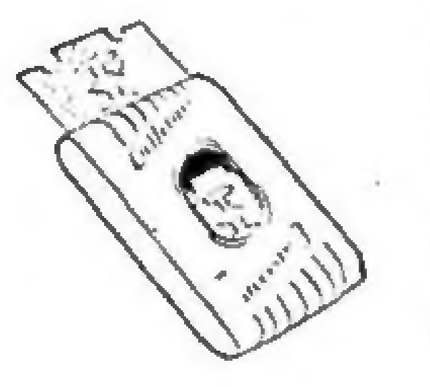
SHEER MAGNETISM! that's how this fountain pen keeps its cap on. No twisting. No forcing. It just clicks into place, because there's a permanent magnet molded right into the cap. The idea is to eliminate ink stains in your pocket. And to get to the point,—*that* has been made of 14 karat gold, and has an iridium tip, ground by hand for smooth writing. The magnetic fountain pen comes in black, blue or burgundy, and is yours for about five dollars.



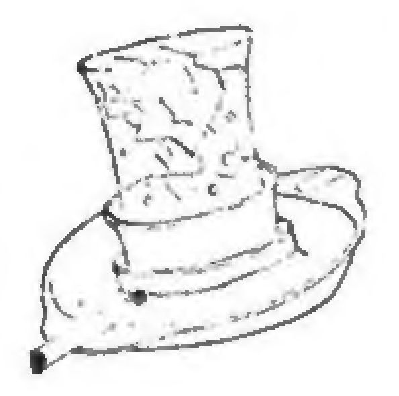
PERFECT TRAVELING COMPANION for a lady. A leather "Train case," luxury version. Comes in practically any color you can think of, from lime green to something called Brazilian Purple, —and it's all top grain cowhide, processed to withstand fading, scratching and peeling. For all its gay appearance, it has a good sound construction—the frame is made from molded plywood with no sharp corners or edges to get knocked around. And the bindings are all "interlined" with a strip of wool felt . . . Case is large enough to hold a whole flock of cosmetics, with special, adjustable loops to fit just about any size bottle or jar. There's room too, for a dressing gown and a pair of slippers. The mirror is cover-size, so she'll have a "full view" to put her face on.



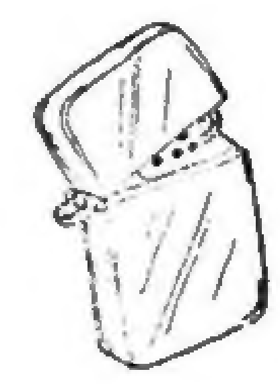
READY FOR YOUR RAZOR. This small plastic blade dispenser takes a lot of the trouble out of the blade-changing department—a thrust of your thumb ejects the unwrapped blade, ready to plop right into the razor. The device contains 20 blades, all of them covered with an invisible coating of rust preventing, antiseptic oil. And its all yours for the price of the blades.



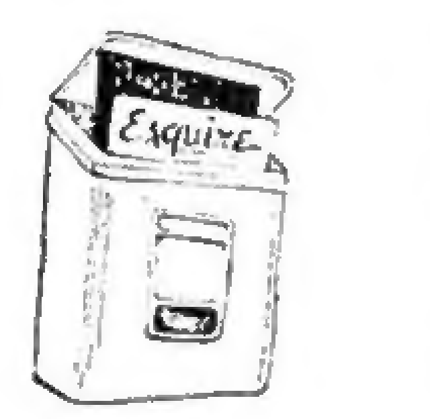
A DOUBLE LIFE and a useful one is led by this combination ash tray and coaster deal. Holds your drink and copes with cigarette or cigar ashes all at the same time. Made up in gold finish aluminum, specially treated to prevent marking, staining and tarnishing. 1½" coaster ring keeps glasses from being tipped over; cigarettes go out automatically when they burn down to the tray groove. Set of four in 12" square gift box sells for about four dollars.



NO FISHING!—for your cigarette lighter, that is, when you have this convenient "loop" lighter. Especially designed for sportsmen, it has a small steel loop on one side—so that it can be conveniently attached to the outside of a fella's gear . . . Then when you reach for a light, you don't have to grope through twenty-nine inside pockets—and wind up losing your lighter in the river. This sportsman's lighter is yours for three dollars, and for a dollar more you can have it with initials or a replica of your signature.



MAIL BOX, KING-SIZE. Why didn't someone think of this before? A mail box that's big enough to hold all the mail! Not just letters, but magazines, newspapers and larger size mailing pieces. No more rained-on, beat-up periodicals and stuff to be rescued from the front steps. They're safe in this heavy gauge, aluminum mail box. In either bronze or pearl grey finish, it's 16" high, 11½" wide and projects about 4½". When you have letters to be picked up and mailed by the postman, there's a small flag and clip arrangement that notifies him of its presence. In fact, they've thought of everything.



Ranger

For answers to all queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

Keep collar points DOWN

Wear this *comfortable, featherweight* SPIFFY COLLAR "STAY-DOWN" under your *collar. Slips on in a jiffy*—insert pinpoints under tips of collar points. *Entirely invisible.* Starched collar smartness with soft collar comfort. Saves shirts.

25¢ AT DRUG, TOBACCO, VARIETY, MEN'S AND DEP'T STORES

New 24 kt. electro GOLD plated SPIFFY . . . 2 for $1.

wear a Spiffy INVISIBLE

COLLAR "STAY-DOWN"

CREST SPECIALTY, 665 West Washington Blvd., Chicago 6

FITS ALL COLLARS
Automatically adjustable — one size fits all collars
BEFORE
AFTER

FREE!
Write for Dr. Brager's free 36-page booklet today.

"Bub"

Durabilknit SUPPORTER

GENUINE SURGICAL ELASTIC

Get new vigor—paunch flattened, "energy region" cradled, back firmed. "Bub" is guaranteed to outlast, outlaunder any 3 other supporters. Buy "Bub" at sporting goods, drug, men's wear, dept., surgical appliance stores. Or mail coupon.

JOHN B. FLAHERTY CO., INC.
611 E. 133rd St., Bronx 54, N. Y.
☐ Send Dr. Brager's free booklet, "How To Be At Your Vital Best".
Send waist size .... "BUB" as checked in quantities indicated. I enclose check or money order (NONE C.O.D.)
☐................10" waist band (illus. above) $4.50 ea.
☐................ 6" waist band $2 ea.
☐................ 3" waist band $1.50 ea.
(Detachable pouch in 10" model only)
Name (PRINT)__________
Street__________
City__________State__________

Mister One-Point-One!

Imagine, if you will, a typical CORONET family consisting of 3.6 people – of whom 2.5 regularly read each issue of the magazine. Shown above is the remaining Mr. 1.1.

He's well named, for nearly 200,000 CORONET babies are born each year – an average of 1.1 every three minutes.

Better than 60% of these families own their own homes, so Mr. 1.1 is pretty comfortably fixed (note that ermine).

Because he's a thoroughly normal young prince of a typical CORONET family, there are eight chances in ten that Mr. 1.1 will graduate from high school . . . He's an even money bet to go to college, for over 50% of all CORONET readers did . . . And he has better than one chance in four of wearing a mortar board one day – for approximately 28% of the CORONET millions are actually university graduates!

There's no doubt about it, Mr. 1.1 is a pretty darned important young prince. But it's his bedtime now, so we'll tuck him in and get on with the business.

What does all this mean to *you?*

It means that CORONET people – constituting 6% of all U. S. families – are at the very *top* of the normal buying market!

And your advertising in CORONET will address that market in one of the most completely *read* magazines ever published.

For here is a tremendous fact:

Of the 2.5 people per family who read regularly each copy of CORONET, 50.4% or between 2,500,000 and 3,000,000 – tell us they read the average article in the magazine *from beginning to end!*

The reason? CORONET is the only multimillion magazine available to advertisers that was literally *engineered* for ease of reading and continuous reader traffic from cover to cover.

AND BECAUSE TODAY'S INFLATED COSTS HAVE FORCED THE CHOICE OF EITHER RAISING PRICE OR ACCEPTING ADVERTISING, CORONET OFFERS YOU THE LOWEST MULTIMILLION MAGAZINE RATES . . . WITH THE HIGHEST INTENSITY OF READERSHIP . . . IN MAGAZINE HISTORY.

Coronet

2,000,000 GUARANTEED CIRCULATION

NEW YORK . 366 Madison Avenue
CHICAGO . . . Coronet Building
DETROIT . . . 417 New Center Bldg.
PHILADELPHIA . 1700 Walnut Street
BOSTON . . . . 525 Statler Office Bldg.
LOS ANGELES . . . 448 South Hill Street

The Sound and the Fury

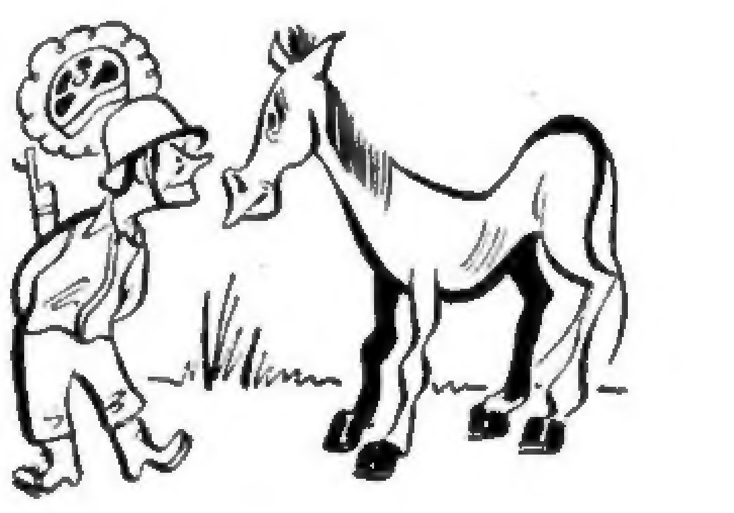
the tonic's mutual

When renewing my subscription this week I remarked to the agent who took my order that I thought Esquire was by far the most interesting and stimulating magazine on the market. The assistant readily agreed and made the remark that it was the only tonic we had left in this country.

I thought you might like this impression of the man in the street who really appreciates the brightness you so ably and consistently introduce in every issue of Esquire. It would take an immense amount of journalism to convey to the American public how different life in England is today as compared with prewar and as compared with life in America.

Stanley H. Hopkins
London, England

Editor's Note: *We go along with Mark Twain who said: "I can live for two months on a good compliment."*



horse meat?

See *Flash in the Pantry*, by Frances G. Adams in the December Esquire, and Joe's statement: "I remember how we used to sit over there in Belgium and just talk about steak."

Of all the countries in which U.S. troops fought, Belgium was undoubtedly the most likely to have steaks. Every little town had restaurants which served good meals most of the time and steak was not at all difficult to find. In addition, First Army combat rations included steak quite frequently during the Belgian fighting.

Things were upset somewhat during the Bulge, of course, but only for a short period, and even during this time restaurants as close as Verviers were serving excellent meals consisting of soup, steak and lots of French Fries for about $2.75 (120 Belgian Francs).

So, unless Joe was a complete jerk or always broke—

Yours for greater accuracy,
C. W. Burhans, Jr.
Seattle, Wash.

fish story

When a fisherman was asked the length of a fish he caught, he replied: "The tail was 4″ long. The head was as long as the tail and 1/7 of the body, while the body was as long as the head and 1/7 of the tail." How long is that fish? Ordinary algebra will get you the answer. No trials and errors necessary here.

Elliot Nickelson
Chicago, Ill.

lost person

I saw once that a sister wrote to Esquire trying to get in touch with her brother who was a reader of Esquire. I want to try the same way to reach someone in America who was in the Navy and read Esquire too.

He had taken pictures of my mother and had taken the negatives to America to have them enlarged. But maybe he has forgotten for I never heard from him. My mother died a month after his departure, and those are the last pictures taken of her. I would like to have the negatives in order to have other pictures made of them. It is our last reminder of her. I have tried to reach this man by his friends, but they did not find him. So I am trying your magazine. His name is Norbert L. Sammelman. He was C. Ph Y in the Navy.

M. L. Demeue
Noumea, New Caledonia

how deep the roots

Reading Paul Gallico on Bilbo before breakfast this morning was too stimulating. My blood pressure went up. Not because I disagree—nay. I agree so very wholeheartedly. But he awakened responses I'd thought safely sleeping. A full heart and a big mouth do not win friends down here. The dissenter's life is a lonely one.

To the average white Southerner, the Negroes are amusing, not quite-bright children, to be treated kindly when the occasion demands, and otherwise upon "provocation." How to tell these people differently? How to preach of uplift and equality to the narrow-minded one who says: "Thank heaven I don't have to pay old black Mary much—after all, all of them live on hominy and collard-greens, so they don't need much."

How to tell these people that Mary would eat beef, drink milk, and send her children to high school, if she could afford it?

So I want this chance to explain to Mr. Gallico that it is not a question so much of ousting our demagogues like Talmadge and Bilbo, as it is *educating the people who put them there*!

Mrs. E. H. Blazer
Summerville, S. C.

Pete's progress

Altho Mr. Henry Kane could probably tell us the difference between a rifle and a shotgun you might ask him about something else.

His fast-talking Pete Chambers glibly explains nearly everything else in *Armchair in Hell* except how he managed to change his contracted pay-off from *one* per cent (January Esquire, page 111) to *ten* per cent (Page 149, etc.) with all those other slick characters watching him.

It becomes apparent to all why your "pert office receptionist" has dubbed him "Hurry-Kane!"

Harold A. Covey
Salt Lake City, Utah

what's in a name?

From the *Armchair in Hell* issue on, dear Editor, you are going to have to hustle to maintain the standard you have just established. Yes, dear Editor, I wouldn't be surprised if the powers that be haven't reserved you a seat in the front row out there wherever it is that Editors go.

Don't think I'm completely satisfied though—no woman ever was. When are you going to bring back that department labeled "Satire"? It's been gone too long.

Helene Peck
San Francisco, Calif.

Editor's Note: *We still have our usual quota of humorous stories—we just don't label them any more.*

with Betty Grable?

Why not do a complete picture article about the "Dands." Then we could really see how they are done. The author's explanation seems even cloudier than mud. I think all readers would be interested in an article featuring body-building exercise. Especially we city dead men.

P. Minor
New York, N. Y.

Esky's therapy

After being severely injured in an airplane crash, and in a comatose condition, I was handed a copy of Esquire. Someone opened your priceless periodical to the pin-up section. Brothers and sisters, my left eye, which had been closed for two months, snapped to attention and swallowed that pin-up gal, lock, stock, and barrel, right up to her bobby pins. Although the boys in the hospital swear that my ears did a triple flip before returning to Roger, my eyes followed every curve without a hairline deviation. So, kind sirs, you have done the public a great favor and saved a Seeing-Eye Dog for some other unfortunate who hasn't had the opportunity of digesting the contents of your grand magazine.

Robert L. Horney
U. S. Veterans' Hospital
Indianapolis, Ind.

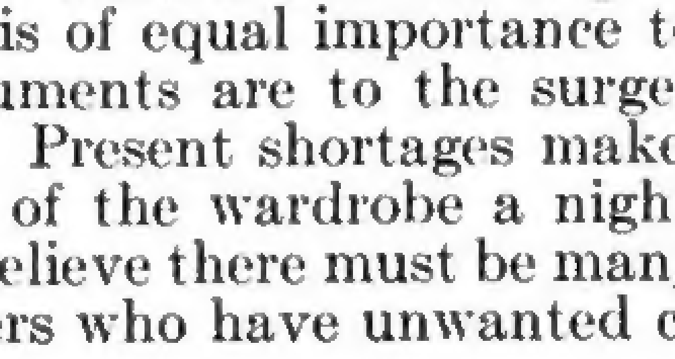
piqued

From time to time your magazine is perused by members of the fair sex—we don't always bother to read the articles since they are naturally directed to the masculine viewpoint and frequently don't interest us—but we do rather enjoy laughing at your cartoons and jokes.

However, lately your magazine has become obnoxious to many of us. Every other page has a voluptuous female swathed in a leopard skin the size of a quarter, or a heavy-lidded starlet reclining on a satin sofa with a thin piece of chiffon covering pertinent parts of her anatomy.

We can appreciate a lovely female as well as the next guy . . . but do you realize what you're doing to the American male whose singlemindedness on the subject is already apparent?

Christine Cannon
Columbia, S. C.



making them decent

I hope you will be good enough to permit the publication of this letter as a means of appealing to the good people of the United States, both in and out of the Theatrical Profession, for their assistance in the matter of clothes.

The wardrobe of the Repertory Artiste is of equal importance to him as instruments are to the surgeon. But alas! Present shortages make the upkeep of the wardrobe a nightmare.

I believe there must be many of your readers who have unwanted clothes in good or bad condition, who would be willing to help in this connection.

It is not my intention to seek charity, and I would sincerely suggest that those people so desiring should state the considered worth of any article sent, nominating a charity in which American interest in his country is known to exist and to which payments for articles could be made. Ordinarily, payment could have been made direct, but with the present veto on dollar exchange, this is not possible. Finally, may I outline the items most needed: Shirts, ties, socks, pull-overs, shoes, jackets, and suits—in that order.

J. Richard Austin
Chorley, Lancaster, England

technicality

I enjoyed Irwin Shaw's fine story, *The Single Brute* in October, 1947.

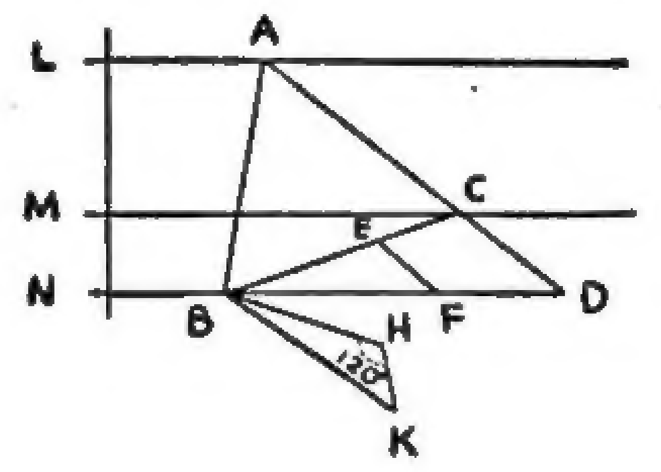
But I question Clem's suggestion that Tower *spay* Sergeant (the male setter) to cure him of his obstreperousness. My dictionary says that's an operation performed on female animals. Surely, Sergeant, fine gent that he is, wouldn't stand for it.

Hank Maxwell
Philadelphia, Pa.

new approach

The trigonometric proof in your January issue to Reil's Eternal Triangle is as ever, angular; somehow I think a Euclidean approach to the problem, with his emphasis on straight lines and curves, would strike a more familiar and pleasing note to your readers.

Equilateral triangle with apices on three parallel lines.



Construction:

Draw LMN intersecting 3 parallel lines.

Draw triangle BHK from point B on lower line, so that BH = LM, HK = MN, L BHK = 120°.

On lower line draw △ BEF = BHK.

Produce BE to intersect middle line at C.

BE is one side of triangle. DCA parallel to EF is another and AB is third side.

Proof:

$$\frac{BE}{EF} = \frac{BH}{HK} = \frac{LM}{MN}$$

But $\frac{BE}{EF} = \frac{BC}{CD}$ (EF is Parallel to CD)

And $\frac{LM}{MN} = \frac{AC}{CD}$ (MC is Parallel to ND)

∴ AC = BC, & L CAB = L CBA

L BCD = $\left\{\begin{matrix} \text{L BEF} \\ \text{L BHK} \end{matrix}\right. = 120°$

Hence L CAB = L CBA = 60°

And ∴ △ ACB is equilateral.

Kevin Keelaghan
Pasadena, Calif.

old acquaintance

Your articles about contemporary American artists are fair, but your accompanying color reproductions of representative paintings are really splendid. One suggestion, though: why not give us full-page reproductions of these paintings, the kind we used to see, years ago, in *Vanity Fair*? Your fine art pictures would be collector's items if you would increase their size, and just right for framing. This friendly advice comes from a charter subscriber.

Albert March
Laramie, Wyo.

P.S. And please bring back Dos Passos.

Evening Star

AT NIGHTFALL, there's one star that makes others seem pale by comparison . . . and there's one cocktail whose brilliant perfection is, in its own way, just as matchless.

So, this evening, at your favorite bar, or at home before dinner, we wish you'd try an Old Fashioned made with Four Roses — and see for yourself how its delicately *distinctive* flavor makes a cocktail that's truly magnificent.

Your taste, we believe, will tell you that there is no other whiskey endowed with quite the same mellow smoothness, the same flavorful perfection.

• • •

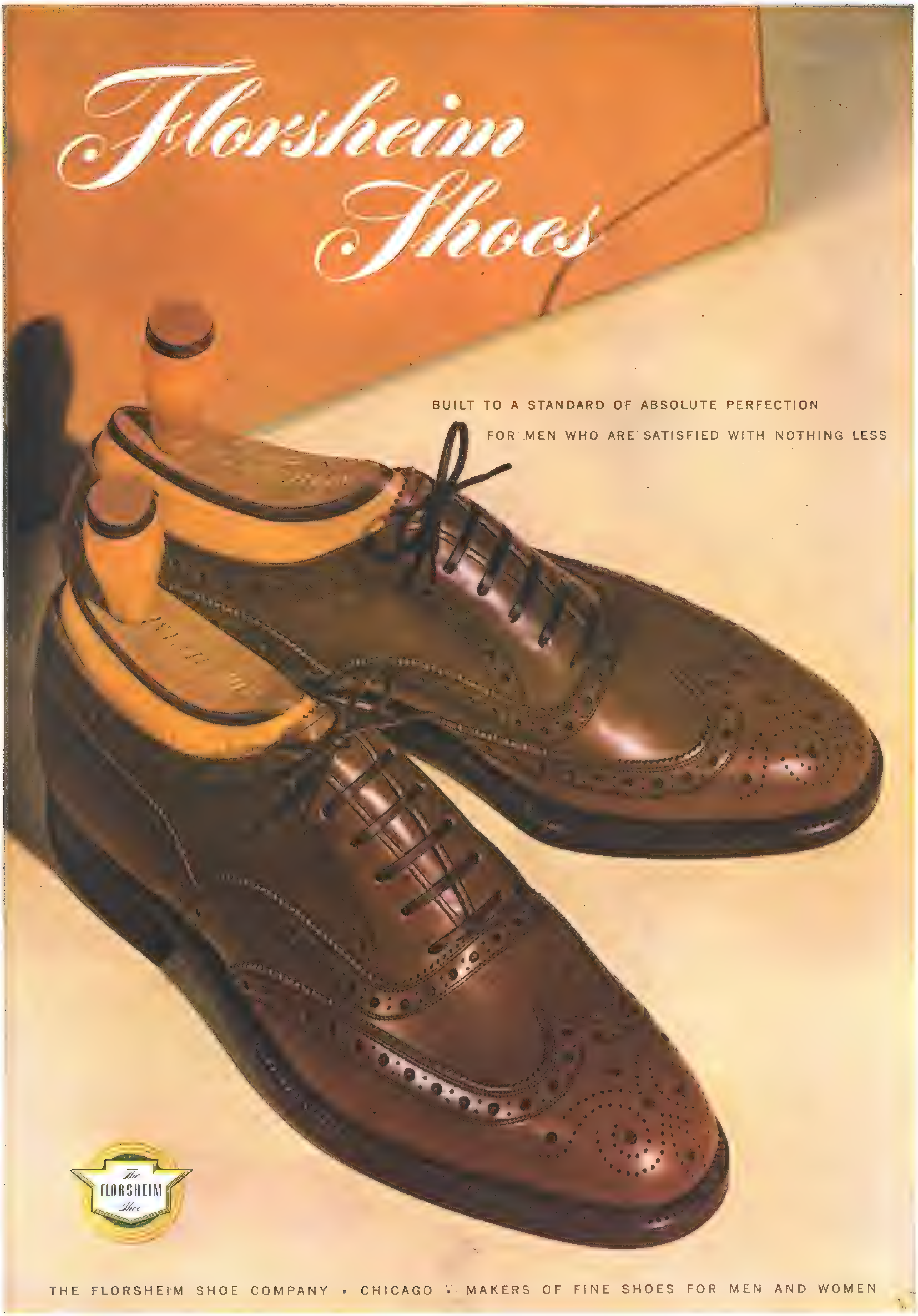
Fine Blended Whiskey — 90.5 proof. 40% straight whiskies, 60% grain neutral spirits.

Frankfort Distillers Corporation, New York.

FOUR ROSES

AMERICA'S MOST FAMOUS BOUQUET

FOUR ROSES
FOUR ROSES
FINE BLENDED WHISKEY


Florsheim Shoes
BUILT TO A STANDARD OF ABSOLUTE PERFECTION
FOR MEN WHO ARE SATISFIED WITH NOTHING LESS
The FLORSHEIM Shoe
THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY • CHICAGO • MAKERS OF FINE SHOES FOR MEN AND WOMEN

Treat yourself to real comfort!
Custom-made
HALF-WELLINGTON BOOTS

You'll like the careful workmanship . . . the way they fit. During the war we made these fine boots for men in the service only. Now everyone can enjoy their comfort and good looks. These boots are made in black or brown, with choice calf vamps and kid uppers. Write us today for price and instructions for ordering.

John A. Frye Shoe Co., Dept E, Marlboro, Mass.
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CUSTOM MADE
Monogrammed
NECKWEAR

A gentleman's tie personalized with your monogram, beautifully executed to order.. Pure silk crepe, colorfast, custom made throughout. 50 inch length for the Windsor knot. A wonderful gift. Order through your Men's Shop or direct, giving initials and colors desired. Sorry, no C.O.D.

$7.50

BROWN & BEIGE
MAROON & GREY • BLUE & GREY

Duval OF HOLLYWOOD
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SHOE of the MONTH

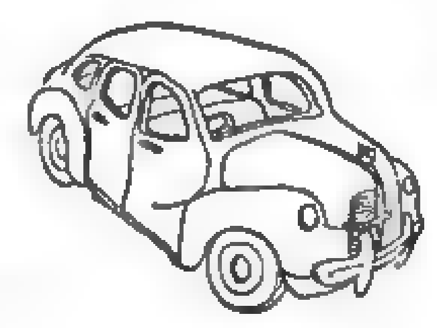
Truly all-purpose shoes . . . these ruggedly smart moccasin type Concords. Style-right for sports, business, and casual wear. Crafted in rich reddish brown leather . . . with distinctive white stitched vamp, hand-sewn kicker-back, notched welt and pure crepe rubber soles and heels.

ORDER BY MAIL — *Immediate Delivery*
Quality insured by 45 years of fine shoemaking. Order Model E-23 today. State exact shoe size and width. Available *now* in sizes 6 to 12, B, C, D. **$9.95**. Add 25c for mailing.
Satisfaction or your money back.
CONCORD SHOES, Inc., Milwaukee 1, Wis.

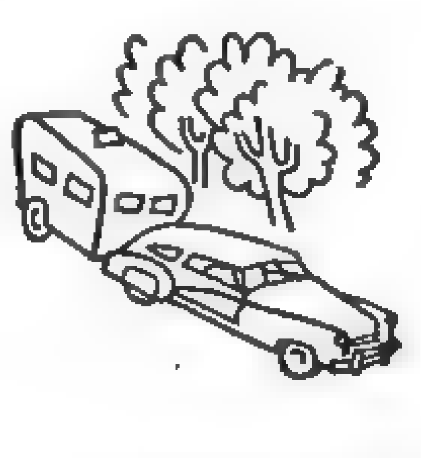
Talking Shop with Esquire

CHARTER YOUR OWN PRIVATE PLANE! There's a private charter service in New York which does a lively business flying people *where* they want to go, *when* they want to go. The company has, at its disposal, corporation-owned planes, plus private planes owned by wealthy tycoons . . . complete with pilots. Want an amphibian for your trip? You have your choice of a Wigeon, or a Mallard. Need a land plane? Try a Lockheed, Beachcraft, Cessna, even a DC 3 or 4. All planes are inspected and certified by CAA, and the company's files contain case histories regarding both planes and pilots' ratings.

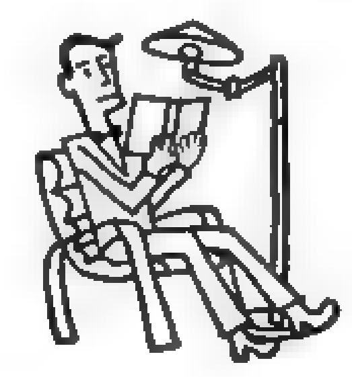
LET THE SUNSHINE IN! Britain's largest producer of automobiles has designed four new 1948 models expressly for the American market. Included in the line are two 40 horse power models, a two-door sedan and a four-door sedan with one of those pleasant British sliding roofs which turn your back seat into a roof garden. The new cars bear no resemblance to the midget cars seen here before the war. The new ones are slightly smaller than a Ford or Chevie, will carry five people, cruise at 60 to 65 miles an hour (with a top speed well above this) and will normally give from 30 to 35 miles per gallon of gas. The cars are upholstered in leather, have concealed running boards, and all doors are hinged at the front for safety. Styling is modern, and the front fender flows back through the front door.



BRING YOUR OWN HOTEL ROOM WITH YOU! Don't be at the mercy of the "no reservations" song and dance. Join the covered wagonites of 1948 . . . that rapidly growing group of some 300,000 trailer travelers . . . families who own their own rolling homes. Trailer life began only 10 years ago, and has mushroomed into a national $70,000,000 industry . . . changed from a tent on wheels and a gypsy way of living to a deluxe hobby. The trailer serves a multitude of purposes . . . a guest house, a beach cart, a dressing room for cinema stars, a comfortable one room apartment for sportsmen, college students, artists. But its the vacationists' pride and joy. Trailer parks on the fringes of cities have changed from run down parking lots to well thought out units with paved streets, tennis courts, baseball diamonds and the finest sanitary conditions. The West coast has more modern parks than any other part of the country, and Florida has, at present, 250 new trailer parks.



MULTUM IN PARVO. The new trailers are marvels of condensed comfort. Everything built in — tables shoot out from walls, beds roll out from couches, shelves appear like magic, collapsible sun porches, glass paneled walls, venetian blinds, air conditioning for hot climes, and thermostatic controlled heat for points North. The more pretentious trailers sport shower baths, chemical johns, full size refrigerators, stainless steel sinks, complete cook stoves, full length mirrors and dressing tables with electric lights. No longer necessary to pack your valises . . . just hang your wardrobe neatly away in cedar lined trailer closets or in spacious cabinet drawers.



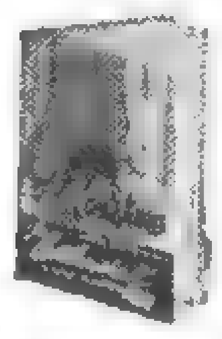
ORCHIDS IN A BOTTLE. Up with perfume in first place are, of course, flowers, the proverbial message from Cupid. For a more lasting variation on the flower theme you can send a remarkable specimen "Fleurs Vivantes Orchid" (means living orchid). Inside the bottle, mind you, there is captured an orchid from Brazil. The four ounce bottle carries two small white blooms, an eight ounce size contains a large purple and white orchid as crisp and fresh as though it were growing in its native Brazilian jungle. The fragrance of the perfume is floral and spicy, typical only of the South American orchid — American orchids have no odor.

Ranger

For answers to all queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

Motorcycling
world's greatest sport -

Ever zip over a hill with the fresh morning air in your face, a companion clinging tight and happy laughter ringing in your ears? Ever wing down a country road on a Harley-Davidson alive with power? Ever hear the roar of races, hillclimbs? Ever go on a gypsy tour? If you haven't, you're missing the world's greatest sport! And it's so easy to enjoy. See your Harley-Davidson dealer today.
Mail coupon now.



HARLEY-DAVIDSON
Motorcycles

HARLEY-DAVIDSON MOTOR CO., Dept. E, Milwaukee 1, Wis.
Send free copy of ENTHUSIAST magazine, filled with motorcycle action pictures and stories; also literature on 1948 models.

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Address____________________
City________________State________

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Orange Blossom
Engagement & Wedding Rings
Engagement Rings $50 to $5000
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WRITE FOR "ORANGE BLOSSOM TRADITION" BOOKLET
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Oh! my aching back!

AH! my Absorbine Jr.

For FAST RELIEF, help feed famished muscles with fresh blood!

● It's no joke when stiff back muscles shout with pain after unusual activity. Get busy! There's a time-proved way to ease that soreness *fast*. Just rub on Absorbine Jr.!

Tired muscles are often *famished* muscles. Your extra effort has burned up their nourishment. But rub those muscles with Absorbine Jr. and you help step up your local circulation. Fresh blood supplies fresh nourishment.

Help tired muscles relax and become supple . . . quick! Ask your druggist today for a $1.25 bottle of Absorbine Jr. —famous formula of rare herbs and other scientifically chosen ingredients. W. F. Young, Inc., Springfield, Mass.

HANOVER

"Strap-Mocs"

Slipper Comfort in an Outdoor Shoe

- The most wanted style in America
- Genuine burgundy leather—"it shines"
- Genuine leather soles—rubber heels
- Adjustable strap and buckle

SIZES
B 7 to 11
C 6 to 11
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Humorous
ASH TRAY

You and your friends will get a kick out of this old nag. Her flirtatious glance invites you to deposit ashes in her swayed old back. Made of copper-plated metal with felt bottom. Won't scratch your finest table. Length about 6 inches. *Only $4.00—prepaid.*

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WAKE UP YOUR SCALP

Want better-looking hair? Want to avoid embarrassment of falling dandruff scales? Itching scalp? Then you need a Vitabrush and you need it *now!* Doctors and competent scalp authorities have long recommended *brushing* ; ; ; vigorous, frequent, regular *brushing* as the approved and sensible way to care for the hair. Vitabrush gets your scalp *really* clean and stimulates life-giving blood supply *in your scalp.* Not a vibrator, but an electric powered brush. Takes only 3 minutes a day. Restful. Pleasant. Write *now* for information and satisfaction-guaranteed offer. Hershey Mfg. Co.; 179, Field Bldg., Chicago 3.

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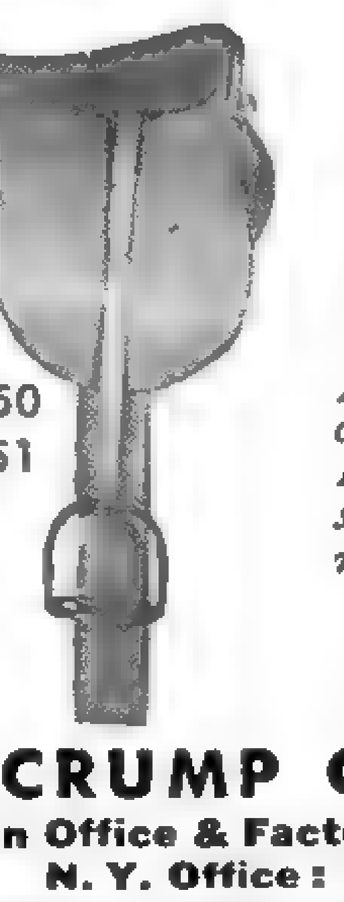

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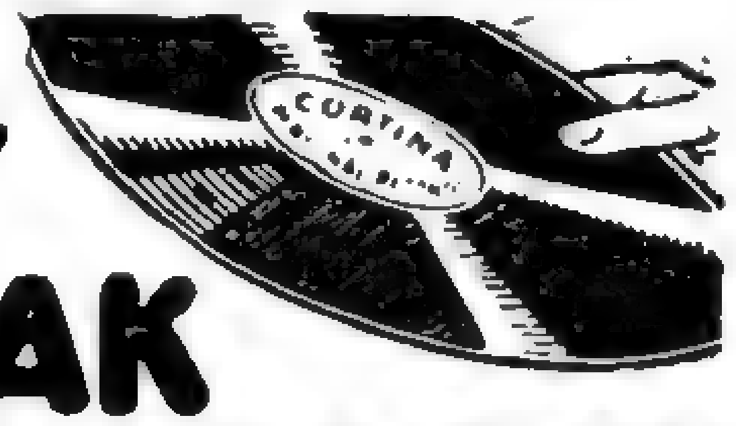

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Big opportunities awaiting Americans who speak Spanish. Learn as a child learns—"by listening" to these brand-new CORTINA recordings.

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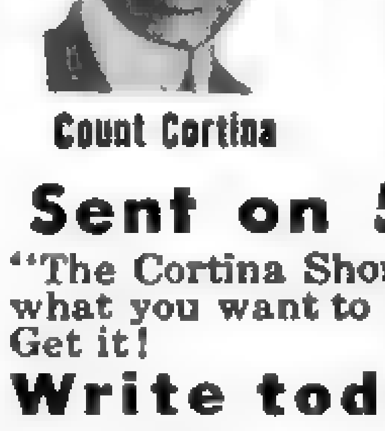

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The Cortinaphone Method **famous for 65 years** teaches you to speak Spanish **like a native**—right in your own home, relaxed and at ease. Thousands have found it the most fascinating, most satisfactory method. Here is the quick, easy way to learn Spanish for **Pleasure and Business.** Investigate!

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Please send me—without obligation—your free booklet. I am interested in (mark):

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NAME
ADDRESS

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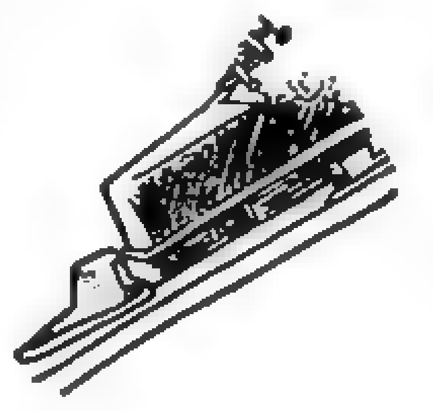
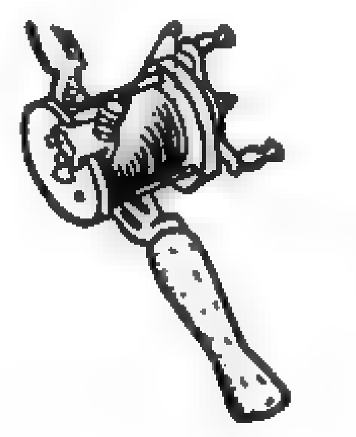
Talking Shop

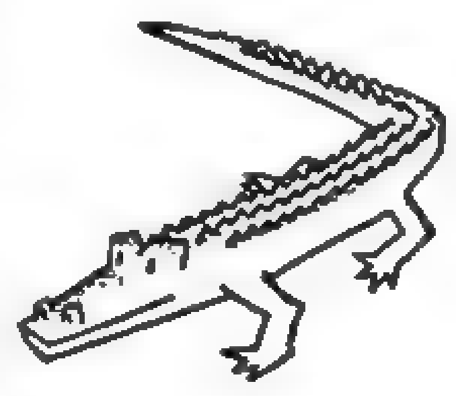
QUICK RELEASE SKI BINDING. If you've ever come a-cropper from a binding which held your foot too rigidly in the ski, you might be interested in a new type of quick release binding . . . a lateral type that releases instantaneously. If properly set, the binding will perform as a regular ski binding under all normal skiing conditions, but will release instantly under abnormal strain. The binding is equipped with a safety ski strap which keeps skis from getting away after the release.



NO SNARLING PLEASE! If you have had troubles with a snarled line when the Big Ones are biting, there is a small rust-proof device which should make any reel back-lash proof. The tiny unit weighs only one ounce and attaches to the offside of any reel and adjusts to any weight bait in a jiffy. If you are going ice fishing, try an under water ice fishing tip-up, newsworthy in that it has an aluminum reel which, of course, is rust-proof, and which, when suspended under water does not freeze in usage.

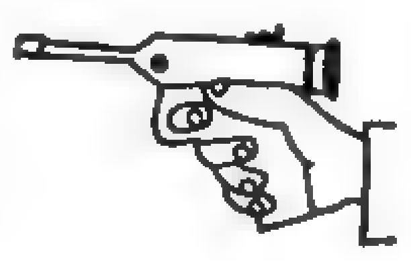


SHOPPING IN CUBA. If you think you're going to find bargains in Havana, you're in for a surprise. Everything is sky high. Your $100 duty free allowance will evaporate in no time. You'll fall for the plethora of alligator goods, handbags, billfolds, belts, shoes . . . cheaper than in the U. S., but not at give-away prices. There's a lot of costume jewelry around, but most of it comes from good old Providence, R. I. If you can find some charming native jewelry, buy it, by all means. You'll want some beautiful polished mahogany things, but you can do better in Haiti and the Dominican Republic. The guayaberra, native shirt of all Cuban gents, (sort of Norfolk jacket without the belt) is still going strong with tourists. Esky introduced it to the U. S. market some ten years ago . . . and now, you can buy an American version anywhere up here. Cuban men of distinction have their guayaberras tailor made in fine white linen for around $50; but the price readymade in El Encanto and other Cuban shops, (poplin, shirtings, etc.) runs around $10 or $12.



BE YOUR OWN TIPSTER. If you are planning to drop in on Hialeah and the dope sheets are not doing right by you, you can have a lot of fun with your own automatic indicator. It is an aluminum rule which eliminates the expensive mathematical calculations you go through with handicapping. The rule should enable you to read accurately and in a few minutes the competitive speed of every horse in the race, correcting for competitive time on any larger racetrack. Doesn't pretend to "beat the races" but confirmed users say that it can pick their share of winners.

POWERFUL AIR PISTOL with greater muzzle velocity, claimed to be the most powerful manufactured to date. Gun shoots darts or pellets with sufficient force and accuracy to drive them into wood at 30 ft. in a 1-inch group, yet no special backstop is required for indoor shooting. The pistol doesn't have to be pumped before each shot, instead, the shooter prepares for firing by breaking the butt against the back of the pistol, thus positioning a spring driven piston. Shoots any standard air pistol pellets.

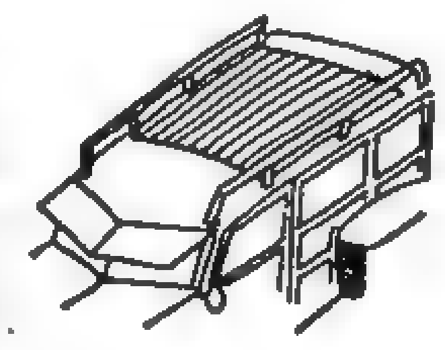


YOURS, AND YOURS ALONE . . . a pure silk tie with the owner's monogram or fraternity crest there-on. Fine silk crepe in subtle combinations of color such as blue and grey, maroon and grey, brown and beige. Pure, fast color dyes used. Look a lot more expensive than they are.

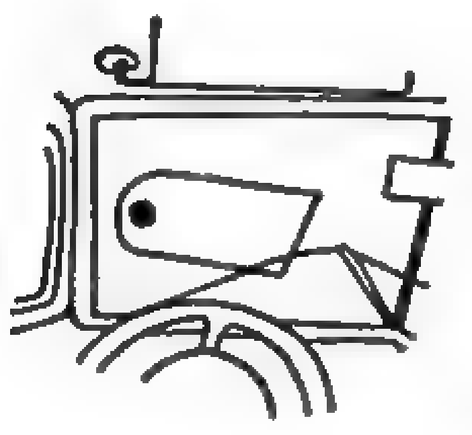
WHIPPED CREAM FROM A BULLET. No more beating yourself to a frazzle trying to achieve billowy whipped cream. There's a new machine which will do the trick. You simply fill the machine with cream, insert a charger of whipping gas and shake the bottle . . . about 25 times. To dispense, turn the gadget upside down, unloosen the charge holder until cream starts to flow from the tip. Comes out professionally the way it oozes onto fancy sundies at soda fountains.

with Esquire

RACK FOR A HACK. If you have a gang of people plus a load of baggage and are traveling in a Ford or Mercury station wagon, you do well to install a luggage rack on top of your car. You will be able to carry eight passengers plus beaucoup baggage. Most station wagons without the rack are limited to five people as the rear seat has to be removed to get a given amount of baggage into the same load. At present time racks are just made for these two types of cars but before long other models will be made for other makes.

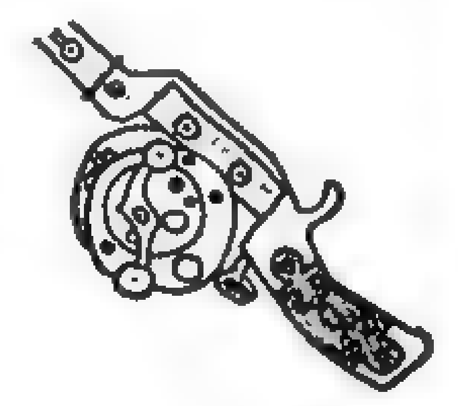


AVOID HEADLIGHT BLINDNESS. If you are planning to do much night driving on your trip, you can save yourself a lot of grief with one of the new safety devices. It is a specially tinted plastic attached to your windshield with a rubber suction cup, serving to shade your eyes from oncoming headlight glare. You don't look through the plastic as it is practically opaque, but to one side or below it so that you have a clear view of the road at all times. For daytime driving the gadget swings upward or downward out of the way, but can be returned to the night driving position with a flip of the finger.



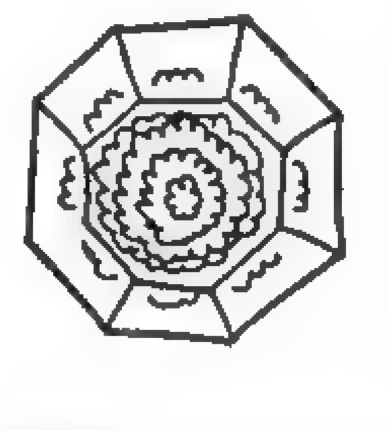
SWEETHEART BAIT . . . Long about the eleventh hour some delinquent swains are gonna start foraging about for the ideal gift. Perfume always has potent appeal. There are a number of brand new scents which have recently made their appearance, to wit: "Tempest—Exciting and Electrical", says the copy. Encased in a multi-faceted crystal bottle, it is a sure fire hit. Causing a great stir with sophisticated ladies, is a series of seven odors of perfume bottled and sealed in Paris in lovely crystal flacons which fit into a black and gold suede case. Odors range all the way from, "Bocages" ("The Groves", to you), which is a fresh languishing scent, to "Tropiques" blended, they tell us, with spices, orchids, jasmin and violets. All we can say is, we went to the party which introduced these various scents and the fragrant room certainly gave us ideas. Old and persuasive as Eve, is famous "Shalimar", perfume available after many years. The same exotic fragrance can be had now in toilet water and even a face powder as well as the perfume. For the purse, another French perfume, "Eau air Baume", is now done in a purse size flacon in a skilled blend of 50, count them 50 ingredients.

NEWS FOR FISHERMEN. Casters will be glad to know that the pistol grip casting rod is back again with a number of new improvements. This comfortable grip is purported to allow you to cast all day without fatigue. This grip has the adjustable reel seat and thumb rest to accommodate the size of *your* hand and *your* method of thumbing the spool of the reel. Made to assemble quickly with any rod, any reel. You should have complete control of your line without drags or back-lash gadgets. The pistol grip handle is designed for use with either right or left hand.



WAX BELT KIT. Be ready for sudden changing snow conditions . . . strap a wax kit on your belt. Carries 3 types of wax for different snows, down hill, slalom, etc. . . . a scraper, a cork to melt wax and a rag to wipe off excess wax. Another wax kit, strictly deluxe in character, is made of spotted sealskin or pure white calfskin. The device is divided into two compartments, one side in which to place your sandwich or cigarettes; the other side for wax. Overall size, 4½" x 6 x 1½".

ROSES FOR DOORKNOBS. Another kind of everlasting floral tribute — a series of doorknobs and pulls made with red or pink roses encased in transparent three dimensional lucite. The roses look like beautifully shining cut jewels. True elegance for a lady's boudoir door.



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TALLER
Than "SHE" Is†

You'll go up, up, up in her estimation when you're TALLER. And you can be TALLER . . . almost 2 INCHES TALLER the instant you step into a pair of "ELEVATORS." Confidentially, too, for the heels are no higher. Remember . . . ADLER makes you TALLER in

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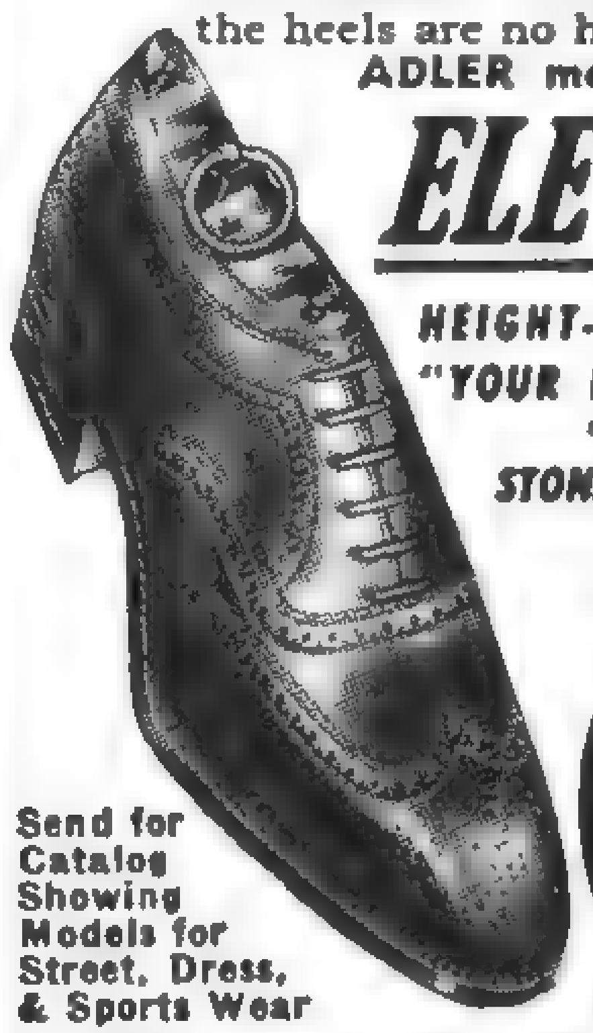

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AMERICA'S LARGEST DISTRIBUTORS OF "ELEVATORS"

Send for Catalog Showing Models for Street, Dress, & Sports Wear

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Gentlemen: I'd like to be TALLER.
Send your Booklet in full color.
Name....................
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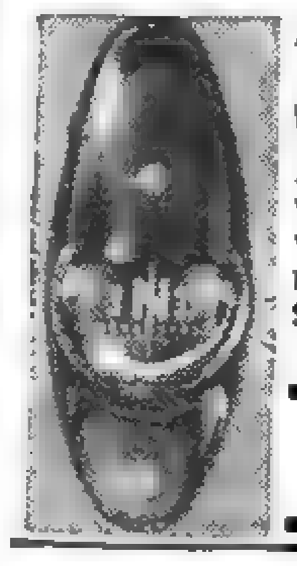

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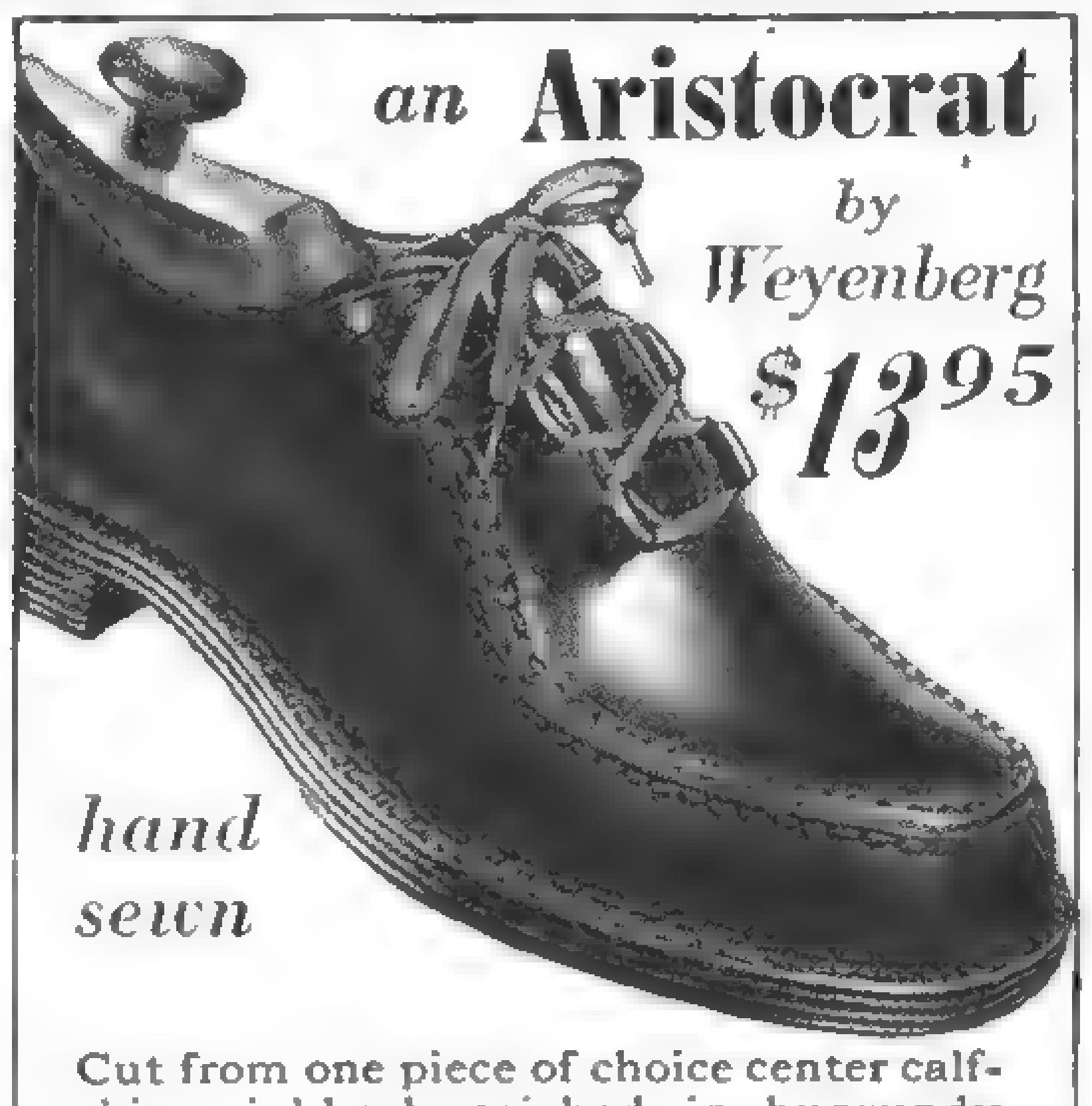

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by Weyenberg
$13.95

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Cut from one piece of choice center calfskin, richly burnished in burgundy brown. Full triple solid leather soles and heels, grooved and boned by hand, with extra heavy notched welting. Leather thong ghillie type fastening. Painstakingly hand-crafted — truly an *ARISTOCRAT* in quality and perfect fit.
Sizes 6 to 12; widths B, C, D.

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Send a pair of Aristocrat Oxfords, Style 6830, size______, width______
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Pan American World Airways Pilot Walter Decker agrees with men everywhere who want a Hair Dress that's *quick* to use . . . that keeps the hair in place all day! Glover's is Antiseptic for scalp and hair—Non-Alcoholic so it cannot *dry* the scalp! Result—*natural* looking hair! Glover's helps to remove loose dandruff. Ask for the regular size Glover's Imperial Hair Dress at Drug Stores everywhere—or mail Coupon today!
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FREE TRIAL APPLICATION

Be Glover-wise . . . Glover-ize with Glover's Imperial Hair Dress, Glover's Mange Medicine, Glo-Ver Shampoo! One complete application of each in hermetically-sealed bottles—all 3 in *free* Sampler Package *not sold in stores.*
MAIL COUPON TODAY!

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101 W. 31st St., New York 1, N. Y.
Send *free* Sampler Package in plain wrapper by return mail—Glover's Imperial Hair Dress, Glover's Mange Medicine, Glo-Ver Shampoo in 3 hermetically-sealed bottles—with *free* booklet. I enclose 10¢ to cover cost of packaging and postage.
NAME....................
ADDRESS....................

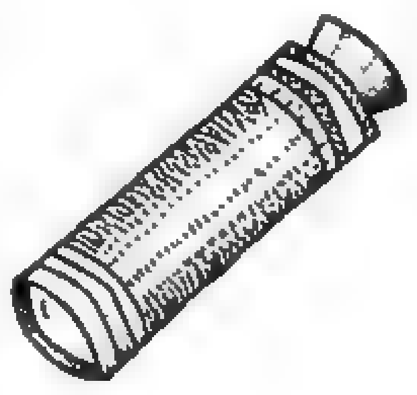
Talking Shop with Esquire

ISLAND HOPPING IN THE CARIBBEAN is almost back to pre-war intensity but island shopping is not quite the same. Most of the islands are still impoverished as a result of so many recent lean years, and, with the exception of Cuba, there is not a great deal to buy. At the time we were there, a few months ago, the situation was as follows: If you stop at the charming little isle of St. Thomas you will dock at Charlotte Amalie. The best bets here are the native woven baskets in plaited palm leaves worked in gorgeous vivid colors — huge sun hats — hand bags — table mats and glorious shopping baskets of all sizes. The prices run from 59c to around $1.25 for the finest. Cruise ladies buy them by the dozens for everyone at home. Another product not to be missed are the native market women's dresses in beautiful ginghams. No signs of hooks, buttons or zippers — both bodice and skirt held together with a couple of drawstrings. The dresses are adjustable and fit anyone. Current price, around $12.00. St. Thomas is a free port so you will want to buy as much liquor as you are allowed to bring in (5 fifths per person). All the best brands including Scotch, if they happen to have had a recent shipment.

CALYPSO RECORDS. Of course you will want to shop around for some calypso recordings of the more robust ditties. These can be purchased in any one of several good phonograph shops in Trinidad. Prevailing favorites are, "High Brown Gal", "Tie Tongue Mopsy" and "The More We're Together". Strangely enough you will find that most of the calypso records are made by American companies but you may get a kick out of purchasing them in the home of calypso. You will probably learn to dance the calypso, an enchanting cross between a rumba, trucking and a samba step. Boat loads of cruise people all find themselves learning it, as it is fairly simple to master. (More on how to do the calypso next month.)

MARTINIQUE. Don't plan on getting a meal anywhere in the Virgin Islands or the British West Indies. There is very little food available but plenty to drink. If you are a slick trader and drive a hard bargain, you can get as many as 300 francs for your American dollar, (regular rate 120 francs). Some guys bought Benedictine for around a buck a bottle and French perfumes way under priced. Here too, quantities are limited and you are only allowed to bring in one hundred dollars worth of stuff. Barbados has little to offer shopping-wise with the exception of the usual souvenirs which go like hot cakes. Trinidad, usually a shoppers' paradise, has been pretty well cleaned out since the G. I. invasion. There is still, however, some handsome hand-made East Indian silver jewelry, nautch girl anklets, rings and bracelets, also some hand painted costume jewelry. You might better employ your time at the beautiful Perseverence Club, a short distance from the city. A night club complete with outdoor swimming pool, hot calypso entertainers and a first rate band. If you plan a trip around Easter you will run into the calypso carnival held annually on the Monday and Tuesday preceding Ash Wednesday.

POCKET PRISM SCOPE. Here's another boon to the traveler — a power prism scope short as a fountain pen, small enough to fit into your pocket, no adjustments, straps or cases. With its magnification of eight diameters, it brings the action vividly close. Due to its ordinary long high distance, it can be used over spectacles with ease. It is self-cased in top grain leather plus a suede carrying case. Plenty of power for the track, target range or theatre.



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Broadcasts through any radio indoors—outdoors—anywhere. It's a completely self-contained wireless transmitter—a marvel of modern electronic engineering. Talk into it—sing into it—*and without plugging in—without connecting wires* your voice comes booming through any radio set within a 50-foot radius. Use it for fun at gatherings, parties, etc. *Ultra-Mike is not a toy*—it's a rugged, scientifically engineered transmitter in mike form that gives high fidelity performance.

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Ultra-Mike is highly efficient over a full 60-foot range. It is completely self-contained, with its own tube and long life (easily replaceable) battery. No hook-up or connections are needed. Carry it with you—talk as you walk—and you'll marvel at its fine modulation—its full-bodied volume—the clearness with which your voice is reproduced.

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Thousands of men have grown taller overnight — simply by changing to famous "ELEVATORS" Height-Increasing shoes. Learn how you, too can enjoy the business and social success that comes easier when you are taller.

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So why continue to miss the good things of life? Write your name and address on the margin of this ad and mail now, to Stone-Tarlow Co., Inc., Dept. E 3-48, Brockton 68, Mass. Complete information and name of nearest store will be mailed to you in plain envelope, marked personal.

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GREAT BRITAIN'S LARGEST BUILDER OF LARGE MOTOR CARS
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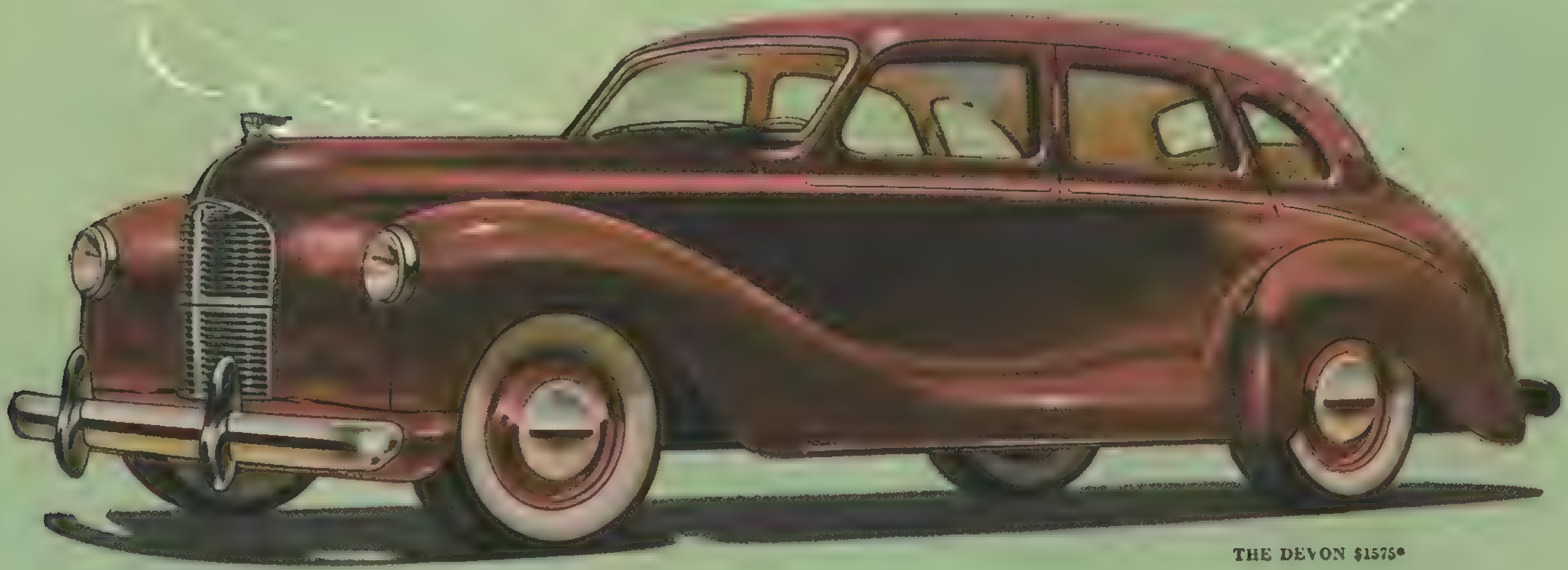

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PRINCESS • SHEERLINE • DEVON • DORSET... *sixty-three hundred and twenty-five dollars to fourteen hundred and seventy dollars**
*COMPLETELY EQUIPPED, INCLUDING HEATER. DUTY AND FEDERAL TAXES PAID, F.O.B. NEW YORK, PLUS LOCAL TAXES (IF ANY).
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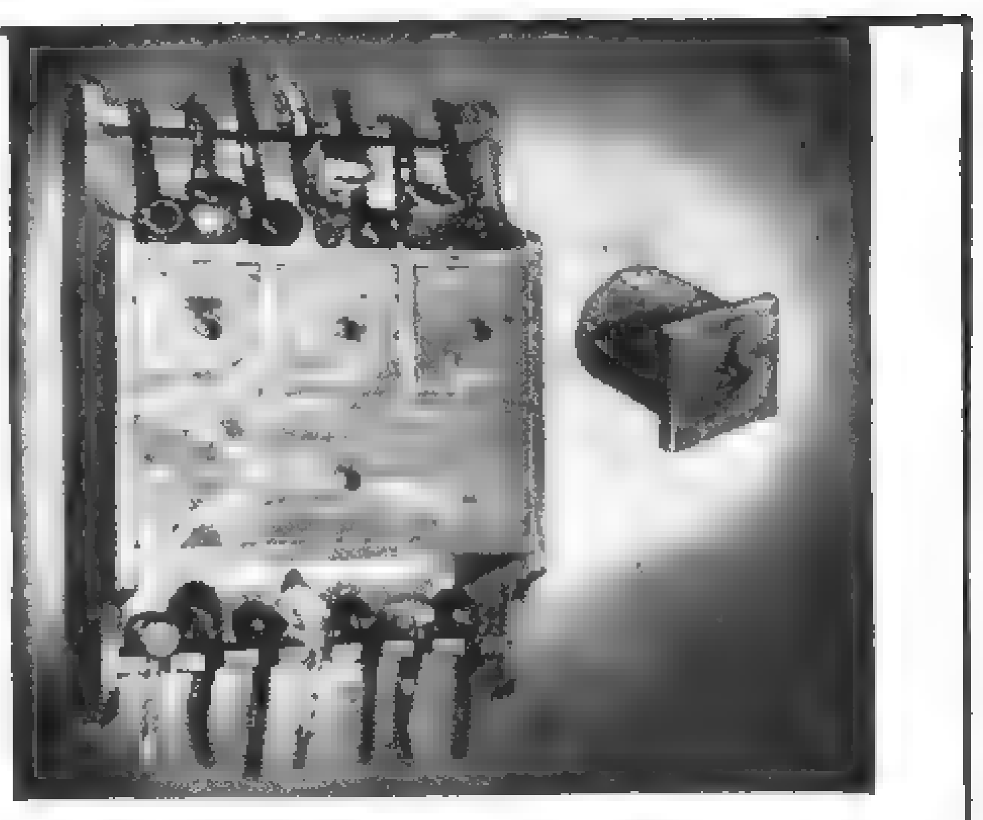
*White sidewall tires extra when available.



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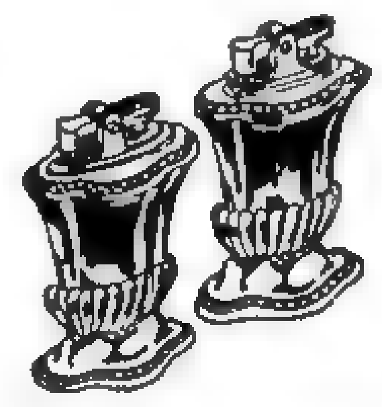
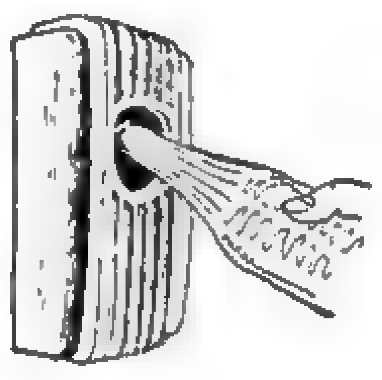
Talking Shop with Esquire

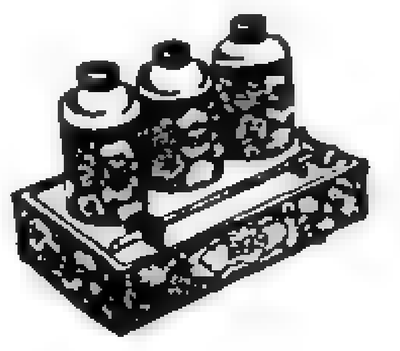
TABLE LIGHTERS FOR FORMAL DINING. Handsome silver plated lighters are sold in pairs like salt and pepper shakers . . . and placed on your dinner table in pairs. A modern, decorative and highly useful note.



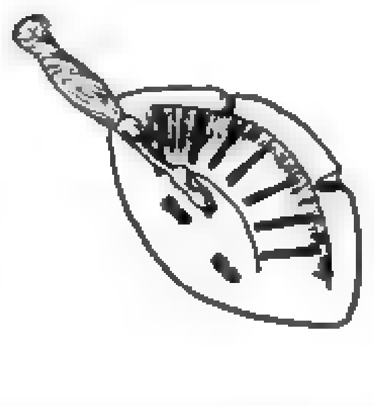
OPENER ON THE WALL. If you're the kind of guy who misplaces things, buy one of the new cap openers which are designed to be attached to the kitchen or rumpus room wall. There's a red or white plastic case which covers an all-steel opener. Caps fall into a well which will hold 50 of the closures, eliminating nuisance of gathering up strays from the floor, or littering up the tables.



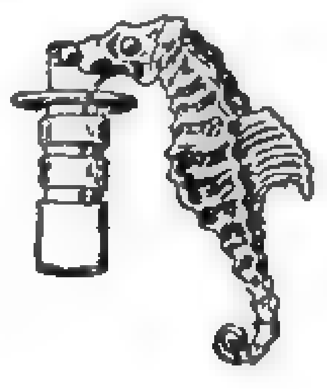
SCENT OF ROSES. Here's one the distaff side will "love". Newest type of household deodorant comes in 3 neat bottles, each with a different flower fragrance. To rid yourself of unpleasant cookery odors, smoke, paint, etc . . . just spray essence of a rose, jasmine or lilac about in their stead. Atomizer comes with the flower garden trio.



THE ICED ROLLING PIN. If the little woman waxes wrathful, she'll give you a *cool* konk over the head with one of the new *iced* rolling pins. Seems that chilled dough is the secret of tender pastry, so the new rolling pins have an open aperture into which you place ice cubes or ice water. No need to use flour to prevent sticking, because dough doesn't stick to the aluminum roller. To the aid of the chap who wishes to drain liquids from steaming vegetables, fruits, etc.: a safety strainer which turns out to be an ingenious wire stopper with a handle which, when held firmly against the inside of the kettle, prevents all danger of slipping or spilling of foods into the sink when draining off water. The extended handle gives a good grip, and provides protection from steam.



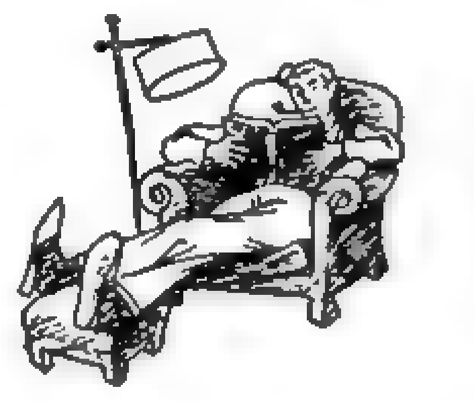
SPRING OPENING . . . of bottles, that is. The constant influx of bottling aids continues unabated. Take the seal-horse, for example. A new vacuum type stopper in the shape of a sea horse, all nickle plated to a bright finish. Fits any size beverage bottle, nut at bottom of plunger regulates size of neophrene washers, and cam action feature, provides an air-tight, leak-proof seal. The fin of the horse acts as a bottle opener.



AIR BORNE WEDDING PARTIES. Wedding guests fly in for the ceremony and back the same night; bands play one night stands at parties and dances; critical invalid cases are flown in private planes fitted with bed, oxygen tanks, full medical kits and accompanied by a registered nurse provided by the charter company.

CIGARS AND RUM. You'll spend time going through the big cigar factories and imbibing the hospitality of the rum manufacturers (all drinks "on the house"). The ladies will try to talk you into buying them some of the super-sweet native cordials, banana or pineapple, but stick to rum for yourself.

"THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE HOME." Particularly when its fitted up with what real estate fellows are pleased to call "*modren* improvements". We hereby submit a few items, designed to make indoor living a thing of comfort and a joy forever.



Ranger

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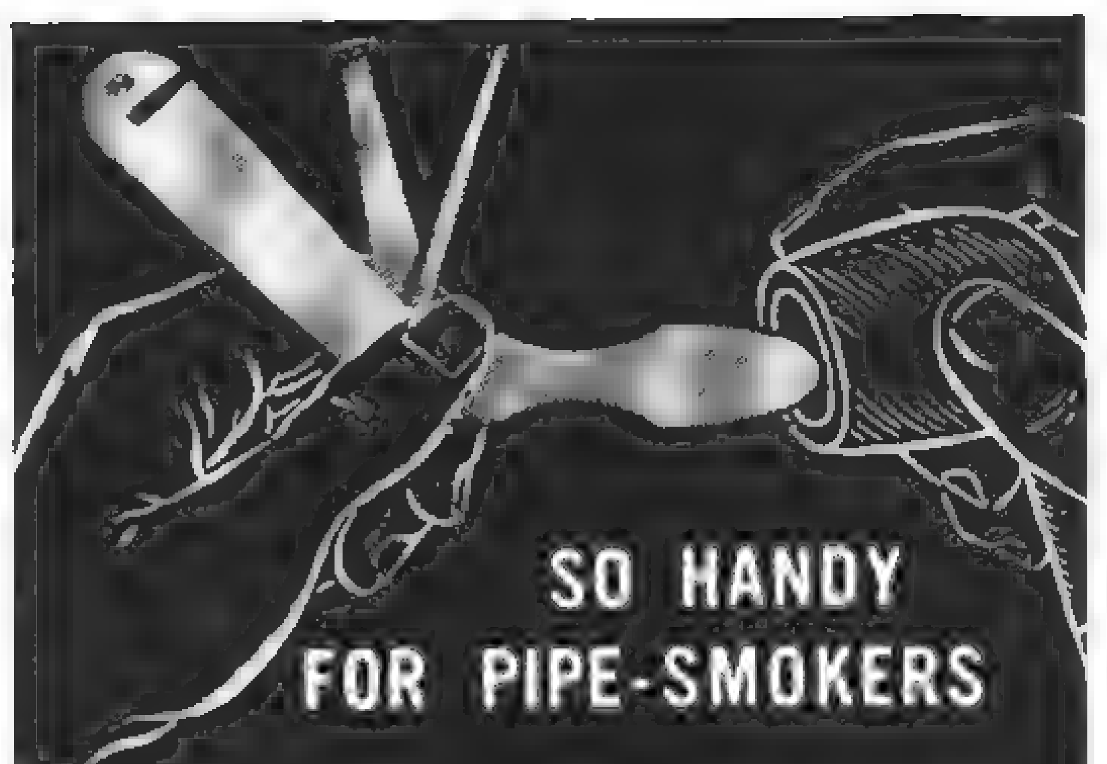

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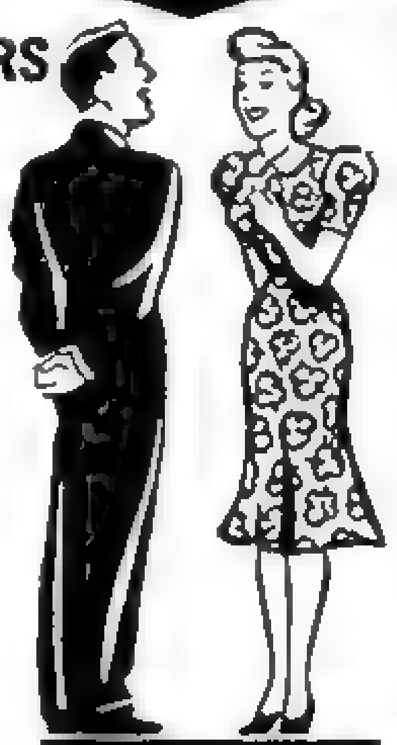
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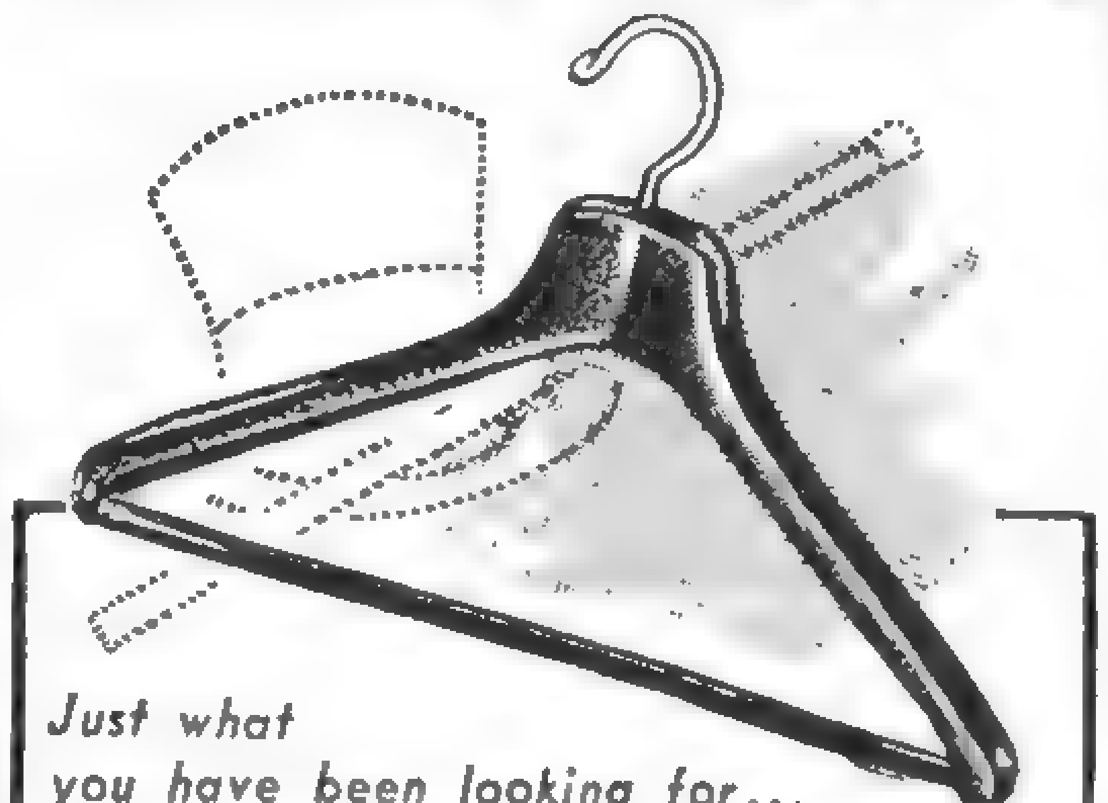
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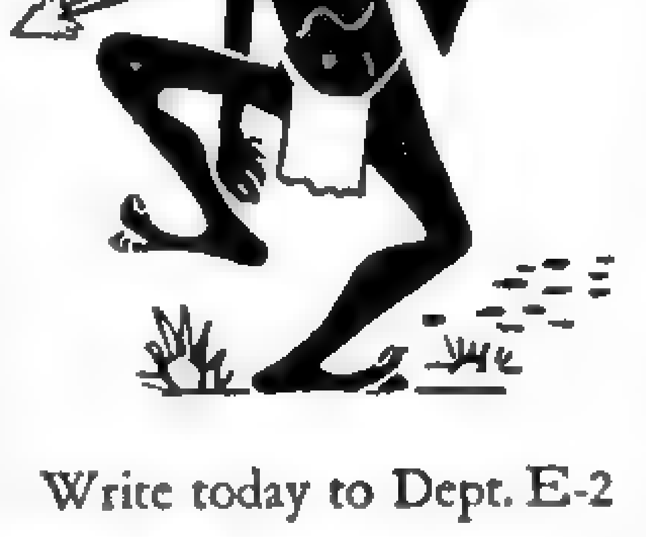
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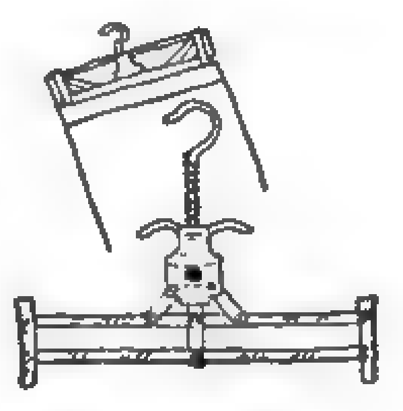
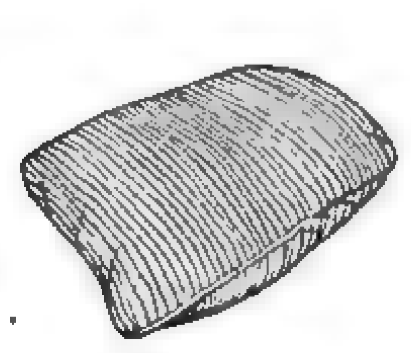
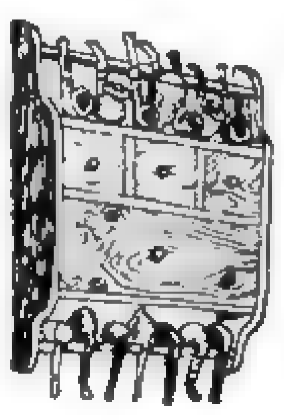


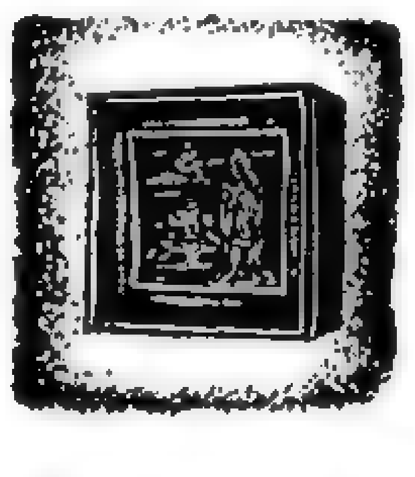
NEW TYPE TROUSERS HANGER hangs pants *from the inside* of the cuffs instead of clamping on the outside. Idea being, that it stretches wrinkles from the cuff, stretches bagging from the knees, and leaves no marks on outside of cuff. Hanger is self-adjusting to any width pants leg. The expansion pressure is regulated by the weight of the pants, which prevents over-stretching the cuff.



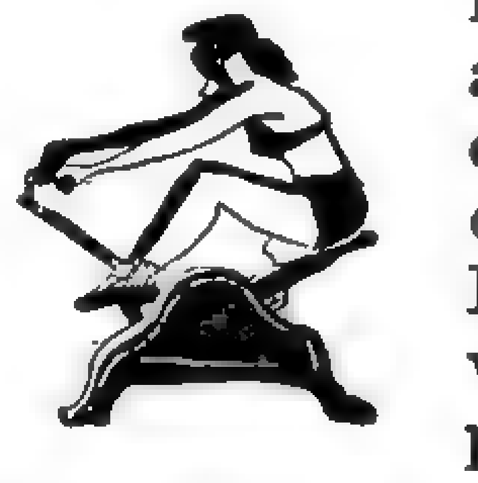
BEHOLD THE *ALL GLASS* PILLOW . . . both filling and ticking made of fiberglas. The glass fibers are as soft as down, and as resilient as cotton. They are completely non-allergenic as they are composed entirely of inorganic material. The new glass pillows can be laundered at home in the bathtub, dried in a short time, and ready for use shortly. The pillowcase has a zipper at one end, so that the pillow itself can be taken out easily.



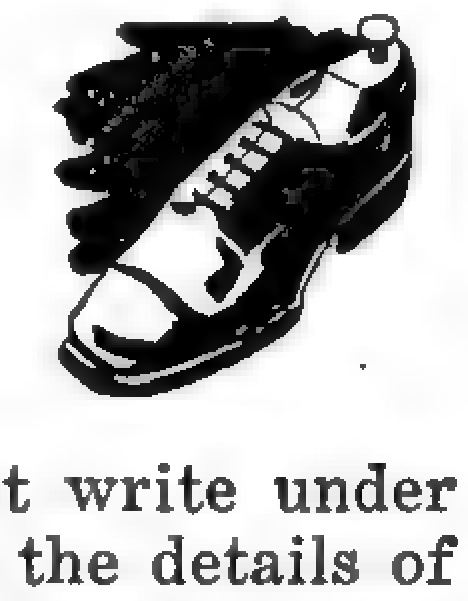
PIPE CONNOISSEURS WILL LIKE IT. Even the most particular spouse won't object to allowing a fellow to hang this particular pipe rack on her cherished wall. Its made by master craftsmen, up in New Hampshire, hewn, appropriately from carefully selected and mellowed nut brown knotty pine waxed and hand rubbed to a satin smoothness. The rack holds 14 pipes, seven on the top shelf, the rest hang from the bottom rack. Three small drawers hold as many kinds of tobacco in air-tight humidor jar drawers . . . to keep tobacco moist and fresh. A larger drawer underneath, holds cleaners, reamers, filters, pouch, etc. A place for everything, and everything in its place!



PICTURE LIGHTS. One of the cleverest examples of decorative lighting combines a handsome picture for the bedroom wall with a source of carefully focussed, glareless light for reading in bed. The fixture hangs on the wall, like a picture and plugs in to any outlet, like a lamp. The picture is actually a panel, either of glass or of clear plastic, decorated with hand carved or screen printed designs and framed in a black or red enamelled metal shadow box measuring about 18x16". At the top and bottom of the frame, incandescent lumiline tubes cast a soft light directly downward for reading, and diffuse light upward from the top of the frame to illuminate the remainder of the room.



PICTURE OF HEALTH. Everyone knows that one of the more pleasant ways of keeping that "young look" is to do away with that extra pound by exercising. Here's an ideal way to get the proper exercise, pleasantly. A rowing machine made by a very reputable mid-western company provides all the necessary functions for work-outs of both a mild or strenuous nature depending on your choice. Giving all the benefits of rowing and horseback riding it safely conditions the muscles of the body normalizing weight, improving health and beautifying the figure. The pleasure derived from this health building routine will be an inducement to continue this beneficial practice. Health is one of the pillars of success.

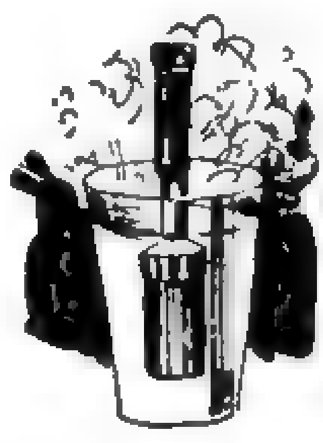


NEW FASHION NOTE. A limited supply of superb English footwear is once again available to the very discriminate among men. Handsomely styled, these shoes are impervious to rain, snow, slush and fountain pens that write under water. To go into the details of construction would require great length . . . suffice to say they are styled for town and country wear featuring Martin's brown Scotch Zug. A must with folks who know quality, they are limited; one to a customer.

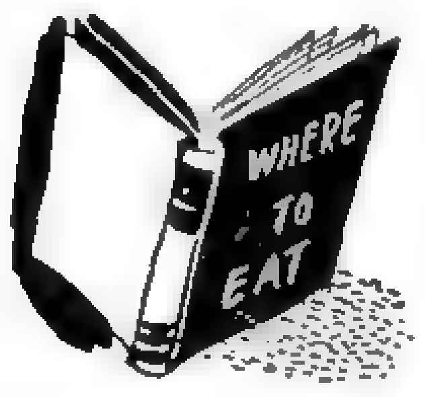
POKER PALL. Cigar ashes on the rugs are reason enough but nothing will hasten the little woman in the direction of her favorite domestic counsel faster than the indoor odors you and your poker-pals have locked up in your game room. You guessed it, there's a remedy. A company long renowned in the food business has marketed a household freshener that will dispel all the unpleasant odors and smoke arising from cooking, parties, stale drinks, and stale air. There is nothing to burn, nothing to spray—merely open the bottle, exposing the contents to the offending room and your troubles are over.

with Esquire

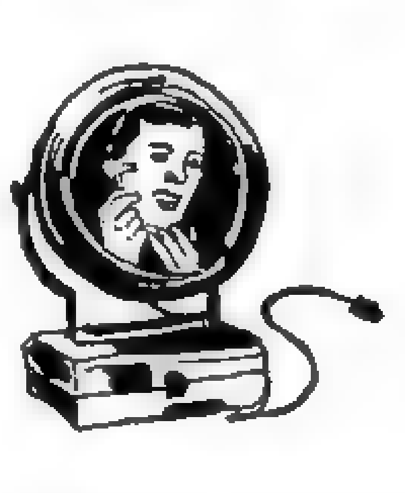
BOILING WATER IN THE WILDS. From the Amazon to Alaska you can produce hot water out of your pocket by means of a new self-contained unit made up of a cartridge-like charge and a stirrer. The stirrer is six inches long with a plastic handle and chromium plated copper-heat top into which the charge is placed. By pulling back the handle and releasing it, an enclosed spring action sets the heat charge in operation. The result is a quick intense heat generated without flame, fumes or odor. You can keep the whole thing in your vest pocket.



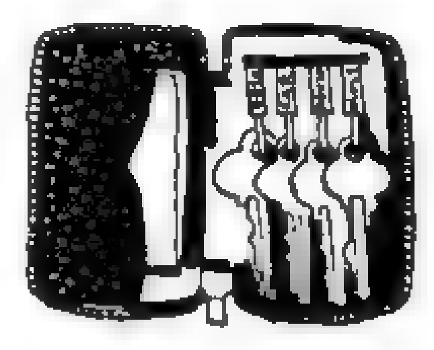
GOURMETS GUIDE. There should be space reserved in the travelers bag or trunk for this necessary gold mine of info on all the best eateries throughout the nation. Vest-pocket size it measures only 3 inches by 4¾ and fits into the glove compartment of the car, in your handbag or coat pocket. The list covers about two thousand of the best places and so as to avoid the blind stab notice is made of special features such as the chef's specialty, price range, if liquor is served, etc. This should end the woes of not only the guy who is lost in his own home town but should prove a boon to the stranger who is seeking some of those small intimate places he's heard about but never has found. Don't take chances with customer relations; this may help you land the business.



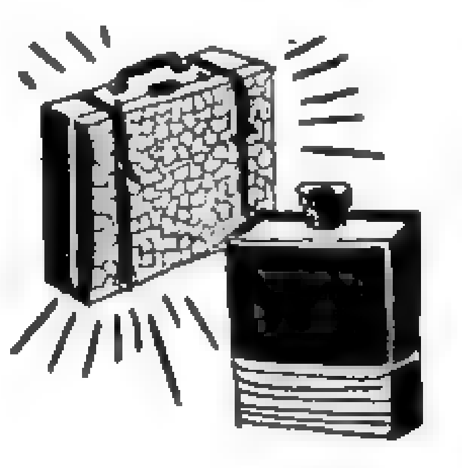
IT'S ALL DONE WITH MIRRORS. There must be a place for this item in everyone's good grooming plans for it solves the problems of the guy who's shaving and the gal who's making up, fixin' hair, etc. First, the mirror lights up giving you a clear bright picture of the work at hand not only speeding up the routine but insuring a neater job. As if that wasn't enough, by merely reversing the mirror, you get a magnified view of the subject. Made of gleaming brass that keeps its luster, the set comes equipped with a 6 ft. on-off control cord for operation on AC or DC current. This must be the answer to the traveler's prayers since we all know the horror of trying to shave without sufficient lighting.



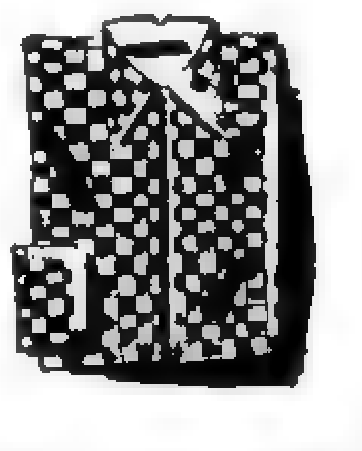
DON'T BE A FUMBLE BUM. The key ring has long provided the source for novel jokes and coining of new profanities. Enter the Tel-A-Key exit key fumbling. This new keycase provides color-labeled key holders that stand out clearly for easy, instant pick-up. Everyone knows how all keys suddenly look alike when you're in a hurry to single out the right one. With room for 4, 6 or 8 keys, either zippered or buttoned, these cases come in best grade leather for endurance as well as smart style.



THE "NEW LOOK" FOR LUGGAGE. How long it's been since the skin on your luggage pieces encompassed the body of some vain quadruped we will never know but if you have any compassion for his vanity (and you owe it to yourself) you'll honor his memory by treating all the leather covering you own with this sterling leather conditioner. To retain the quality of all leather articles; such as shoes, books, luggage and leather upholstery it's only necessary to apply the liquid. Rubbing is not necessary. Frequent application will preserve the smart, fresh look and will add endurance to the pieces that are as much part of your fashion picture as the clothes you wear.



LUMBERJACK SHIRT. Sportsmen will appreciate an all wool shirt that won't shrink. Tests prove that you can dunk it right in the tub without fear of having it shrink to midget size. Big, bold aggressive black and white plaid with large patch pockets. And for skiers . . . a dilly of a sweater . . . hand knit, hand loomed in canary color wool with brown knit cuffs and bottom. Yoke has a design of little ski figures in action. Pullover style, of course.



Ranger

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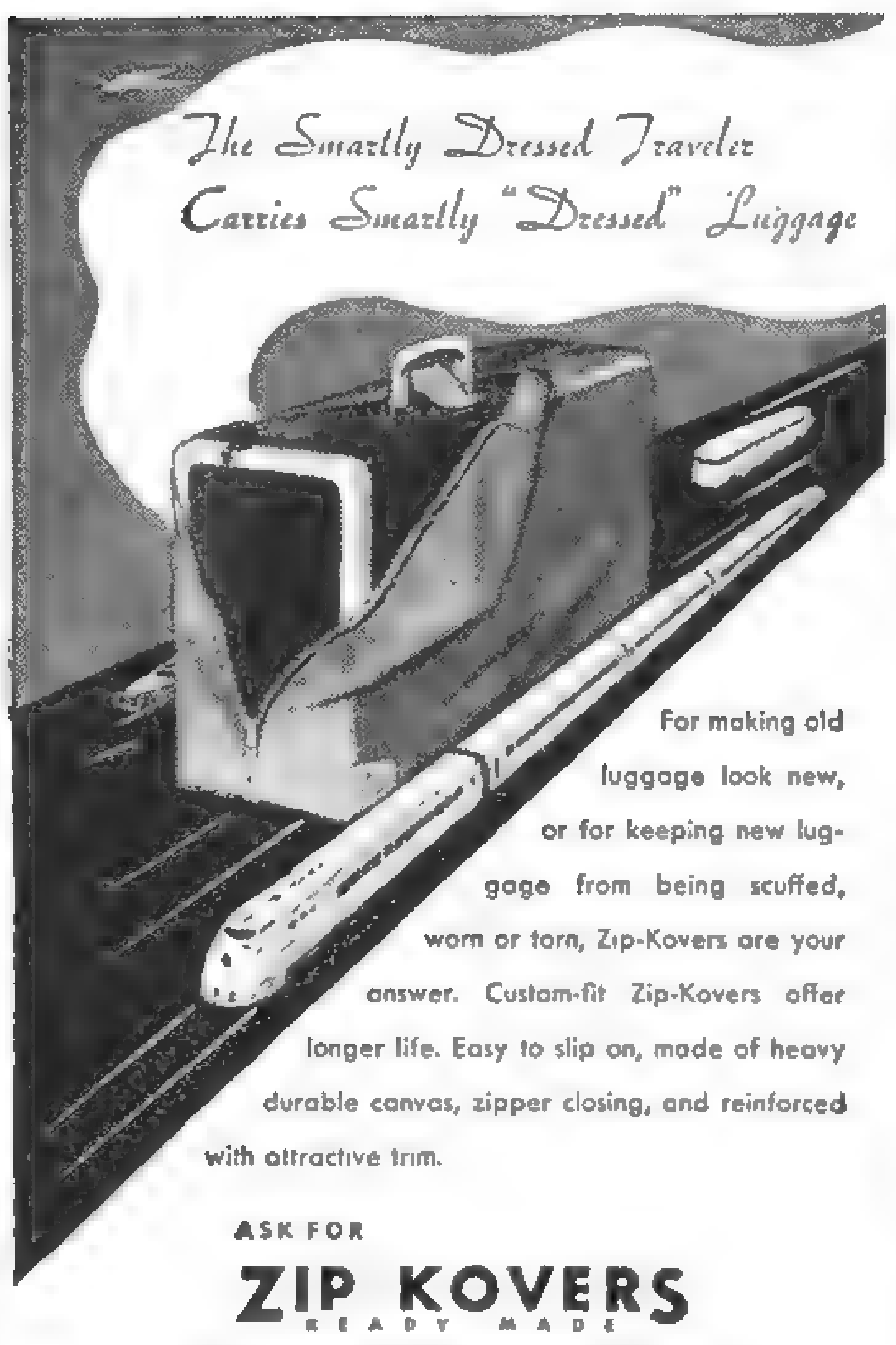

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For making old luggage look new, or for keeping new luggage from being scuffed, worn or torn, Zip-Kovers are your answer. Custom-fit Zip-Kovers offer longer life. Easy to slip on, made of heavy durable canvas, zipper closing, and reinforced with attractive trim.

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READY MADE
Custom Fit Luggage Covers

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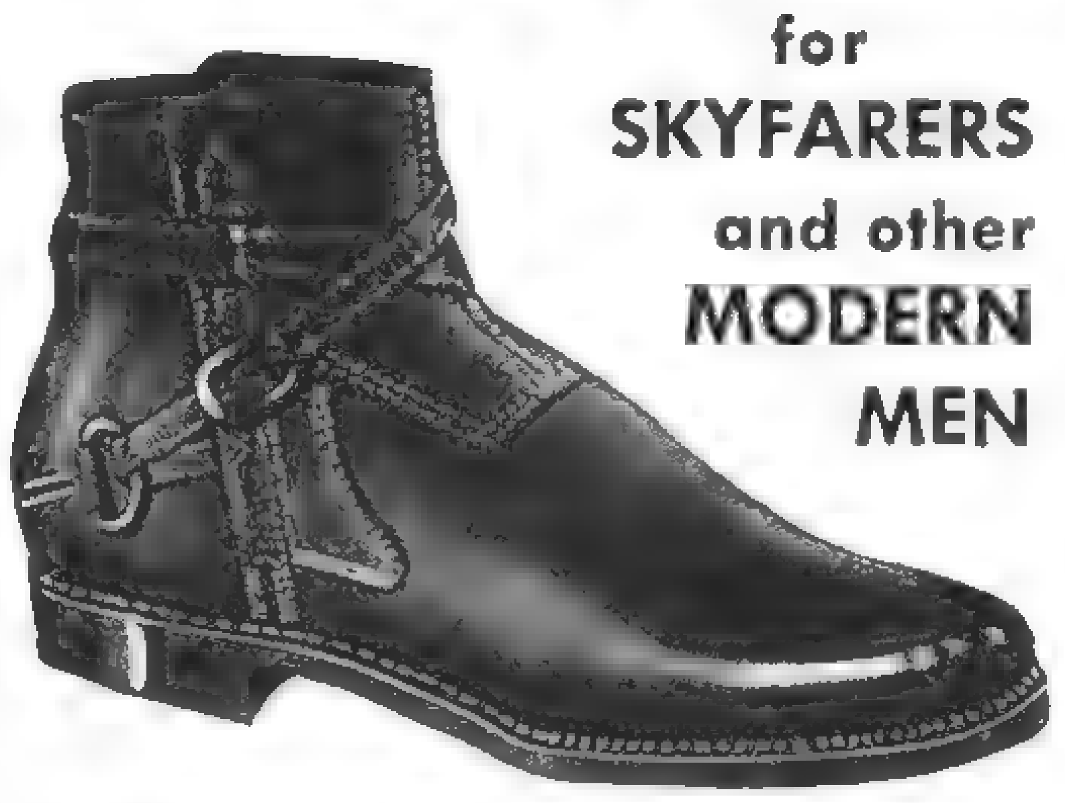
ZIP-KOVERS . . . THE IDEAL GIFT FOR THE TRAVELER



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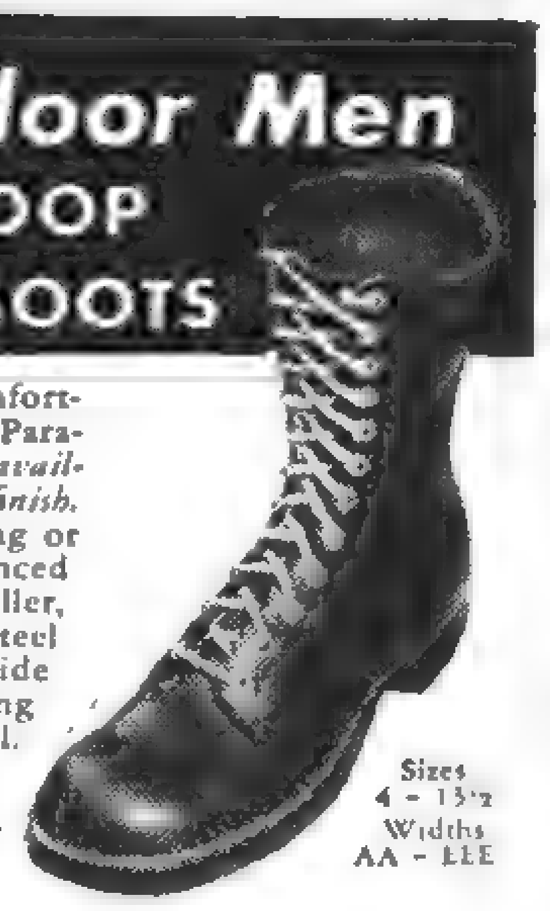

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PARATROOP HUNTING BOOTS

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Regular shoe size & width ______

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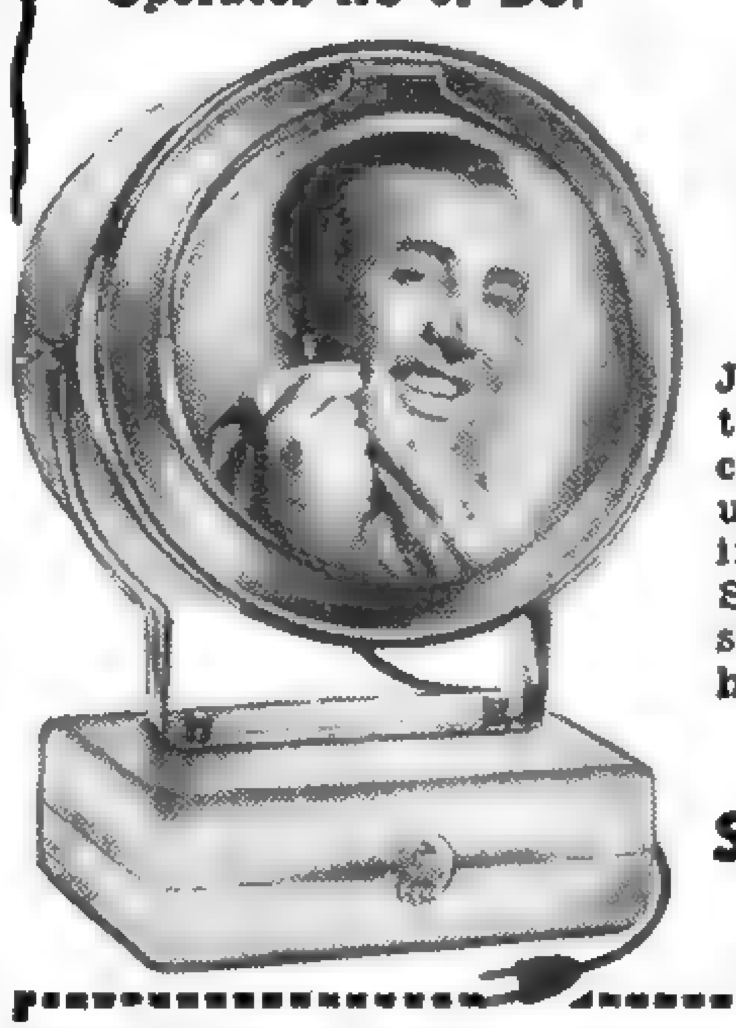

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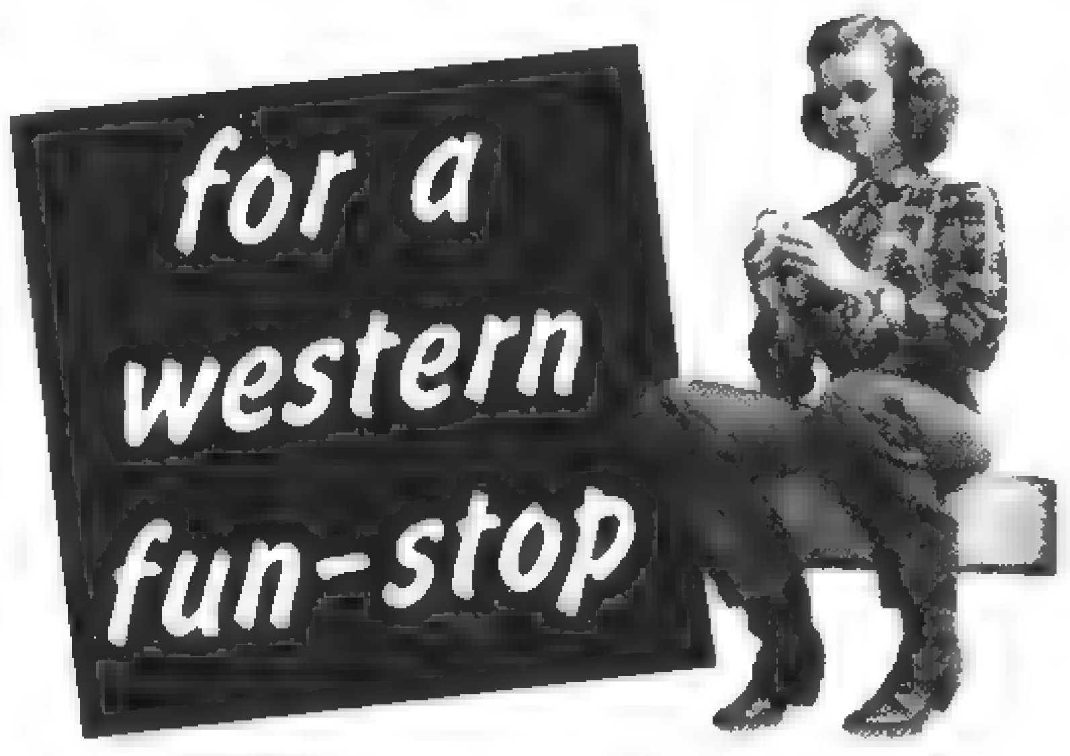

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Backstage with Esquire

Quentin Reynolds

QUENTIN REYNOLDS, famed journalist and author, declares: "I don't think that anyone deliberately sets out to be a writer of fiction. I know I didn't. I began because Paul Gallico gave me a desk. Fifteen years ago I was very contented doing rewrite for International News Service. I was moving to a new apartment when I ran into Gallico and told him I was short of furniture. 'I'm moving myself,' Paul said. 'If you can use a desk I have one for you. It won't fit in my new place.' So I inherited Paul's desk. He had designed it himself. It had a dozen drawers, a dozen pigeonholes, a built-in ash tray and other gadgets. I used to think Paul wrote about fifty fiction stories at that desk. Every time I walked into my apartment it seemed as though that damn desk was staring at me reproachfully. So one day I sat at the desk and wrote a fiction story. To my amazement I sold the story. So you can blame Paul Gallico for *Holbein's Star Performance*."

See page 33.

Hilaire du Berrier

Apropos of his *Tourist's Perfect Handbook*, HILAIRE DU BERRIER, an American-born nomad, declares: "The road from Paris to Peking was my playground back in the days when one could travel. Wars in Ethiopia, Spain and China were the high spots. Eighteen days in a Japanese torture chamber and three years in a prison camp were the low. My country let me down by making a separate peace with Japan, which I have not yet ratified. However, it may be years before I can make any landings, for the State Department won't give me another passport until I pay my board bill for three years in a Jap prison camp."

George T. Roboz

GEORGE T. ROBOZ is a thirty-year-old New Yorker who has been on newspapers since he was old enough to vote, writing features and reporting for the *Mirror*. He says: "My father was a foreign editor of the same paper, and also edited and published several Hungarian dailies and weeklies here in the States, so my earliest memories center in the newspaper business. Nonetheless, when the long white envelope arrived with official greetings, I did *not* land on the staff of *Stars and Stripes* or *Yank*. Instead, Uncle Sam handed me a rifle and told me I was an infantryman, a condition which endured until progressive night blindness—finally so acute that I had to be led around the French countryside by hand after nightfall—made it evident that I was more a menace than an asset to the combat infantry, and effected my transfer to the U. S. Army Claims Service in Alsace-Lorraine and Paris. While I'm happy to be back in Manhattan I have a hankering to revisit Europe to do that novel which, in common with fourteen million other servicemen, I promised myself to write someday."

The author of *Where's the Light-Plane Boom?* explains cryptically that he has personal reasons for using his pseudonym, JOHN C. ROSS. A Midwestern editor, he has written extensively about aviation for Esquire and other publications; is a graduate of the University of Wisconsin and has an M.S. from Northwestern where he taught briefly.

Edwin Muller

EDWIN MULLER has written fiction and articles for numerous magazines. He was a war correspondent in the ETO and Alaska, and during the past two years has traveled in the Middle East and around the world. Between excursions he lives in the country in Connecticut, hunting and fishing for recreation. *The Lobster and Ed Conley*, his short story on page 49 was written in good faith despite the fact that he confesses to knowing more about trout than about lobsters.

Dr. J. B. Rice

DR. J. B. RICE, whose credo is that science writing can be accurate without being dull, proves it with his first article for Esquire called *Do You Know Your Women?* (page 54). Shortly after becoming an M.D. he turned from surgery to research; a yen to study tropical diseases led him, during some fifteen years, to Panama, Haiti, Greece, the Balkans, Puerto Rico, Turkey, the Orient, the Hawaiian Islands, and all over Africa. The Rockefeller Foundation and two large commercial companies provided the wherewithal to satisfy this wanderlust. Now he's settled down in Manhattan as research director for a large organization. As for his contribution to our pages, he explains that women are just a hobby with him—a hobby he hopes to find time to pursue someday.

Jimmy Savo

JIMMY SAVO, a comedian noted for pantomime, proves he is also verbal by his eloquent understatement, on page 87, of his losing engagement with a lady guest. The New York-born son of Italian immigrants, Jimmy was educated in public schools and in the vaudeville circuit. The winning of an amateur contest brought him his first vaudeville contract with a billing: "the child wonder juggler," and he performed in turn as rope walker, dancer, singer and comedian. Eventually he sang and pantomimed his melancholy way through sundry reviews and musical comedies, appeared in motion pictures and in night-spots all the way from Boston to Hollywood. Savo is known as the comedian's comedian and critics write long admiring essays about his technique. His manner is based on frailty, confusion and futility. Starting with a piece of string he can build an entire routine; he can break your heart while splitting your sides as he begs, pleads and finally shouts at that river to stay away from his door. His recent triumphs include the publication last October by Simon and Schuster of his best-selling book, *Little World Hello*; and in January, receiving the Newspaper Guild's Page One Award for "the most delightful performances, past, present and future."

B. B. WILSON, who lives in Red Bluff, California, says that *The Art of Coffeehouse Bridge* is the outgrowth of years of kibitzing (she regards bridge as one of the better spectator sports) and occasional dilettante participation. "I was born, raised, and educated in Indianapolis (public schools, art school, and a year at Butler University). I aspired to be a writer and/or painter, but nothing much came of it at the time, though I continued studying art, read scripts for a publishing company and worked for a photographic studio. In 1934 I was married to Dr. E. R. Wilson, physician and bridge player, and we have three children who play pinochle."

After some years with the New York *Post*, first as sports columnist and finally as European war correspondent, STANLEY FRANK retired following V-J Day "to become a freelance writer, an ink-stained wretch." His stories appear in such popular magazines as *Collier's*, the *Post*, *Cosmopolitan* and *Liberty*, and he has published an anthology, *Sports Extra*. He says: "I am thirty-nine, married and the father of three urgent incentives for applying the seat of the pants to the seat of the chair."

Roark Bradford

This photograph of ROARK BRADFORD was taken when the poet was a lieutenant in the U. S. Navy by the then-Captain Edward Steichen, who was Chief of all Naval photography during the war. Captain Steichen's last Navy show was called *Power in the Pacific*, for which, at the famed photographer's request, Bradford wrote the captions. Roark Bradford is beloved among Esquire readers for such poems as *The Tangled Land* (page 92) and is widely known as the author of the classic *Ol' Man Adam and His Chillun* which was dramatized as *Green Pastures*. His wife reports from their home in New Orleans that Brad has learned to play *Blue Tail Fly* on the git-tar and plays it incessantly. However, she and the neighbors find it a welcome change from *Careless Love*.

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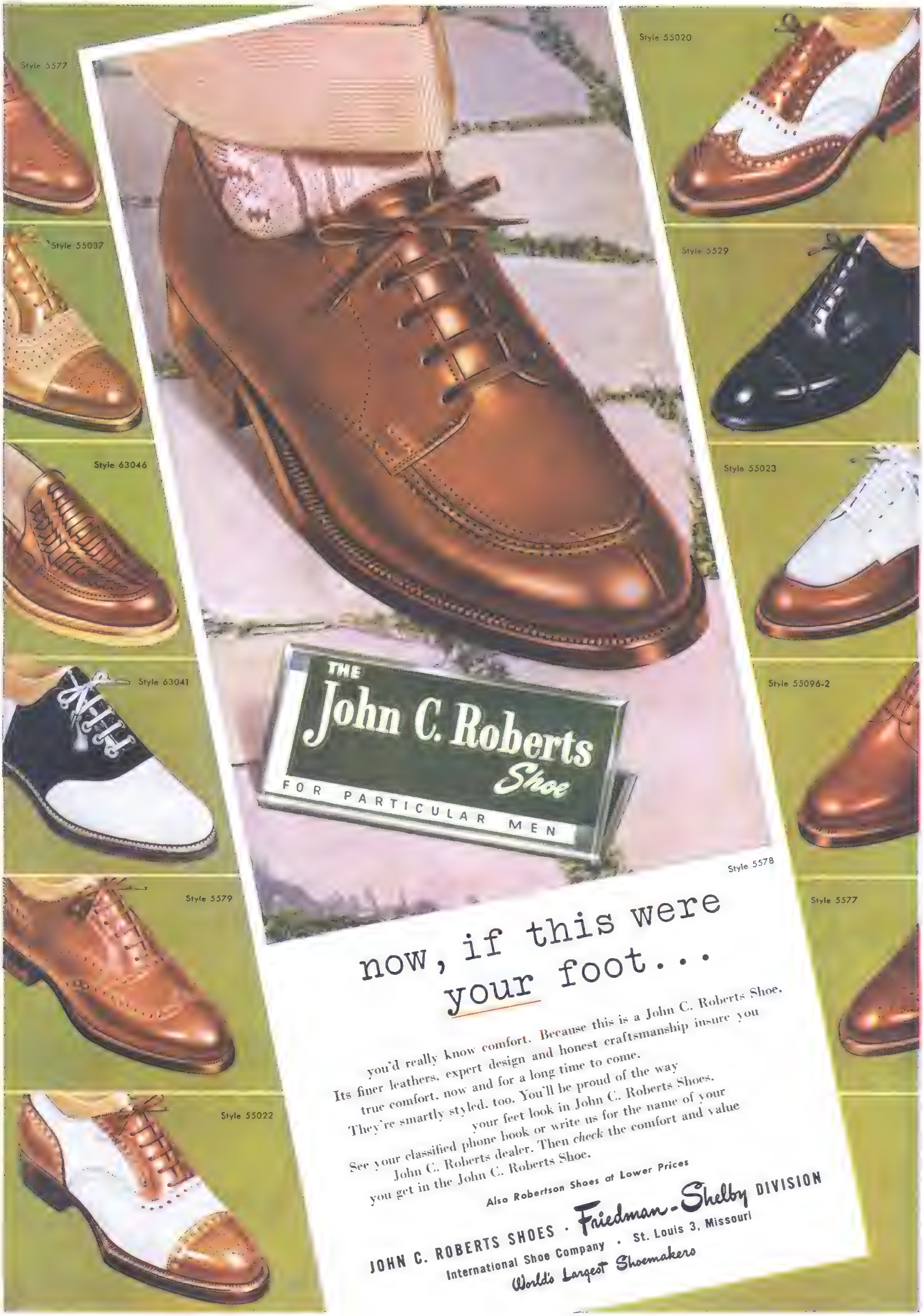
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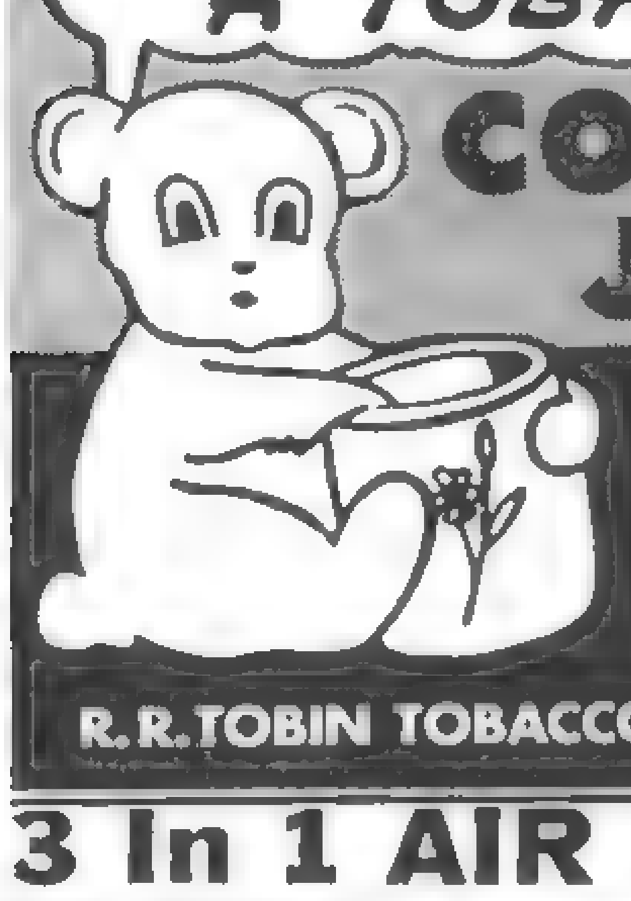

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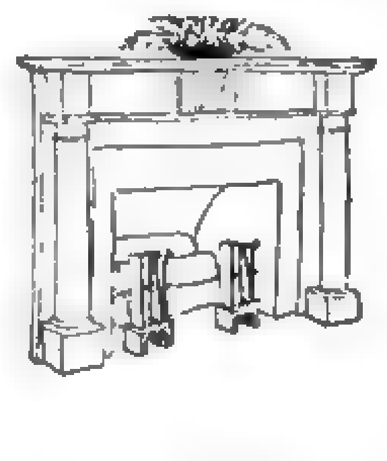

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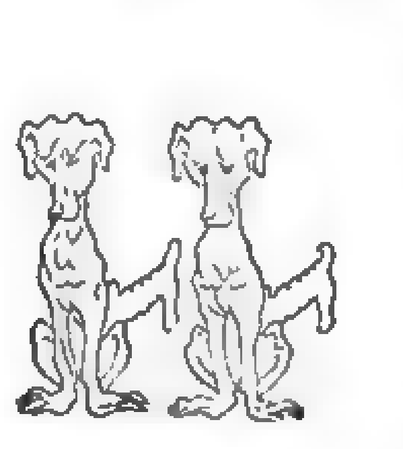

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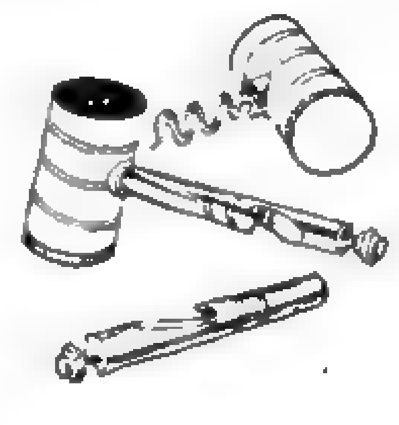

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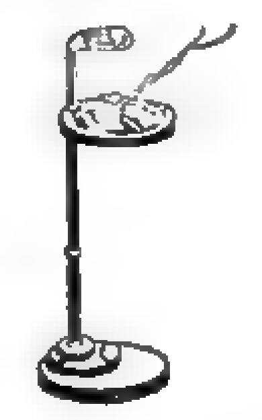

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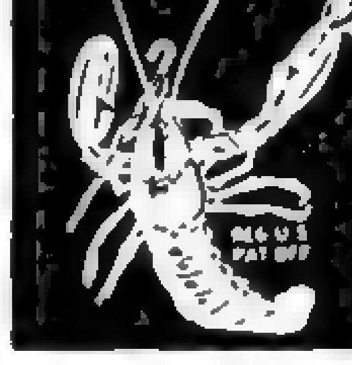

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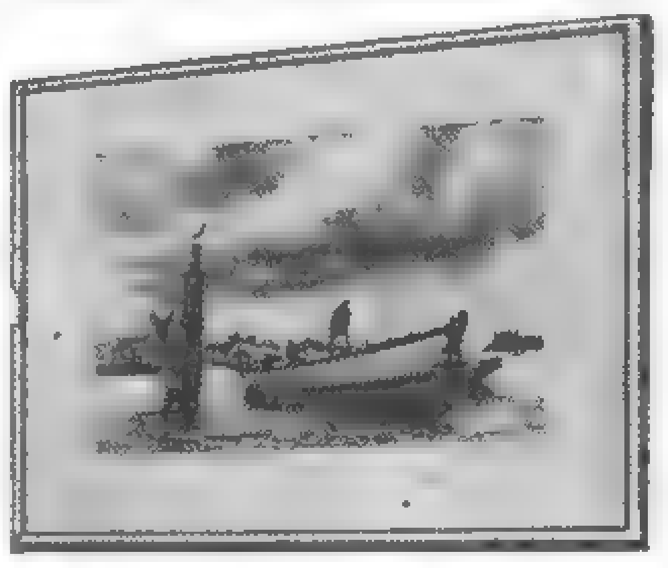

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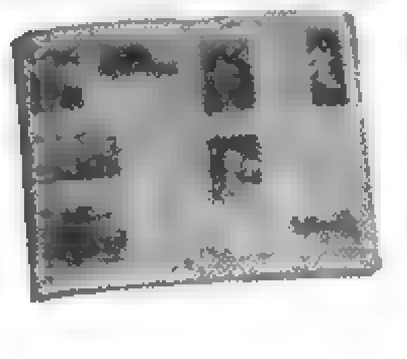

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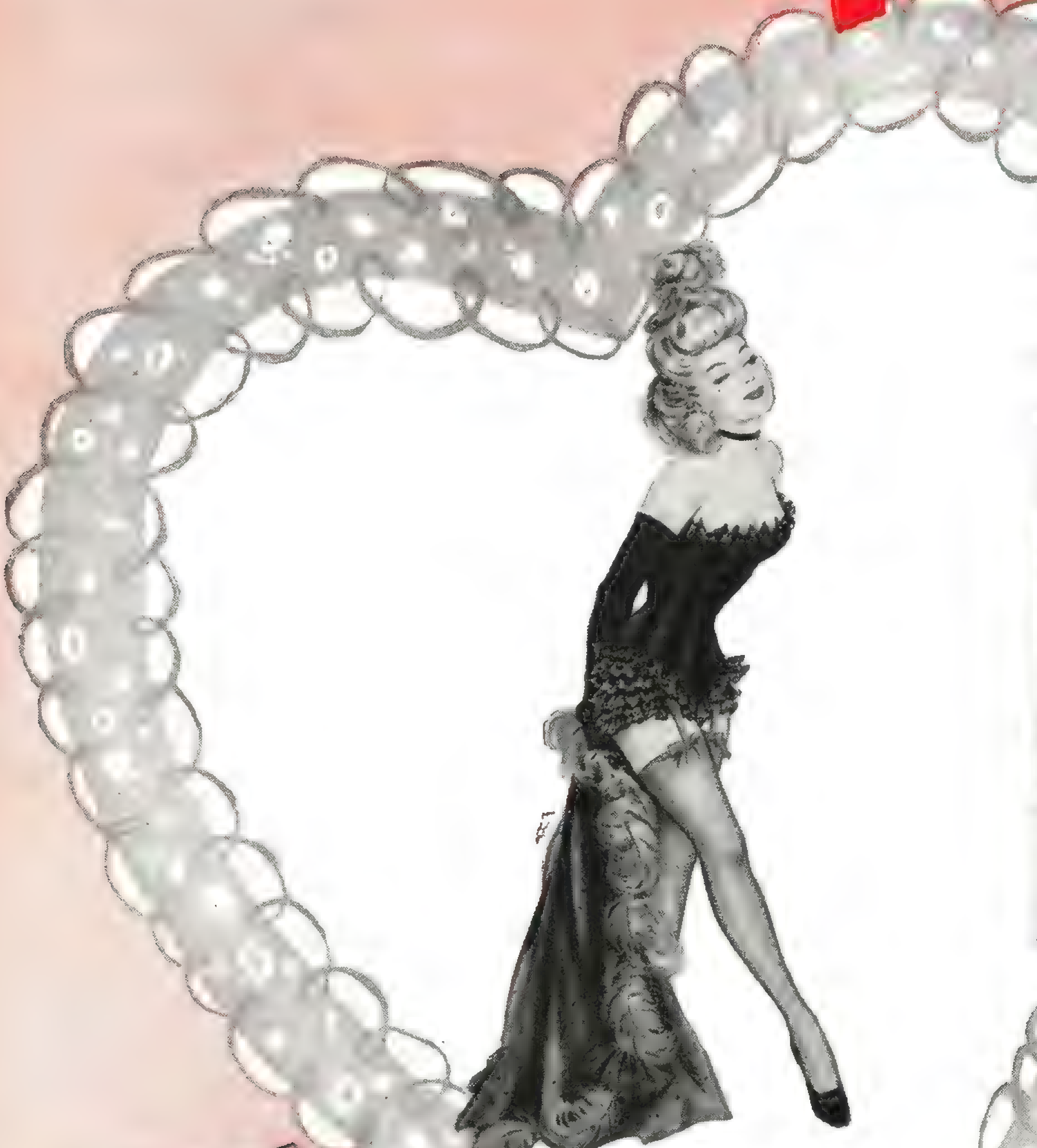

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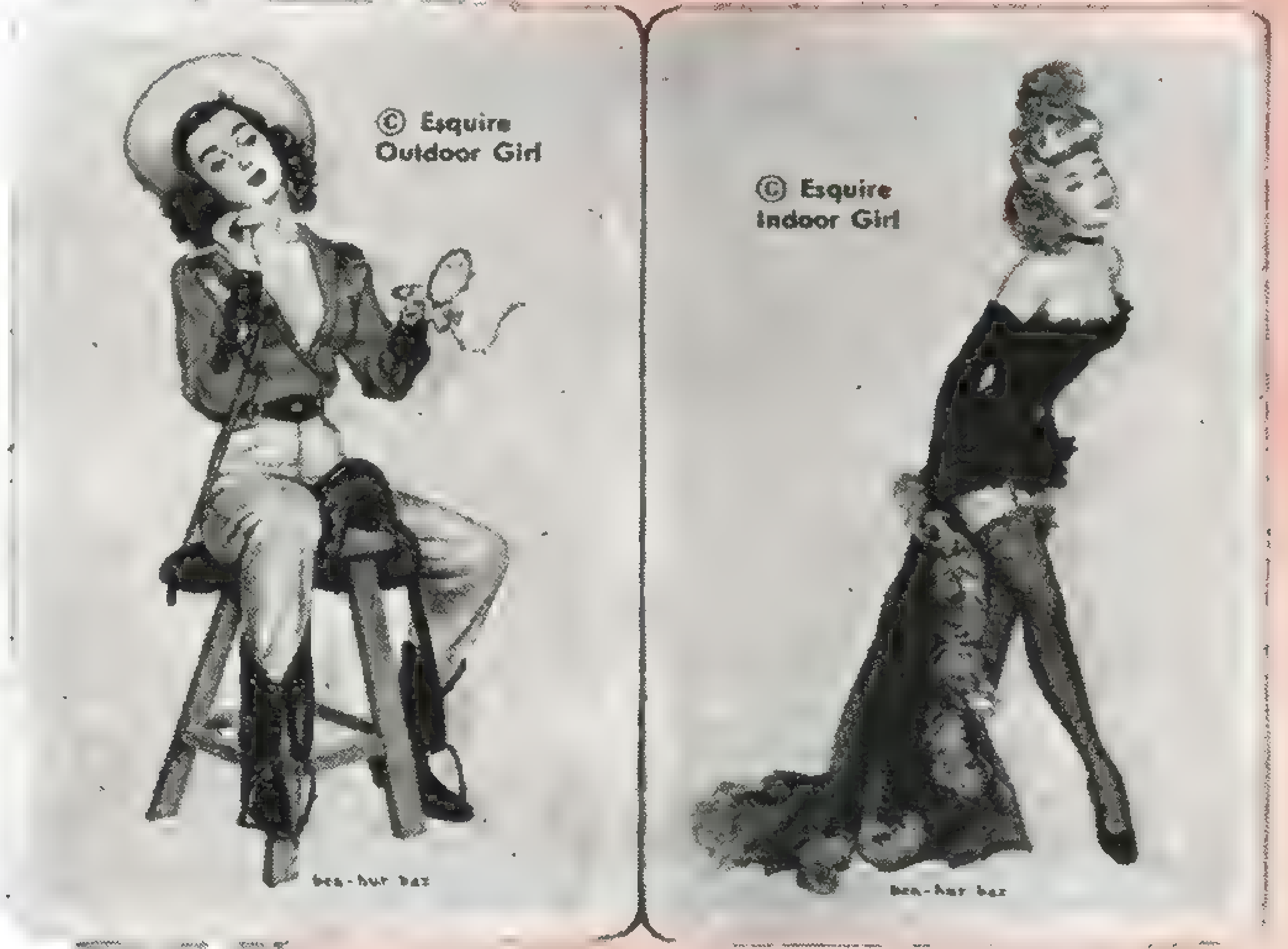

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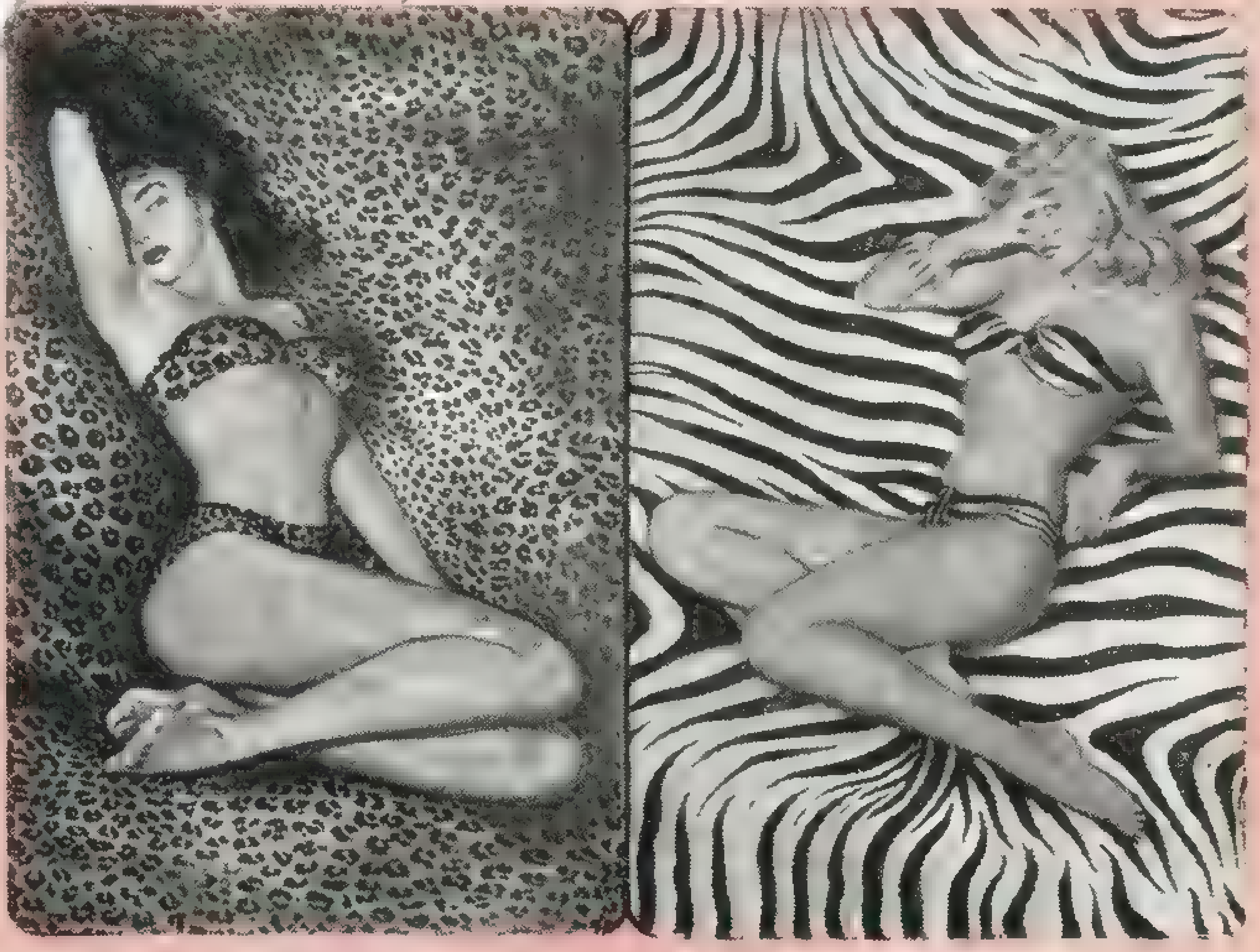

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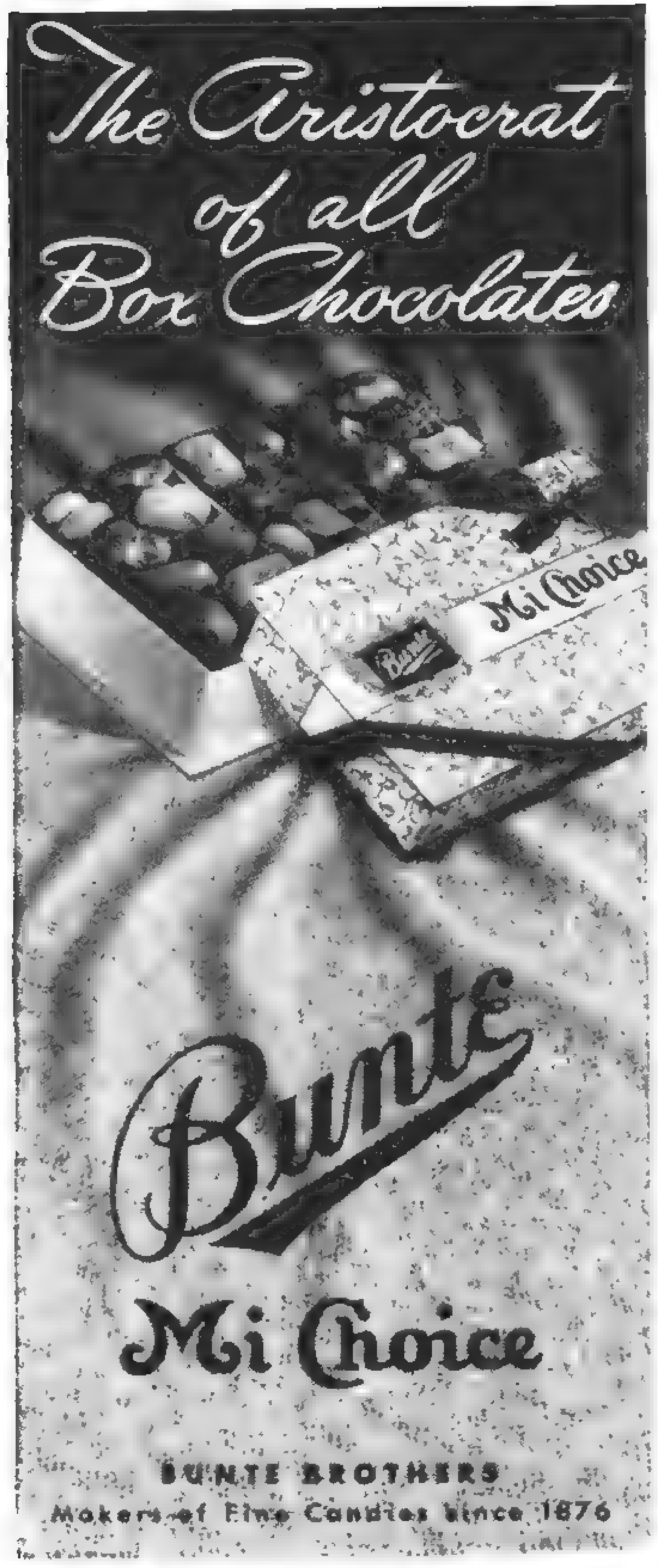
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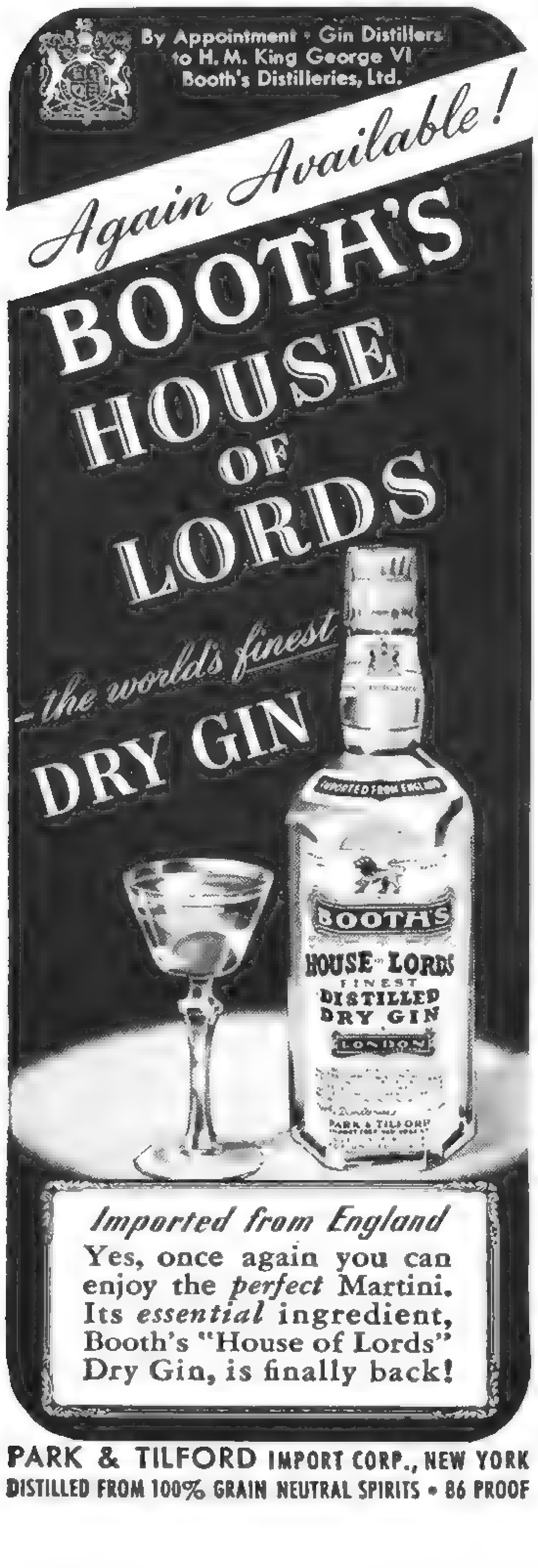
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Painting the Town with Esquire

THERE'S SOMETHING indefinably right for a Winter's night in Cherio's, a tiny French-Italian restaurant tucked away in the restaurant row on East 53rd between Park and Madison. This was a favorite of the late Maxwell Perkins of Scribner's and many another book and magazine editor. Go early, and it's best to phone ahead. Cherio himself tends bar and he does it masterfully: giant Martinis, exactly right, and probably the most artful daiquiri in town. Food is French-Italian and lobster a la Cherio must be savoured to be understood. Excellent cellar. Also good for lunch, but better reserve a table. Note: this is one of those spots that quickly becomes "our place." No entertainment. *ESQUIREcommended!*

NEARBY, and on a similar, but higher key, is Mario's—soft lights, unobtrusive service and excellent French-Italian cuisine. You'll like the decor. Again, go early. "Ready" dishes for before-theatre, but you'll probably want to linger. Better phone ahead for dinner. Surprisingly enough, not expensive.

FLORIDA and Bermuda are swarming with Winter holidayers, with Miami Beach, Boca Raton and tiny Key West reporting capacity bookings. The food and atmosphere are fine as ever at Key West's charming Casa Cayo Hueso, and the big Casa Marina has remodeled and improved its beach—ravished by the last hurricane. The dice tables, chemin de fer, roulette and black-jack are still available in the back rooms at Sloppy Joe's, the Tradewinds Club and the Two Friends. In Miami Beach, the big night clubs and supper clubs are booming and the cabanas at the Roney Plaza were never gayer.

PROBABLY THE BEST Chinese fare in New York is served up nightly to the meticulous patrons of Jimmy Yoeng's splendid Ding Ho Restaurant on West 49th. Phone ahead if you're Cantonese-minded, for some of Jimmy's dishes are prepared over a 24-hour period. Chinese UN delegates *live* here! Tip: if you're a tyro on Oriental food, leave it to Jimmy—chop suey and chow mein addicts will revel in the discovery of authentic Chinese specialties. Phone ahead.

For information about any specific hotel, restaurant or night club, write "Esquire-about-town," 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

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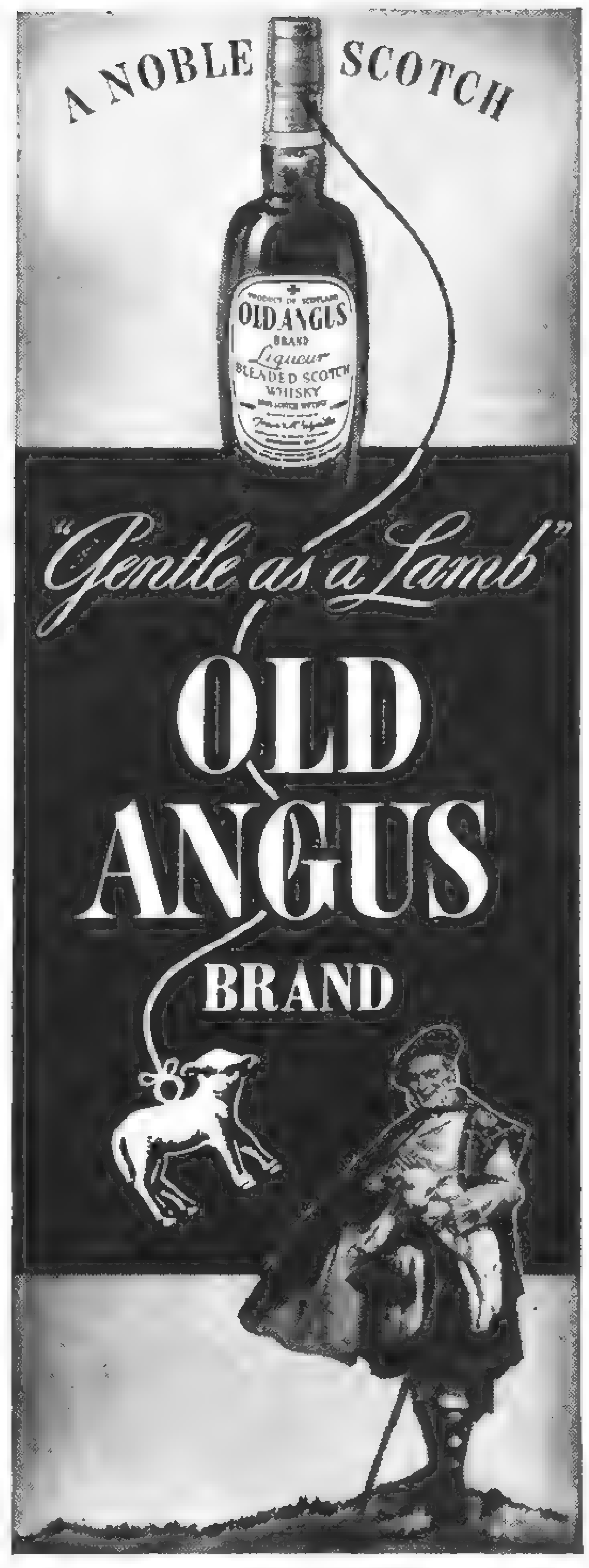
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Painting the Town with Esquire

RESERVE WELL in advance . . . Fan and Bill's comfortable Connecticut Avenue showspot is packed, always, with steak and chop-hungry Washingtonians. Splendid service, even in the crush . . . Maxime's, 'way on out Connecticut, is superlatively French as ever, with quiet, deferential service in the Province and Parisian Rooms. A favorite with the diplomatic corps. Reservations imperative! . . . Better phone ahead, too, if you want a quiet nook in the Tudor Room of the Hay Adams house — just across from the Truman place, y'know . . . and for old-timers there's the historic Occidental Restaurant where, likely or not, you'll find yourself cheek-by-jowl with your home state Senator or Congressman. Their hot rum rolls are delicious as ever, and there's probably no finer slab of rare roast beef to be had anywhere in the capital. As always, the Occidental serves its special Sunday breakfasts for those who want to dally over the papers. Recommended.

DOWN IN THE VILLAGE, there's still good dining at the old Lafayette, where the cellar and the food somehow have remained nearly perfect through a generation — and where you can have anything in the house if your garçon happens to like you . . . or at Henry and Dave Vannini's Little Venice, a Village landmark for 21 years. Superb French-Italian cooking... Peter's Backyard is still a good spot for a quiet cocktail, an unspectacular but satisfying dinner and good after-dinner drinking . . . As is the old Jumble Shop at MacDougal Alley which still attracts the arty Villagers, the real and the phoney, and slummers from uptown . . . Then there's Barney Gallant's on University Place, where Barney is still serving up splendid food and drink and light entertainment — after some 25 years . . . And Bertolotti's, a favorite with Village gourmets.

A FAVORITE of the radio crowd is Louis & Armand, just East of CBS on 52nd, with a really congenial bar, good conversation (of a hucksterish sort) and surprisingly good food. Reservations imperative. Convenient to midtown. Open late for highballs and hashing-over of the latest radio premiere. Recommended.

LATE AT NIGHT in Manhattan, Jimmy Kelly's 'way downtown on Sullivan Street remains a pleasantly rowdy place to wind up a tour of the pubs. Ira Yarnell and Vaughn Comfort, the song-and-piano team, are rounding out their twentieth year at Kelly's, which also features a revolving fund of good-looking chorines who dance indifferently but look very fetching in a minimum of costume. Yarnell toured “Whoopee” in the Cantor role, even in Australia, and learned show business the hard way—in vaudeville. He spent two years in the Pacific with New York's own 27th Infantry Division. The customers always yell for his version of “Casey's Hat,” and when you hear it, you'll understand why. His musical pogo stick has been standard entertainment at Kelly's for years. Jimmy himself is always around, except on fight nights when he's bound to be at ringside. Shows around nine, midnight and two a.m. Go late. SURE-FIRE FUN for visiting firemen is Leon & Eddie's, where the inexhaustible Eddie Davis keeps his show moving at top speed all evening. Three shows nightly, around nine, midnight and two-thirty, with Celebrity Night Sundays and a show from midnight to four a.m. New York's sophisticates sniff at this old-fashioned music hall — but they go there just the same. Out-of-towners have the time of their lives. Kitchen's excellent, too, for Eddie's snared Jean Menolotti, one of the best chefs in the profession. But Eddie himself is the star of the evening — the perfect host and showman.

SMUG NEW YORKERS, basking in southern sands or executing nifty Christies in the Canadian snows, are inclined to forget that their own home town, however, remains the greatest resort in the world. Mid-Winter holidayers from everywhere — including hungry England—make bee-lines for such splendid restaurants in Manhattan as Henri's on East 52nd, Chambord, the Colony, Voisin, Jean Billia's Ritz Tower Restaurant, the fabulous Sea Fare, Louise's charming hideaway on East 58th, the Town Penguin, the Algonquin's Oak Room (where Raul remains the perfect maitre'd), Cavanagh's, the Beaujolais and, of course, Sherman Billingsley's Stork Club.

For information about any specific hotel, restaurant or night club, write "Esquire-about-town," 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

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Famous since 1804 for fine, soft flavor, delightful bouquet
LEMON HART HOT BUTTERED RUM
2 oz. Lemon Hart Rum
1 lump sugar
1 slice of butter
4 cloves
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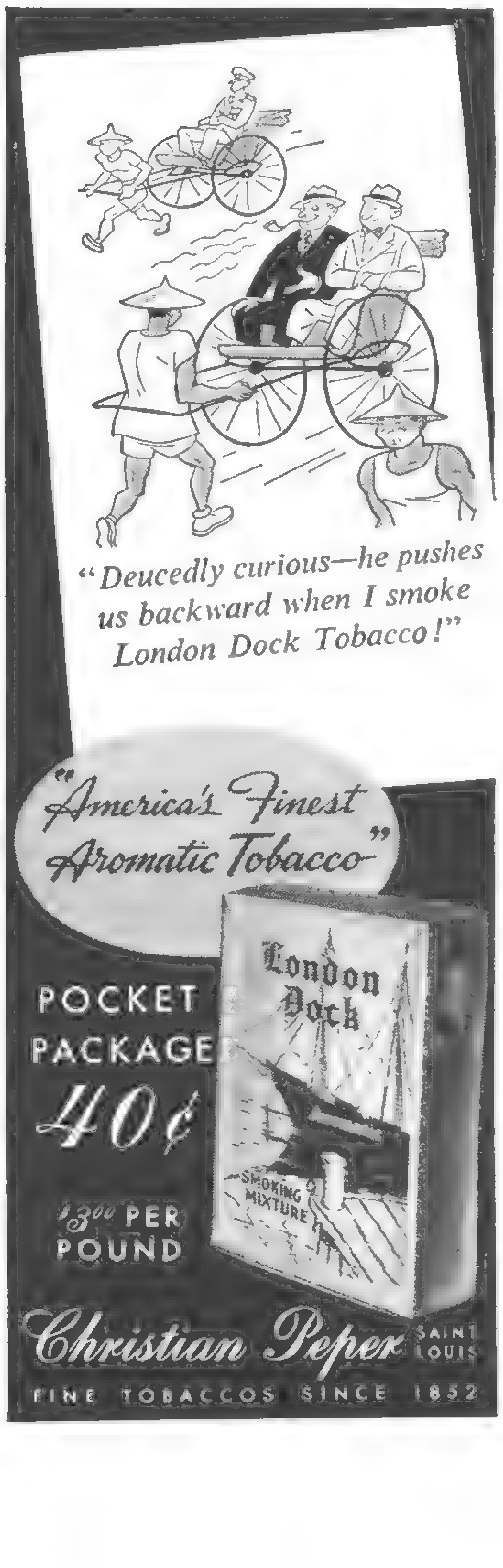

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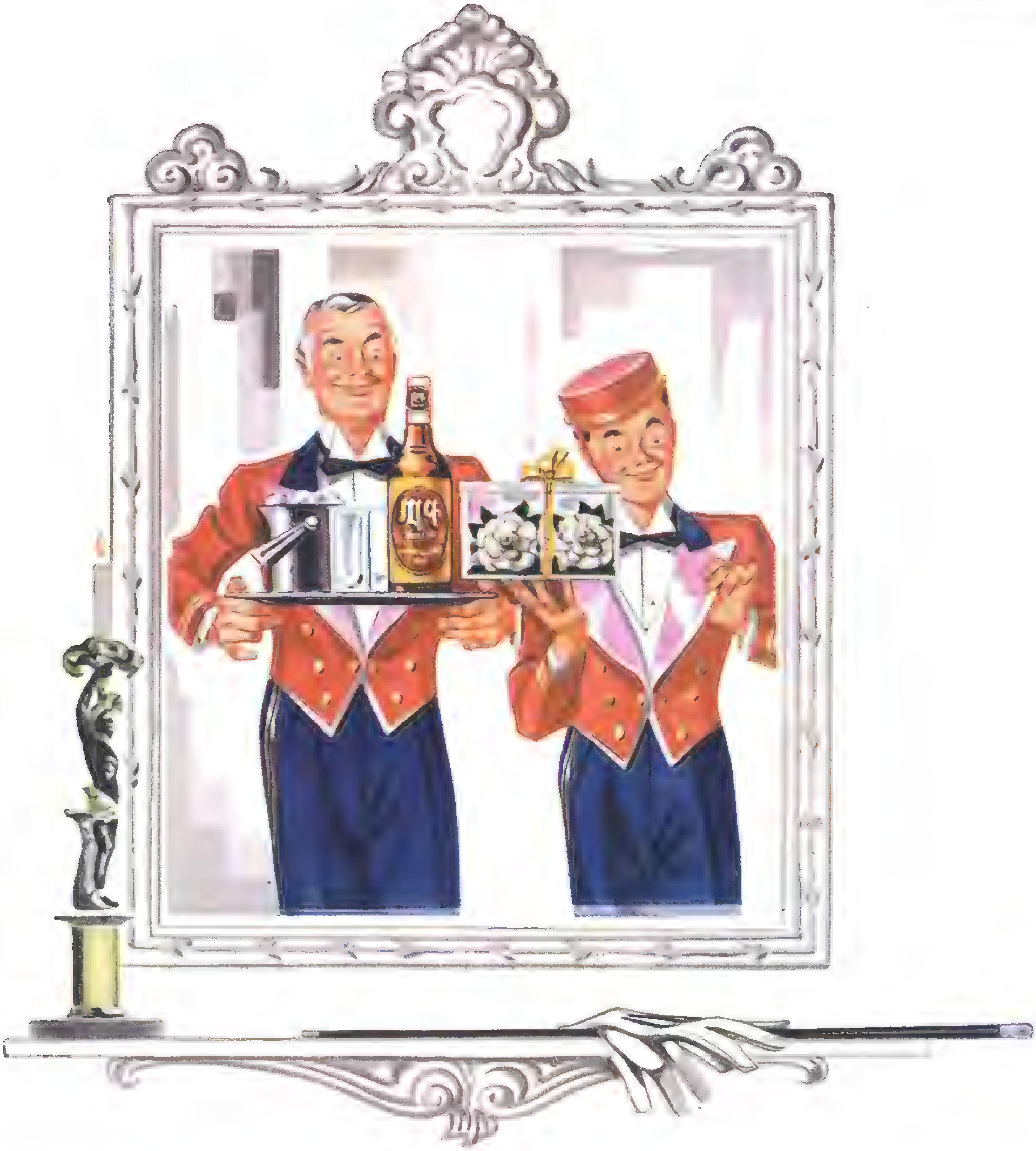
MOORESVILLE
WASHABLE SHIRTINGS

PHOTO BY IVES COLOR



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Here's a happy reflection (it's done with mirrors)—
You've PM the Perfect Mixer to look forward to, tonight!
The smoothest, best tasting of whiskies!
And look at that PM label . . . in the magic mirror it
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IF IT ISN'T **PM** IT ISN'T AN EVENING

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Blended Whiskey. 86 Proof. 70% Grain Neutral Spirits.

Esquire
THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

THIS MAN'S WORLD:

Who and What Sylvia Is

Flash! Flash! Flash! Exclusive! Woman is revealed as mouthpiece of many of America's wisecracking celebrities

Comment by

PAUL GALLICO

Who is Sylvia? What is she?
That all our swains commend her?
Shakespeare: The Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act IV, Scene 2.

THE above question has been kicking around for some three hundred and fifty years, ever since the Bard propounded it. It has remained for your devoted commentator to dig up the answer to it. As to the who, Sylvia is Sylvia Schonberger Lyons, wife of Leonard Lyons, the proprietor and perpetrator of the widely syndicated Broadway and anecdotal column, The Lyons Den.

And as concerns the what, Sylvia Lyons is the wittiest and most widely quoted woman in New York, and the most anonymous. Slight, blonde, blue-eyed, refreshingly alive, pert and pretty, the mother of four boys, her fabulous quips and sallies are tossed from lip to lip along the Main Stem of New York with the appearance of Lenny's Column; twelve hours later they are being repeated in Chicago, San Francisco, Los Angeles, New Orleans, Boston, Dallas, and twelve hours after that, or as long as it takes a British columnist to swipe them and cable them abroad, they are being repeated in London, Manchester and Glasgow.

But no one except her husband and a few intimate friends know that the brilliant gags credited to this or that actor or actress, politician, movie director, or big-name celebrity originate in the fertile firecracker mind of the funniest girl in our town, that is to say, up until now, when with the energy and fearless courage for which it is noted, *This Man's World* prints the exposé. Sylvia's contribution, indicating her recognition of this lamentable state of affairs, is her priceless line: "If my husband reads a good gag in another column, he suspects me of infidelity."

Remember chuckling over that story credited to a famous movie star when Elizabeth and Philip were married and a youngster wanted to know why the King gave Philip the Garter and made him a Duke, etc., and the explanation: "Well, you see, Philip is marrying the King's daughter, and he's taking him into the business"? That was Sylvia Lyons to her eldest boy.

Or the one credited to a Washington celebrity when Garson Kanin and Ruth Gordon were married in Washington and they tried to get Felix Frankfurter, a friend of Ruth's, to perform the ceremony. Frankfurter told them that a U. S. Supreme Court Justice does not perform a wedding ceremony.

"Of course not," cracked the Washington celebrity. "Marriage isn't a Federal offense." Washington celebrity nothing. Sylvia said it.

Sylvia's lines, attributed to the great and the near great are all over the place:

"I want a hat which will make people ask who I am, rather than who do I think I am."

"Ideas? I've got a million of 'em—before taxes, that is."

"No news is good news—except to a columnist."

"My husband goes to bed bright and early and wakes up late and tired."

Re a certain theatrical man she didn't like, who turned up in a dinner jacket: "He arrived in black tie and heart to match."

About an unloved thespian booked into a vaudeville theatre that had a bad bill to begin with: "He's an added detraction."

When they first moved into a penthouse and her husband complained about it, she said: "Stop it. I remember when you were lucky to have a roof over your head, let alone under your feet."

And again, to same husband: "You're lucky to be sending out the laundry instead of taking it in."

When Lenny's myriad celebrity friends hear of a new one that Sylvia has pulled they fight over who will take it, because it is sure-fire, like the one when she and Len were coming down in an elevator filled with people and Sylvia suddenly burped, drawing stares. Whereupon she glared up at Lenny and said: "You and your damn ventriloquism . . ."

Or the time when they were at the home of a Hollywood producer for dinner. The producer was a telephoner. Every five minutes he was picking up the phone and saying: "Hello, get me so-and-so in Honolulu. Hello, get me New York . . . get me London . . . get me Rome . . . get me Sydney, Australia . . ." A little later Sylvia asked whether she might make a telephone call and was given permission. She went to the instrument, lifted the receiver and said into it meekly: "Short distance, please."

Democrats are still quoting her crack: "Republicans can't start mending their fences because Dewey is still sitting on all of them," or carefully avoiding reference to her comment the day two high government officials suddenly resigned because of "poor health": "A politician's health is always perfect the day before he resigns."

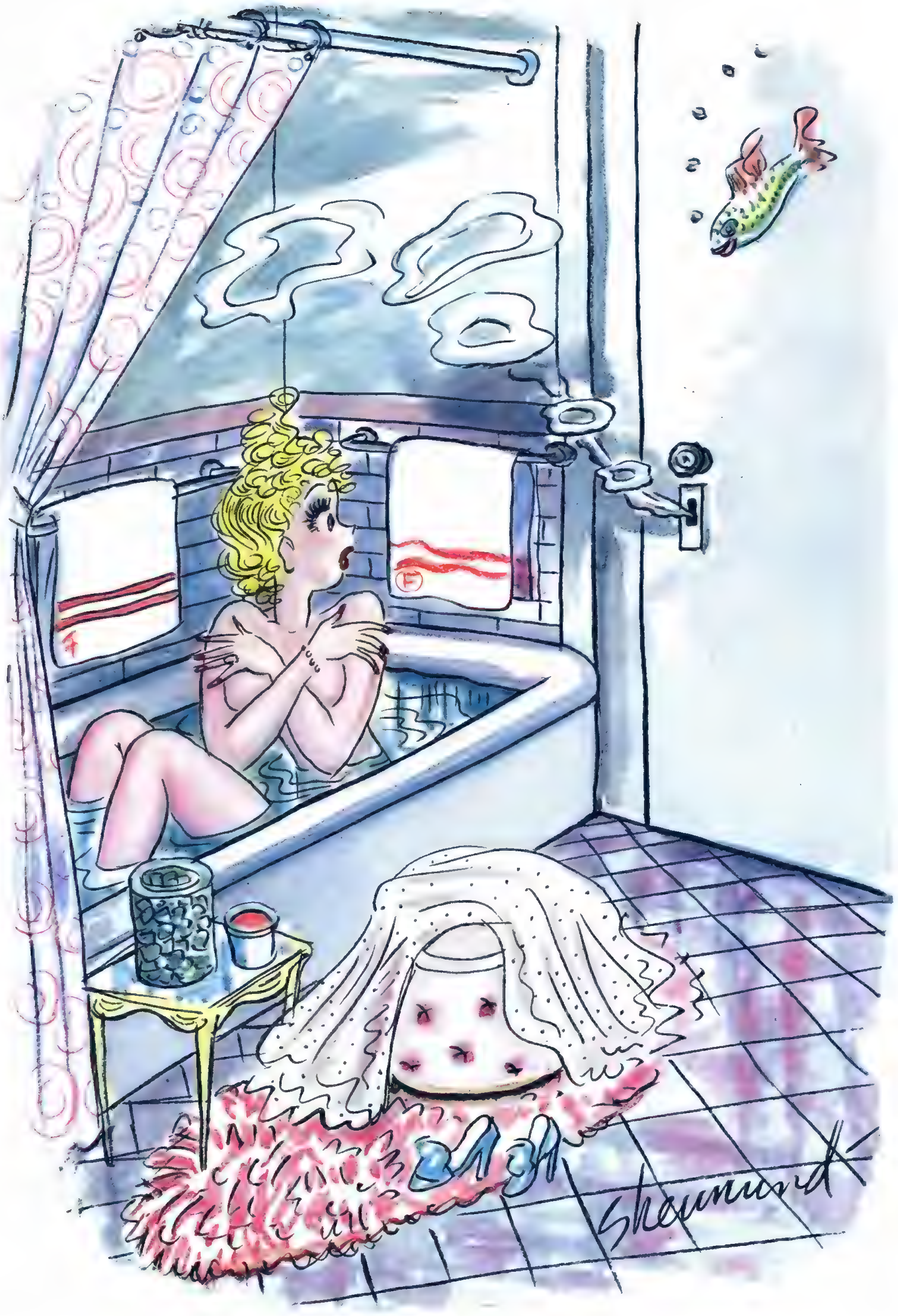
Many an actress has helped herself to some of Sylvia's sallies on motherhood: "The new baby? We should have called him Flying Colors, because that is what the doctor says I came through with."

"Six pounds, twelve ounces for our baby is a good weight. Remember, none of it is hair."

But no one to date has filched or copied Sylvia's gesture at the birth of her fourth son. When Lenny came into her hospital room after the blessed event had taken place, he found a pair of old boxing gloves tacked up on the wall over her bed. It was Sylvia's way of announcing her retirement from procreation. Lenny just hasn't got around to crediting anyone with it yet.

You might wonder why these quips and sallies are placed in the mouths of celebrities instead of being credited to their proper source. It is my sad duty to report to you that first of all there is rarely one really witty crack in a dozen Big Names. And the Broadway columning business is a queer one. People who read them like to believe that these glamorous folk of (*Continued on page 109*)

JUST MARRIED
BOB BARNES


Shermund

Holbein's Star Performance

Quent Reynolds' fiction is just what you'd expect from that hard-hitting newspaperman and radio commentator—gripping, dramatic, full of suspense. In his long career as sports writer, war correspondent, radio star, politician and all-around good guy, Quent has done many swell things, but we feel this grand yarn about a movie star rates with his best

A Story by QUENTIN REYNOLDS

When Climax Pictures discovered Mark Holbein back in 1939, I was in charge of tub-thumping for Climax and part of my job was to let the American public into the secret of his fine acting ability and his irresistible allure for all females over six. Actually Mark Holbein did have more than a fair amount of acting ability, and considerable allure. He was only twenty-three when Climax signed him to a seven-year contract and proceeded to build him up. He was smart enough to take orders unquestioningly from directors and publicity men. And he photographed very well.

Mark was really on his way when the war was inconsiderate enough to bust right in our faces. It may shock some people to know that there are some pretty right guys in our industry. We were lucky at Climax in having Ben Hyman as our head man. Ben was not only a good picture maker, he was a good American. Twenty-four hours after Pearl Harbor all Climax bulletin boards proclaimed that any man who enlisted would find his job waiting for him when the shooting was over.

Mark Holbein came to see me a couple of weeks after the notices had been posted.

"A lot of the boys have enlisted lately," he said thoughtfully.

"That's right," I told him.

"There's talk around that Mr. Hyman might take a dim view of anybody of military age who didn't join up," Mark persisted.

"Could be," I told him. "After all, both his sons went right in."

"It would help my future here at Climax if I signed up," Mark said calmly. "So I'll enlist. I heard you were going into the Army and I thought if I went in with you . . . why . . . well, you could kind of take care of things . . . publicity-wise, I mean."

"Suit yourself." I shrugged my shoulders.

"So send out a story that Mark Holbein is turning his back on a brilliant picture career to fight for the honor of his country," he said, "and I'll join you."

He really meant it, so I sent the story out and it duly appeared. Ben Hyman called Mark and me into his office.

"I'm proud of you two," he said. "I've told the cashier to give you each a little going-away present. And I don't have to add your jobs will be waiting for you when it's all over."

"It may be a long war," Mark said, turning on his whimsical smile. "By the time it's over I may have to play Rip Van Winkle."

"Don't worry about that," the old man said. "You're set here for life, Mark. No, you've got nothing to worry about," he added smilingly. So we shook hands all around.

Two weeks later Mark and I were at boot camp. I guess I'm the only guy who really liked the Army. After five years of building up earnest young blondes and lithe-limbed young Greek Gods, the change was welcome. Mark didn't like the Army much, but he got along all right.

I had never figured Holbein to be any giant brain, so I was surprised to see his classic profile often buried in books. When I asked what he was reading, he covered the title of the book and said, "I'm studying a part I may play sometime."

When we were assigned to artillery, for some reason Mark was delighted. We were shifted East and Mark spent most of the trip reading. At Chicago we picked up some newspapers. One of them had pictures of some wounded being taken off ships in San Francisco. Some of them were basket cases.

"That's tough," I said, looking at the pictures. "Look at those guys, no arms, no legs, helpless as babies. I wouldn't wish that even on an actor."

"Well," Mark turned a cheery smile to me, "that's something I'll never be. You can lay a small bet on it."

Our new camp was in a hilly wooded part of Pennsylvania. We lived in Quonset huts, which wasn't a bad deal at all. After chow at night we always had a couple of hours to kill before turning in. Nearly every night Mark would light out for the hills.

"I like to walk alone in the woods," he explained.

Then when he'd come back he'd lie in his bunk and read until it was lights out.

"Still studying a part?" I asked him one night.

"Yeah, soldier, a big part," he laughed. "Bigger than Hamlet."

Our first day on the range with the big guns was an exciting one. A crew of ten men was assigned to each Long Tom (that's our 155 mm). We practiced loading and firing for hours, and then the sergeant in charge was satisfied we knew the score.

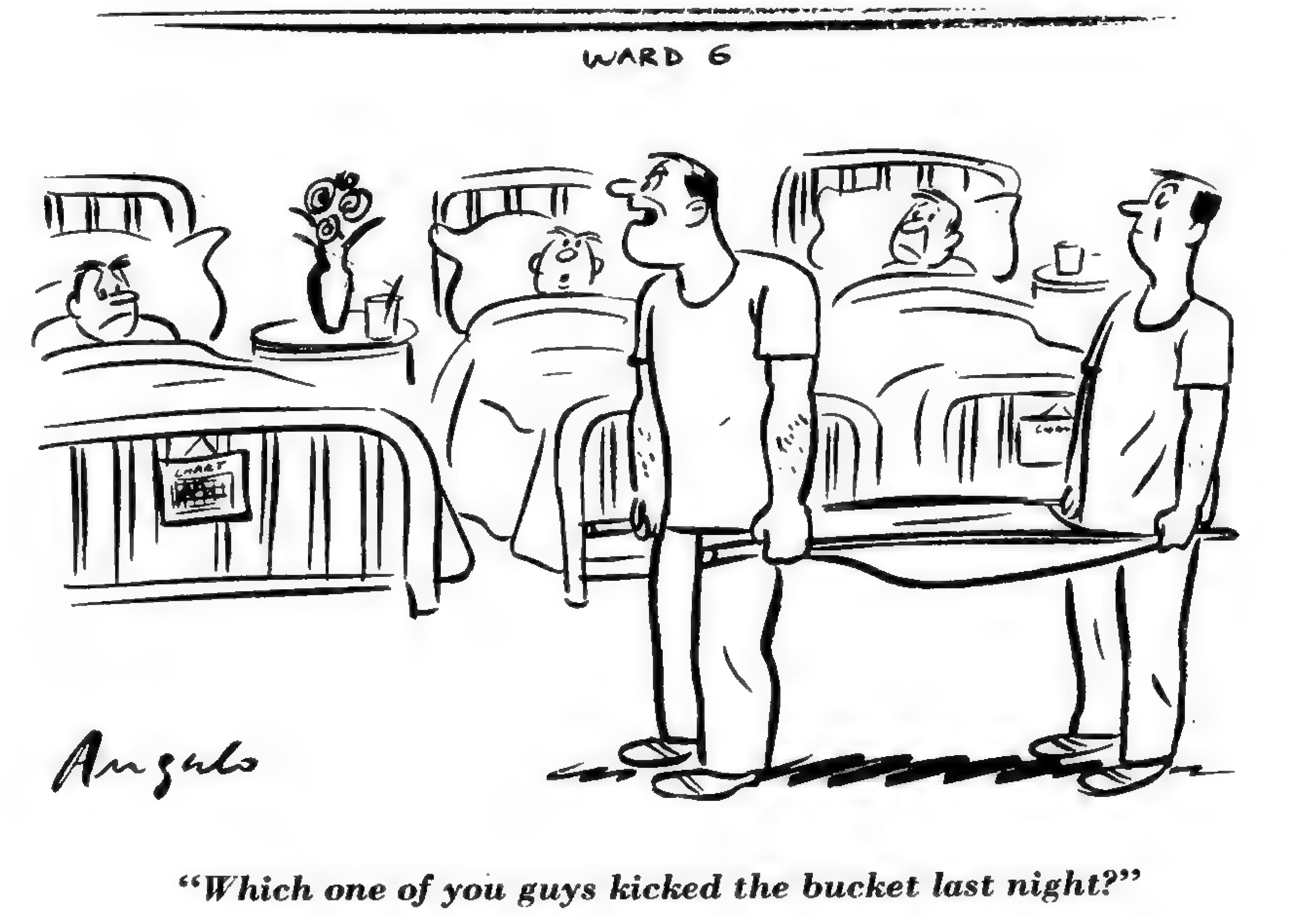
"Now we'll start playing soldier," he said. "We'll fire one."

He gave us the target, the distance and elevation, and we went through the whole performance. The explosion was terrific. We'd been warned about the sound of it, of course, and had been given earplugs, but even so the noise seemed to shake your bones, rattle your teeth, and jounce your brain. The sergeant had earphones on, waiting for the report from the spotters ten miles away.

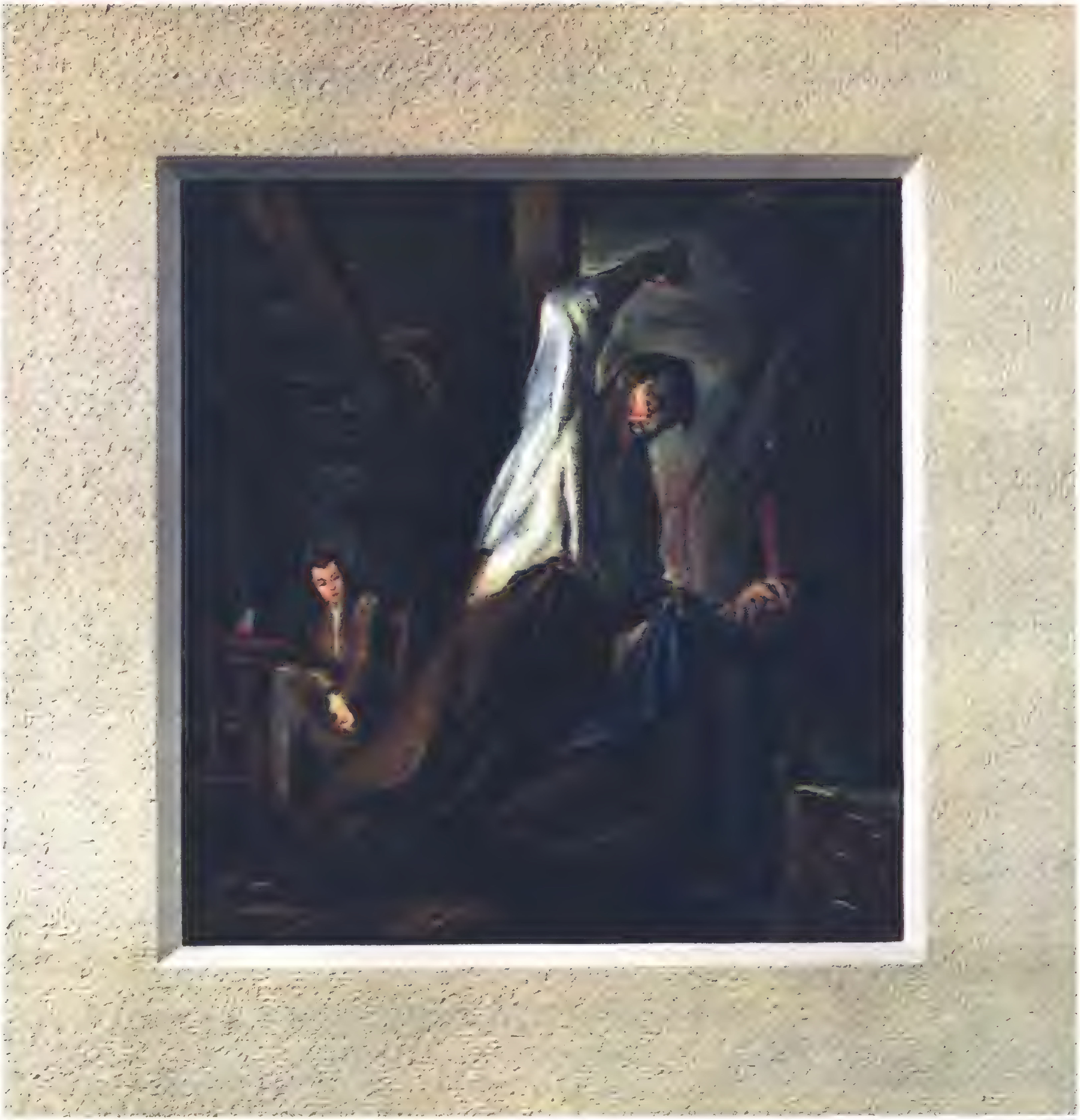
"Direct hit," he yelled. "That's a good start, soldiers."

We all looked at each other happily, and then someone said, "What's with Holbein?" Mark was lying on the ground about fifteen feet back of the gun. The sergeant bent over him and then yelled, "Get the medicos." Mark was unconscious. We ripped his shirt open but there wasn't a scratch on him. The ambulance got there fast. The medico took one look. "Shock," he said tersely. "He'll be all right."

They took Mark to *(Continued on page 121)*



"Which one of you guys kicked the bucket last night?"



GUSTAV REHBERGER

For Some, but not Harry

A Story by ROBERT SWITZER

If you're upset by the cold-blooded brutality of gang vengeance, you had better skip this one

The good-looking young woman with long brown hair stood in the door of the cabin and watched the car come slowly, its headlights rolling and pitching because of the unevenness of the road through the trees.

The car stopped before the cabin and two men got out. The young woman ran to the smaller of the men. He held her awkwardly, as though he had never had his arms around a woman before. The other man, a huge fellow, watched them glumly for a moment and then said, "Let's go in. A drink might be all right."

They took two steps toward the cabin before the young woman noticed, looked around, and said tensely, "Where's Davie?"

"He didn't get here," the smaller man said. "I'll tell you about it."

"It went wrong?" she asked softly.

"Yes," Harry said. "It went wrong."

"I thought it did," she said. "You were gone such a long time. I was nearly crazy."

They went inside. Harry sat at the table in the center of the room. He was about twenty-eight, dark. The left side of his face was messy brown with dried blood. The big man brought a bottle and three glasses to the table. The young woman got a pan of water and bathed Harry's face.

"Thanks," he said. "That feels better."

"It's a bad cut, honey." She leaned forward and put her lips against his forehead. "I like that face too much to want it marked up," she said gently.

Some of the strain left his face.

"It's all right," he said, smiling up

at her. "It doesn't hurt very much now."

"It's deep," Martha said. "And even if it is better, it must have bled a lot."

"No," Harry said. "Not a great deal."

"It will," Big John said.

"Why?" she asked, drying Harry's face.

"Because any time now I'm going to break it wide open."

"What's the matter with you?" Martha said sharply.

Big John took a gun from his pocket and laid it on the table. "This is Harry's gun," he said to Martha. "I took it away from him."

"For God's sake!" Martha cried. "What's going on here?"

"We got to the bank two minutes before closing time," Harry said. "Big John stayed in the car. Davie and I went in. There wasn't a customer in the place. The staff was all there—manager, accountant, teller, a guy writing in a big book, an old biddie hitting a typewriter, and a little blonde in a sky-blue sweater. The little blonde was writing in a big book, too. They didn't give us any trouble. Davie had the accountant lock the door and he took the key and put it in his pocket. We made them all lie on the floor, except the little blonde. That didn't seem necessary. She'd get that sweater all dirty and she looked so scared I thought she'd end up on the floor anyway. I told her to stand against the wall. Davie took the manager into the vault to get the safe open while I watched the rest of them."

Harry reached for the bottle and poured some into his glass. Big John watched Martha.

"The manager came out of the vault with Davie right behind him," Harry said. "Davie was grinning all over his face. 'We're loaded, boy,' he said. 'At least thirty Gs.' He waved the grip we had brought to hold the money. He pushed the manager ahead of him and as they passed the little blonde, Davie reached out and patted her on the sweater.

"I don't know how much Davie's playfulness had to do with what happened then. I don't think very much. I think the little blonde would have done it anyway because she didn't know what she was doing. She leaned over and opened a drawer. She didn't move fast at all. I could have shot her five times before she got that gun out, but I told myself I couldn't be sure what she was up to. She held the gun in both hands and shot Davie in the back."

Martha and Big John sat perfectly still, with Big John always watching Martha.

"She must have hit him dead center," Harry said. "Anyway, she hit him where he didn't feel it. He stood still and the only part of his face that changed was his eyes. They went out of focus. He was looking right at me. Then he half-turned, wandered a couple of steps to one side, and fell over on his face. He hit his chin an awful whack on a desk as he went down.

"The manager squeaked like a groundhog and dove flat on the floor. I could have taken the little blonde again then. She didn't budge. She just stood there holding that .32 in both hands, as far out in front of her as she could get it. She just stood there staring at me, with her mouth open a bit and nothing in her eyes except more blue than before.

"God Almighty, it was quiet in that bank. If you knew how quiet it was. Like an empty room.

"The grip with the 30,000 in it lay where Davie had dropped it, about halfway between me and the little blonde. If I went for the bag I would also be going toward her and I knew she would start shooting if I did that. The only way to get the bag was to shoot the little blonde."

Harry looked at Martha. Her eyes were narrow now, and her face had a tense look.

"I didn't want to shoot her," Harry said. "She was just a kid."

Martha and Big John said nothing.

"I wanted to get out of there," Harry said, "but I was afraid to move. I didn't want to snap her out of the daze or whatever it was she was in. I started backing slowly toward the door. I kept my gun pointed at the little blonde's middle and she kept hers pointed at mine. There wasn't a sound, not a sound, as I backed away from her. Every time I took a step her eyes got bigger and bigger. I watched her eyes, trying to tell when she would blow up.

"I didn't think I'd ever reach the door, but I finally felt it against my back. I reached behind me, got hold of the handle and then I remembered that the door was locked and the key was in Davie's pocket. The little blonde seemed to sense that something was wrong. Her head came down a bit.

"I did a funny thing then. I don't know why. I took a step forward and said, 'The door's locked,' as if I was saying it to somebody who would do something about it. Friendly-like." Harry shook his head slightly. "Well, the little blonde made a high sound as if she were trying to get all the air in the room into her lungs at once and she started shooting. She didn't miss by much. That plate-glass door was stronger than I figured—I didn't go through the first time. The second time I landed out on the sidewalk. I piled into the car with Big John and from there on the only thing that went wrong was that the bridge we were supposed to cross was up for a boat and we had to take another road and hide until dark. That's why we were late getting here," he said. "That's what happened."

Martha got up and went over to the window. It was black outside so she couldn't see a thing, but she stood looking out.

"That's what happened," she said. "But why?"

"He went yellow," Big John said. "That's all. That gun of his was something to scare people with. If they didn't scare it was too bad. He's quite a bank robber, this boy. He sure picked his business."

Martha came back to the table and, resting the heels of her hands on the table top, leaned forward toward Harry.

"If he was just yellow it wouldn't be so bad," she said. "But there's too much talk about little blondes."

"Be yourself," Harry said, scowling. "She was just a kid. I didn't come into this to shoot kids."

"A cute kid, though, eh?" Martha said.

"Cut it out," Harry said. "She was a kid." He moved in his chair.

"Don't get up," Big John said. "Just sit there."

Harry reached for the bottle, but Big John beat him to it.

"Don't be a hog," Big John said, but he didn't pour any for himself.

"All right," Harry said. "Now what?"

"Martha?" Big John said.

"I don't know," she said. "He let a blonde talk us out of $30,000. That's not very good."

"She talked me out of Davie, too," Harry said. "Don't forget that."

"I wouldn't know about Davie," Big John said. "Davie isn't my worry. But 30 Gs is. And I think when a guy goes yellow and costs me that kind of dough he should get hurt for it."

Harry looked at Martha.

"I think you're right, Big John," she said.

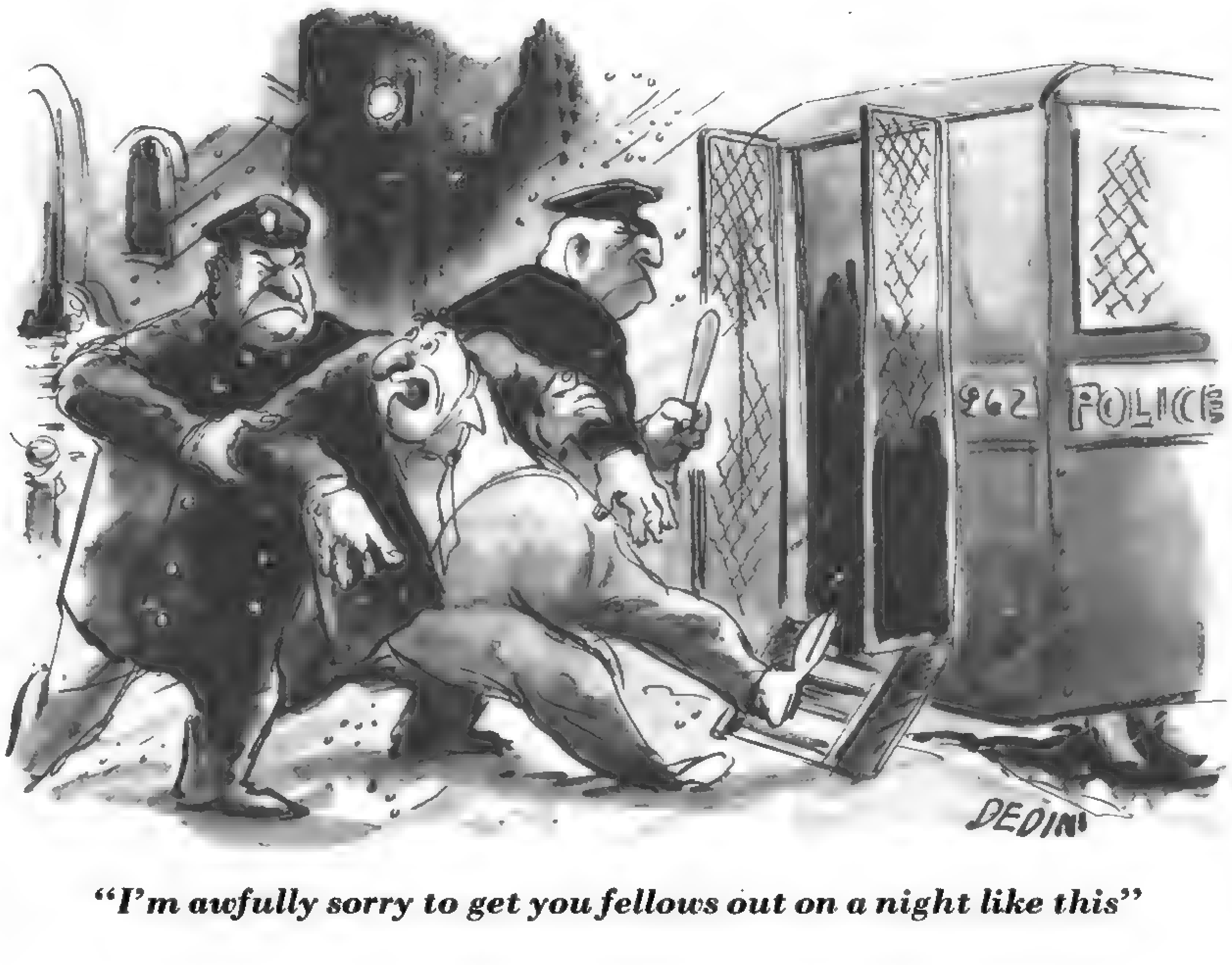
Big John raised the gun from the table.

"But not that," Martha said. "We can move around easier if they don't want us for murder, Big John. We can go anywhere we want, Big John," she said, watching Harry.

Big John looked at her carefully, to be sure he knew what she meant. Then he grinned. "That's right," he said happily. "Anywhere at all. But maybe a little something for Harry, eh?"

"That wouldn't do any harm," she said.

And for the rest of his life Harry the bank robber was to remember how Big John hit so hard that they weren't so much blows as shocks, and how he did it correctly so that Harry never lost consciousness, and he was to remember the little shiny drop at the corner of Big John's mouth as he propped him against the wall for one last slug, and how he had watched that fist sweeping lazily toward his face, and how surprised he had been when it hit his face and he had not felt it, and he was to remember how clearly he could see Martha watching him as he slid down the wall and sat with his back against the wall, unable to move, how she watched him as though she wasn't quite sure of what she was seeing, and how as Big John and Martha walked across the bare floor of the cabin away from him he realized there was something the matter with his hearing because they sounded as though they were walking on blankets. ⵌ



"I'm awfully sorry to get you fellows out on a night like this"

Advice to Unfaithful Husbands

An Article by HELEN LAWRENSON

An explosive piece guaranteed to create disorder and panic and bring closer the inevitable war between men and women

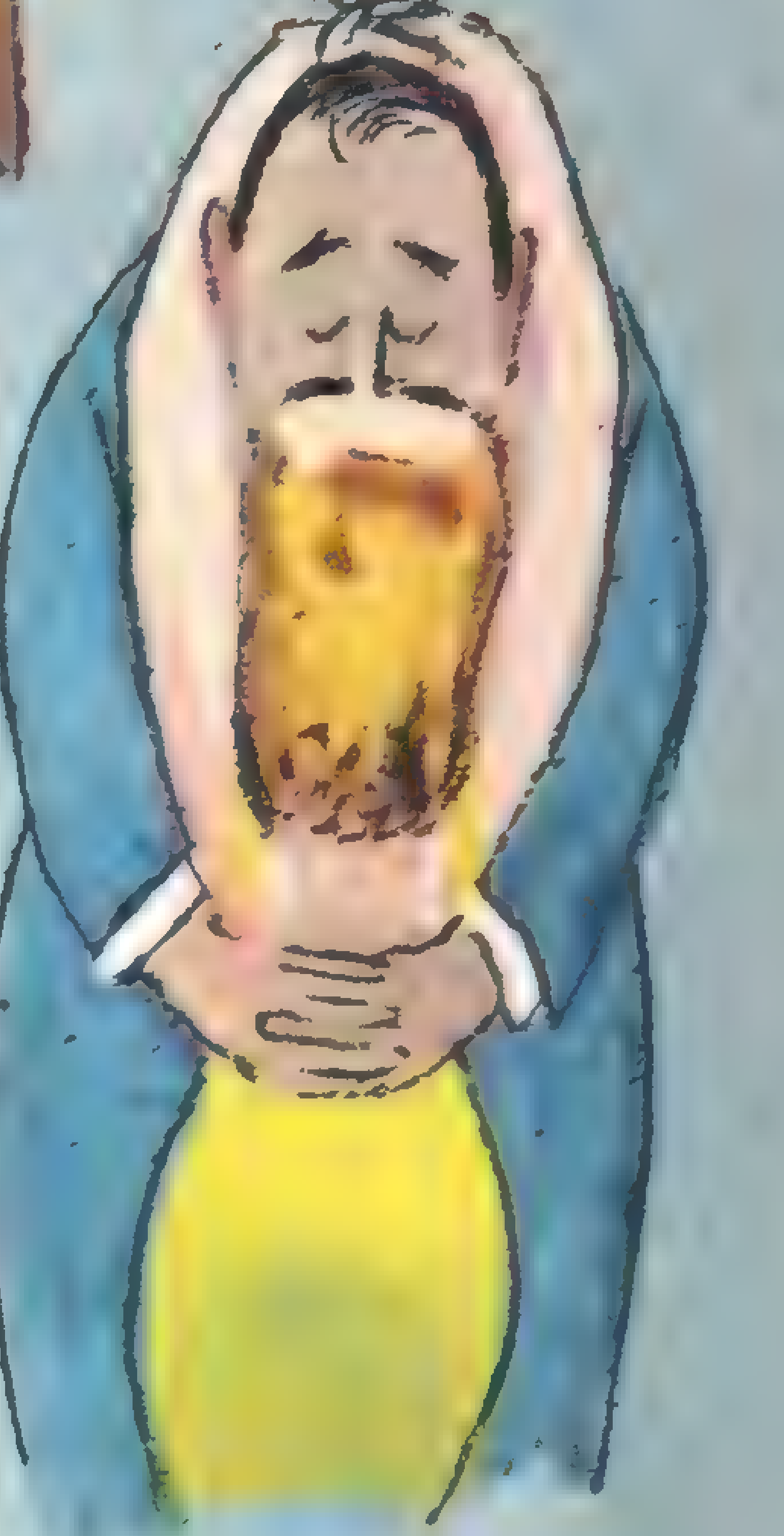
THERE has been a totally unrealistic approach to the matter of adultery in the past. It has been based on the thesis that a man should not be unfaithful to his wife —with which, being a woman, I wholeheartedly agree. It has ignored the fact that practically all of you are, at one time or another.

Most of the advice which has been written on the subject, addressed either to wives or to husbands, has been phony, impractical, and not to the point. There is but one simple, cardinal rule for the erring husband to keep in mind. That rule is: No husband, under any circumstances, should ever tell his wife that he has been unfaithful to her or even hint to her about it. It does not make the slightest bit of difference how much actual evidence she may confront you with, you must admit nothing. Even if she has been practically on the spot —or under the bed—deny it! This is the basic rule for the treatment of marital infidelity, unless, of course, you have definitely reached the stage where you are sick and tired of the old wife and are dead certain you want to turn her in for a new one.

The modern, honest husband who bares his soul and confesses *all* to his wife—because he loves her and is sorry for what he has done—is committing a selfish, cruel act. He is relieving his own guilt feeling and shifting the burden of misery to his wife. Because, no matter how modern she is, how intelligent, broad-minded and sophisticated, she is not going to like it. It is going to hurt her and she is never going to be able completely to forget it, *once you have admitted it to her*. Psychiatrists will tell you that you should admit it, that you should talk it over with your wife. They claim that the important thing is that you should get rid of your guilt feeling and not keep it hidden within you. Well, that's dandy for you, but what about your wife? After all, the psychiatrist is not married to you, and persumably he is not even in love with you. It is a little too much to expect the average wife—or any wife, for that matter—to regard the subject with the same calm, detached, scientific impartiality. She's got feelings, too, you know! But perhaps the psychiatrists figure that after you have got all straightened out emotionally, at the cost of making your wife a complete wreck, why then she, too, can go to the same psychiatrist and maybe, after a two-year analysis, he can get her back to normal. I suppose psychiatrists have to make a living.

However, it will be cheaper if you take my advice, and in the long run you will both be happier. Via the confession route, your wife may forgive you, and probably will,

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HOWARD BAER



if she loves you, but she will never forget it, and sooner or later it will pop up again, just when you are confident that it has all been forgotten. She will charge you with it in the midst of a quarrel over some totally unrelated subject, or you will glance at her over your paper some peaceful evening and discover her regarding you with mournful reproach in her eyes—and then you are in for another grueling session of explanation, recrimination, apology, and, usually, copious tears, all of which could have been avoided if you only had sense enough to deny everything in the first place.

But the chances are that you will be neither stupid enough nor cruel enough voluntarily to confess to her, unless you permit her to drag it out of you, and this you must prevent with your last breath. You should impress on her from the start that she has nothing to gain but trouble, and who wants that?

If she thinks, for some reason or other, that you have been unfaithful to her, and broaches the subject to you, what then? You can do one of two things: you can deny it emphatically—which, if you were mine, I certainly hope you would do!—or you can admit it. Once you do the latter, you are both on the spot. The next move is up to your wife. By your admission of guilt, you have, in effect, forced her to take some positive action. What, exactly, can she do? Well, there are several courses open to her, all unsatisfactory. Let us look at them:

1. She can kill you.
2. She can kill herself.
3. She can try to find out who The Woman is and beat her up.
4. She can get a divorce.
5. She can go right out and do the same thing herself.
6. She can nag you about it constantly.
7. She can go and buy a new hat.

Now, what will be the result if she adopts any of these measures?

1. This will undoubtedly put an end to your shenanigans, but it is against the law.
2. Too extreme.
3. Suppose The Woman is bigger than she is?
4. Is this what you want? You don't want ever to see her again? You don't want to be married any more? You want her to marry someone else? Someone a lot better, just to show you? A belted earl, maybe?
5. This is apt to make a complete mess of everything, including your wife. To me, it seems a little grim to rush doggedly out and commit adultery, just to get even. Besides, then *you're* supposed to go and beat up the other man.
6. This is going to bore and irritate you to the point where you may be driven to go out and do the same thing all over again, just to get the hell away from her, and then you're in double trouble.
7. Magazine stories are always touting this as a great panacea in similar situations. But I say that if your wife loves you so little that a new hat is going to compensate her for your infidelity, then you might as well write your marriage off as a loss. Also, the new hats are perfectly hideous.

To consider it a little more seriously—and it is, of course, a serious matter—there is really very little your wife can do about it, once she has forced you to admit your defection, except make ***(Continued on page 151)***

Howard Baer

The Age of the Golden Bee

A Sports Article by
STANLEY FRANK

Here's another of Esquire's hard-hitting, inside-of-sports articles told by an ace sports writer who is as ready to take a phony apart or blast the lid off a racket as he is to doff his hat when the occasion calls for it. In this article about the country's top basketball coach, you'll meet a good guy who came up the hard way and doesn't forget it

It is a wry commentary on native customs and attitudes that institutions of higher learning are known by the athletes they keep. In the public mind, a college's prestige is measured by the excellence of a team which comprises maybe one-half of one per cent of the student body and may even suffer brief exposure to education. To achieve a national reputation it is not necessary for a school to assemble a large herd of muscular meatballs who can maim and leave for dead in the football arena a battalion of rival gladiators. That's the hard, unimaginative way. The same service can be performed by one man and five youths. As it is, for instance, at L.I.U.

Long Island University has 4000 students in this year of swollen enrollments. This will surprise old inhabitants, who have been laboring under the illusion that Long Island U. is a phantom institution with a basketball team attached. Such whimsical ideas have been fostered by the instability, or restlessness, of the University's physical properties.

Founded in 1926, L.I.U. first occupied an old factory in a section of downtown Brooklyn hardly celebrated for its bucolic charm or intellectual atmosphere. When the building was reconverted to its original purpose in 1943, the University dashed off in all directions to space rented in other buildings. Business courses, the *belles-lettres* of its curriculum, are given in the Brooklyn Law School. The physical education department is pitched in a Y.M.C.A. Home basketball games, not the least significant feature of the University's cultural program, are sometimes played at the Brooklyn College of Pharmacy. This year some will be played at the 69th Armory, New York City. Grass obviously does not grow under L.I.U. in emergencies. All buildings are surrounded by concrete campuses.

In spite—or maybe because—of it all, L.I.U. is as well-known throughout the country to basketball fans, the largest customer bloc in sports, as any college in America. Since 1931 Long Island's Blackbirds have won more games and have played to more spectators than any other basketball team in Madison Square Garden. Their spectacular records have not been made at the expense of stiffs, or push-overs. At one time or another they have knocked the patrician ears off every opponent who has had the temerity to play them and they will go anywhere a ball is rolled on the court.

It is no coincidence that L.I.U., despite its negligible backlog of alumni, has twelve dates in Madison Square Garden this winter against such hot-shots as Oklahoma A. & M., Southern California, U.C.L.A., Oregon, Kansas State, Duquesne, Louisiana State, Western Kentucky and Western Michigan. Long Island is the Garden "house" team, the club that meets all comers and pulls the New York clientele.

All this is by way of introducing Clair Bee, Long Island's basketball coach and chief visible source of headlines. Bee's importance transcends the bald, unembellished statement that he is the best coach in the basketball business, an accolade that can be challenged feebly only by Hank Iba of the Oklahoma Aggies and Joe Lapchick, who recently left St. John's for the professional league. You begin to get a vague idea of what Bee and basketball mean to Long Island when you learn he is assistant to the president. As far as we know, only two other coaches ever attained the eminence of handling the administrative affairs of a university. One is Curly Byrd, a former football coach, now head of the University of Maryland, and the other was Woodrow Wilson, who dabbled in football before he went to Princeton, although candor compels the report that the analogy ends at this point.

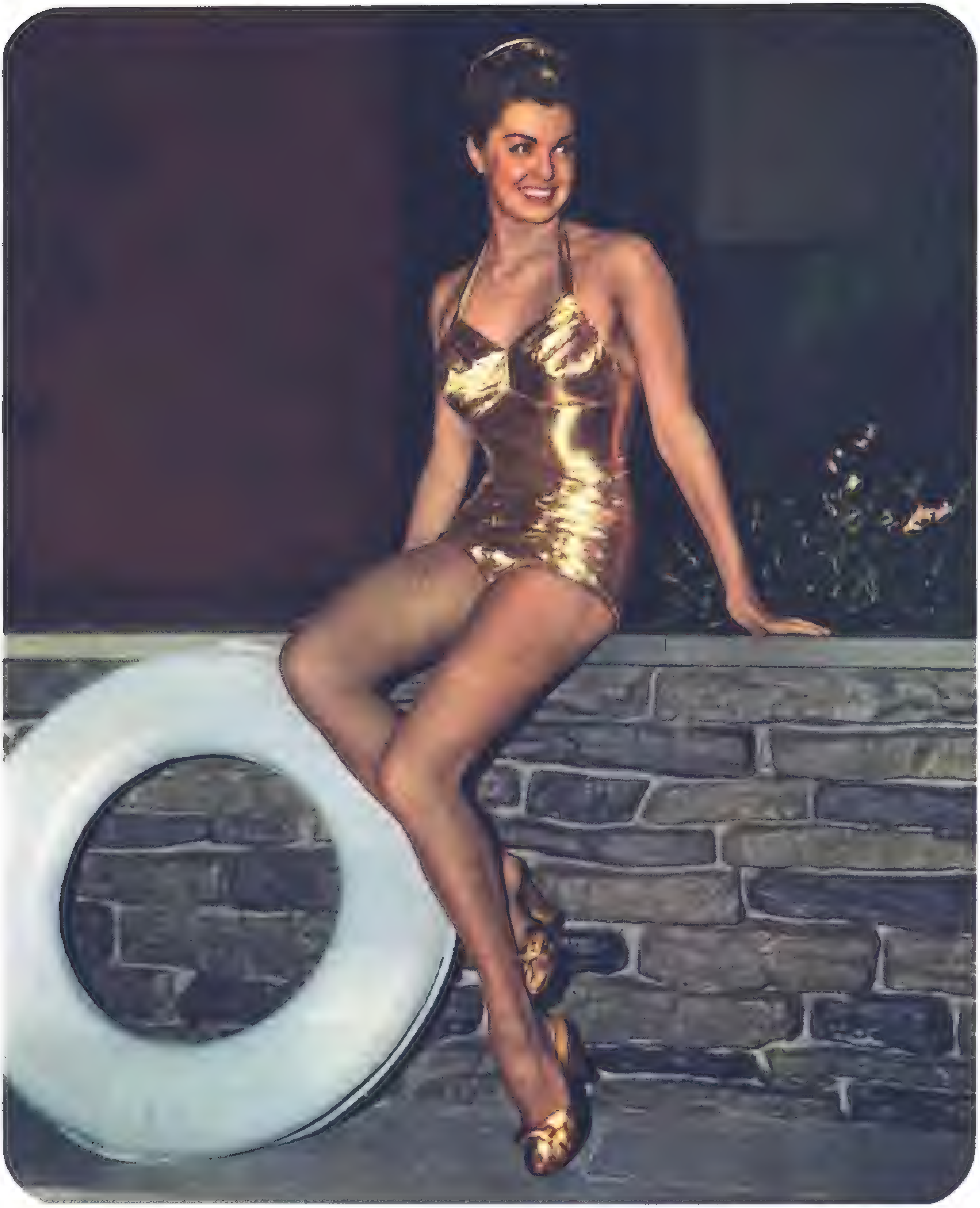
Bee is a small, hyperthyroid party who was the crapshooting champion of the first A.E.F. before he was out of high school, was a head coach in college and graduate manager of athletics before he received his degree and has had more jobs than an itinerant printer with a thirst. He is a rather remarkable fellow any way you look at him, and we prefer to look him straight in the eye because he is the most honest man we know in the hypocritical amateur (it says here) sports business.

The exploitation of kids by alleged temples of learning has been a seamy swindle for the last quarter century. Until the war the classic B.R.T. (board, room, tuition) generally was the chief inducement to a subsidized athlete. Maybe a gifted halfback could pick up a little something extra running, by remote control, the college poolroom concession or getting choice football seats that could be sold to speculators, but the graft rarely added up to more than $500 a year. Today folding money is being paid to football players, as Maj. Gen. Maxwell Taylor, superintendent of the Military Academy at West Point, charged in September, 1946. Ex-servicemen, the backbone of most major teams, are guaranteed $500 toward their tuition by the G.I. Bill of Rights, and relaxed wartime eligibility rules permit them to peddle their services to the highest bidder. They are demanding—and getting—cash on the line from colleges eager to capitalize on the sports boom while it lasts.

No visionary has viewed with greater alarm than we the abuses that have resulted from the commercialization of college sport. It was our intention, therefore, to hit Mr. Bee, an old friend, between the eyes with a blunt instrument. But it seems there are extenuating circumstances.

First of all, basketball, not football, is Bee's racket. A man-eating football team can clear from $100,000 to $350,000 a season—until recently a Rose Bowl bid was worth $103,000—but basket- (*Continued on page 114*)

SKI SPECIAL
LINIMENT BANDAGES
Irwin Caplan



ESTHER WILLIAMS, WE LOVE YOU

Photograph by Jerry Hester

This is a caption of twenty-one lines, the purpose of which is to tell you something about Esther Williams—but there she is, in the above kodachrome, and why should you be bothered with words, words, words. Anyway, keeping it to a minimum, Esther is the property of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer (lucky Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer) and—in this case such things should be of interest—her height is 5 feet 7½ inches, weight 123 pounds, bust 36 inches, waist 25 inches, hips 36 inches, calf 13¼ inches. Caution—her husband is husky Ben Gage, a radio announcer 6 feet 6 inches tall. If you have ever seen Esther Williams in pictures and wondered if she's as good-looking off as she is on, the answer is yes, sir—in fact, better-looking, if that's possible.

The Loves of Lady Coldpence

A Story by
MARTIN GARDNER

Monica's novel was supposed to be the hottest thing since *Forever Amber*, but something mysterious had happened. In the big love scene in the king's apartment, the royal philanderer discovered himself making passes at a burbling girl scout dressed in a ravishing negligee. For the mystery's solution, read this hilarious satire on current best-sellers

> *". . . although a great book expresses a whole culture and hence has millions of collaborators, including persons long since dead, in another sense it must finally be written by one man alone in a room with his conscience and a stock of blank paper."**
>
> —MALCOLM COWLEY

SEVEN new books, from seven different publishers, were in Monday morning's mail. One was from the Dumas Press. I snatched it up eagerly, tore away the wrapper, and carried the book over to the windows where I had an easy chair, a glass of sherry, and a pleasant view across the Hudson.

The book was called *The Loves of Lady Coldpence* and it was written by my ex-wife, Monica Ellis. Or to be more accurate, Monica's name was on the title page. I could think of only two reasons why the Dumas Press had published her novel. One, she was an intimate friend of Thaddeus Frisbie, chief editor of the press. Two, she was photogenic.

It was the first time in months that I actually looked forward with pleasure to reading a book and preparing the review for my syndicated newspaper column, *The Book of the Day*. The new novels were so appallingly dull that in order to keep awake I had formed the habit of skimming through them under odd and pleasantly distracting circumstances. For weeks I did all my reading on the New York ferries. When the novelty wore off, I tried the tops of double-deck busses. Last week it was crowded hotel lobbies.

But *The Loves of Lady Coldpence* was an altogether different matter. Great issues were at stake. My lawyer had informed me that if sales of the book netted Monica a fortune, the courts could be persuaded to cut drastically my alimony allowance—perhaps stop it entirely. My daily book review appeared in more than four hundred papers and had an enormous influence on book sales. I planned to describe the work as "teeming with life and lusty vitality" and "unquestionably the finest historical novel ever written in America."

I settled comfortably in the chair, took a sip of sherry, and studied the picture on the dust jacket. It was the portrait of an open-bosomed woman in Victorian dress. She had a cool, haughty expression, tightly set crimson lips, and smooth, milky-white skin.

Recent publisher surveys had shown that readers were satisfied with novels about oversexed wenches of the Restoration and Eighteenth Century periods. The Dumas Press had been among the first to vary the formula. Lady Coldpence was a frigid wench of the Victorian Period. According to the jacket blurb, she "resisted every male advance until . . ." On this tantalizing note the blurb ended.

On the back of the jacket was a good picture of my ex-wife taken about eight years ago. The biographical sketch said that the novel was based on her own "colorful and tempestuous past." It did not mention, I was pleased to note, that she had been married to me.

I removed the dust jacket, sampled the sherry again, and glanced at my wrist watch. When you read a book a day you have to hold your reading time to a minimum. The novel was only six hundred pages. With judicious skipping, I could finish it in an hour and have the review in final form by early afternoon.

The first attempt at seduction began on Page 3.

> *"The night is young, the moon is full, and we are alone at last," whispered Lord Windowsmear as he bent low and touched his lips to her bare shoulder.*
>
> *"Gosh, gee whiz!" giggled Lady Coldpence. "Don't do that! Your mustache gives me goose-pimples!"*

I sat up suddenly and read the last line again. It was the first time Lady Coldpence had spoken, but somehow it didn't sound right. It didn't sound like the way Lady Coldpence ought to talk.

I flipped through a dozen pages to the second seduction scene.

> *Prince Igor closed the door gently and adjusted his monocle. The air was heavy with the scent of peach blossoms.*
>
> *"Jumpin' Junebugs!" exclaimed Lady Coldpence, bouncing up and down on the edge of the bed. "I'll bet I could do a back flip on this mattress as easy as pie."*

Obviously something was wrong. I put the book on the arm of the chair, crossed the living room, and phoned Monica.

"Why hello, dearie," she said in a surprised, sleepy voice. "Are you sober?"

"Yes, sweetheart," I said. "I'm sober. I'm sitting here alone in my little apartment and I'm reading *The Loves of Lady Coldpence.*"

"How nice! How does it sound? Do you think it will sell?"

"Look, Monica," said I, "have you read it yet?"

There was a long peal of laughter. The same old silvery, affected laugh.

"It isn't funny, sweetheart," I said.

"What do you mean?" she asked, a worried note entering her voice.

"Hang on a minute. I'll get the book and read you a passage." I put the phone down and got the book from the chair.

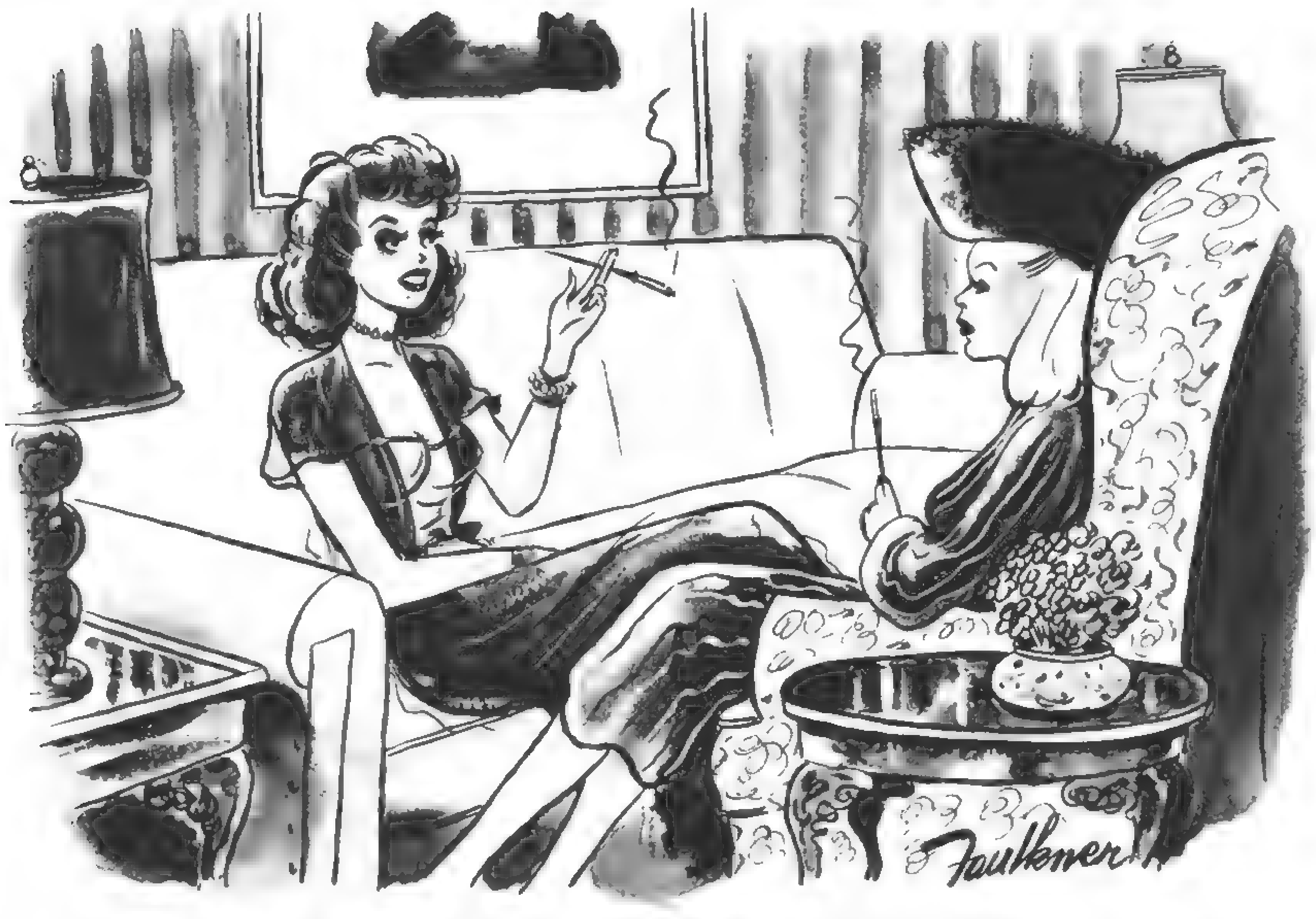
"This is from Page 37," I said, picking up the phone again.

> *"But my dear," drawled the King, "you look so ravishingly lovely in your negligee."*
>
> *Lady Coldpence grinned. "Gosh, thanks a lot, King. I'm suntanned all over, too. That's what comes from a summer at Camp Wishamaka."*

There was a long silence at Monica's end of the line. I read some more. Three paragraphs later she interrupted me.

"Good Heavens, Bascom! Is it all like that?"

"It's all like that, (*Continued on page 126*)



"I didn't exactly break the bank at Monte Carlo—I broke a banker"

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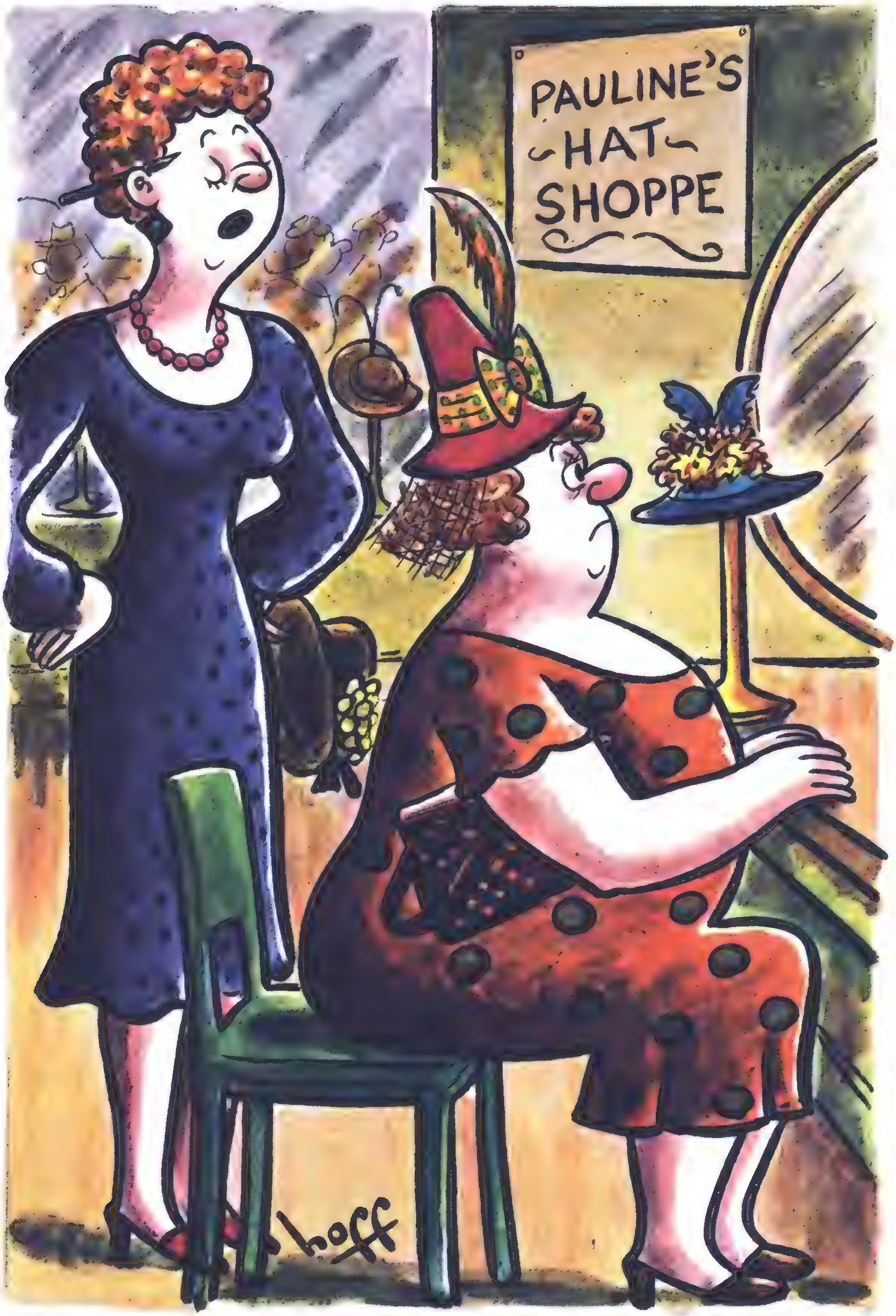
*Reprinted through the courtesy of the *New Republic*


PAULINE'S
HAT
SHOPPE
hoff

"Really, Mrs. Gloss—how smart can you get?"

The Monster in the Dark

This is one of the most powerful stories that we have ever read—frankly a horror story and one which you'll want to forget just as quickly as you can—if you can

A Story by

WILLIAM VALRICK

His arms were leaden as though he had carried a great weight in them for many long hours. Slowly he brought them upward until his hands were immediately before his face. But, as if he knew what they must look like, he stood there with an expression of fear on his face and with his eyes closed as if in sleep.

So he waited alone on a deserted street, his hands held up stiffly and his eyes so tightly closed as to form unusual wrinkles at their corners. Unfortunately, some blind fate had made him stop just within the feeble radiation of a street light. Unfortunately for him at any rate, for it was the one point in the city block where he could be seen and thus it happened that a passing patrol car screeched to a stop and two uniformed men spilled out of its doors and walked over to the lonely figure.

He let his arms fall tiredly to his sides as the two policemen hustled him into their vehicle, but he still did not open his eyes. Nor, for that matter, did he speak. Because of this passiveness the two patrolmen at first assumed he was just another drunk, the quiet kind, but then they happened to notice his hands and the bulging pockets of his coat and they changed their minds quickly enough.

He might be a drunk, but judging from his hands he had obviously been much more than that during the evening. They were accustomed to seeing the ugly, twisted side of human nature, but this man's behavior was grotesque and revolting.

After several blustering and futile attempts to make the prisoner talk they gave up and during the rest of the drive to the police station they were grim, watchful-faced, their right hands resting on their pistol holsters. There was no way of knowing what violence a monster like this creature might attempt, so they both were thinking.

At first the prisoner maintained his mask of indifference. He just sat with his eyes closed and supported the heavy weight of his arms. Suddenly he began to shudder, and then the shudders became more pronounced and violent, wave on wave.

The policemen at first were vaguely frightened and both of them involuntarily drew back and exchanged a bewildered glance. They'd certainly never run into a character like this before. The driver brought his foot down hard on the accelerator. He wanted to get to the station as quickly as possible in order to let someone with more authority take over. This was a new one on him, and nothing in his experience had taught him how to handle it.

Then they were there. Quickly, contemptuously, they shoved him out of the patrol car and grasping his shoulders they led him into the chalky light of the station house. His eyes were still closed, and his pale face was immobile. His heavy arms hung limp at his sides. His fists were clenched.

The sergeant at the desk looked up from his paper work. When he saw the prisoner he pushed his swivel chair back, and his nostrils wrinkled with disgust, and his eyes sought the young patrolmen.

"Well?" he shouted.

The prisoner just stood there between his guards without replying, his eyes stubbornly closed, although he turned his head with a spasmodic jerk toward the desk sergeant.

The sergeant shouted "Well" again just as the driver of the patrol car started to speak. They both stopped in confusion.

The patrolman spoke: "Picked him up down by the stockyards. He's the one all right. There's no doubt about that."

"Yeah," the other patrolman added. "And he isn't talking." He turned to the prisoner. "What's the idea, Mac—are you playing it cagey? Waiting to see your lawyer?"

"Look at him," the first uniformed man said. "That's all you gotta do—and you'll know too that he's the one."

As he spoke he roughly shoved the prisoner against the desk. The resultant jar must have been unexpected for one of the man's hands relaxed slightly as he made a clutching gesture at the desk, and before his fingers closed again a large, bloody eyeball fell to the floor.

He remained stolid and made no attempt to retrieve it—nor did any of the police. It just lay there—so fresh and moist that it seemed alive, looking sullenly out over the oiled wooden floor. The younger of the two patrolmen gagged and took out his handkerchief to wipe the cold sweat that appeared in drops on his forehead.

"Dirty scum of an animal torturer." The sergeant leaned forward over his desk and spoke intently, his eyes shifting away from the man's hands and the object on the floor to the patrolmen.

Still the prisoner did not speak and his shoulders drooped slightly—his arms were so tired.

"Night after night," the sergeant continued, "you scum, you've been busting into the stockyards and mutilating the poor defenseless beasts. What kind of a lowlife are you? What's the idea? Argh!"

The prisoner just stood there confronting the sergeant with closed eyes, but now his face relaxed from the set look and his lips were quivering.

"Why, man, why? Talk. Why rip out their eyes? Poor tortured beasts. Why their eyes?"

He still refused to speak, so after a bit the sergeant picked up the phone on his desk and called into headquarters.

"Finally got him, Chief. Yep. Yep. Meek as a mouse, except he ain't very conversational. No trouble at all—just wish he did want some, it would be a pleasure for me and the boys. Yeah, we got him red-handed and I do mean red-handed. Yeah, a cow's eyeball in each hand and a coat pocket full of them. Okay. Sure, okay. Yes, I'll be sure to do that."

He hung up.

"The chief will be over here in half an hour and he'll want to see the evidence. Well, shove this thing in a cell and leave him just like he is—hear me, just like he is."

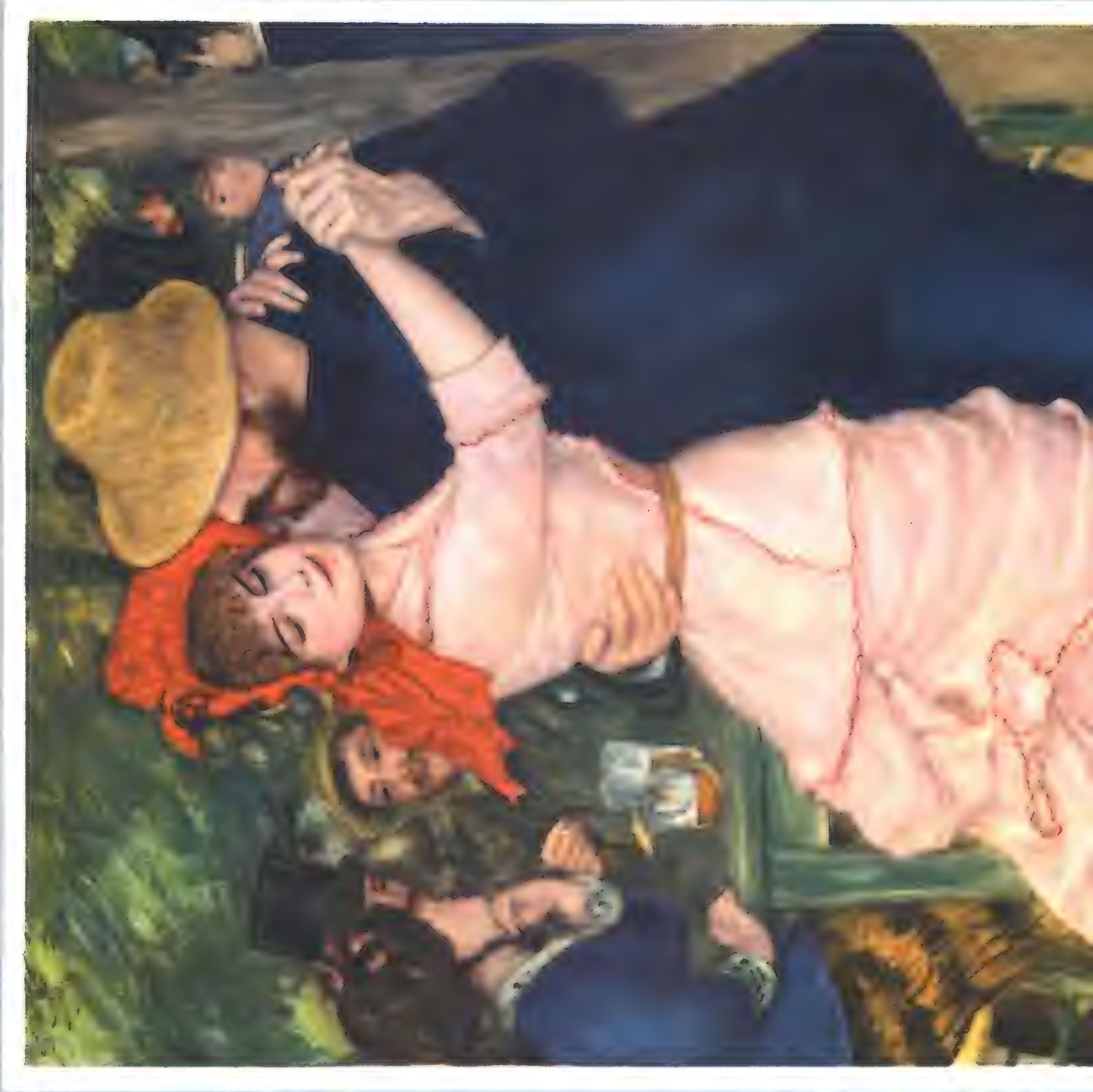
Now the two young cops felt more comfortable. They were on surer ground. Roughly they grabbed the prisoner and swung him around and started gandy-dancing him from the room.

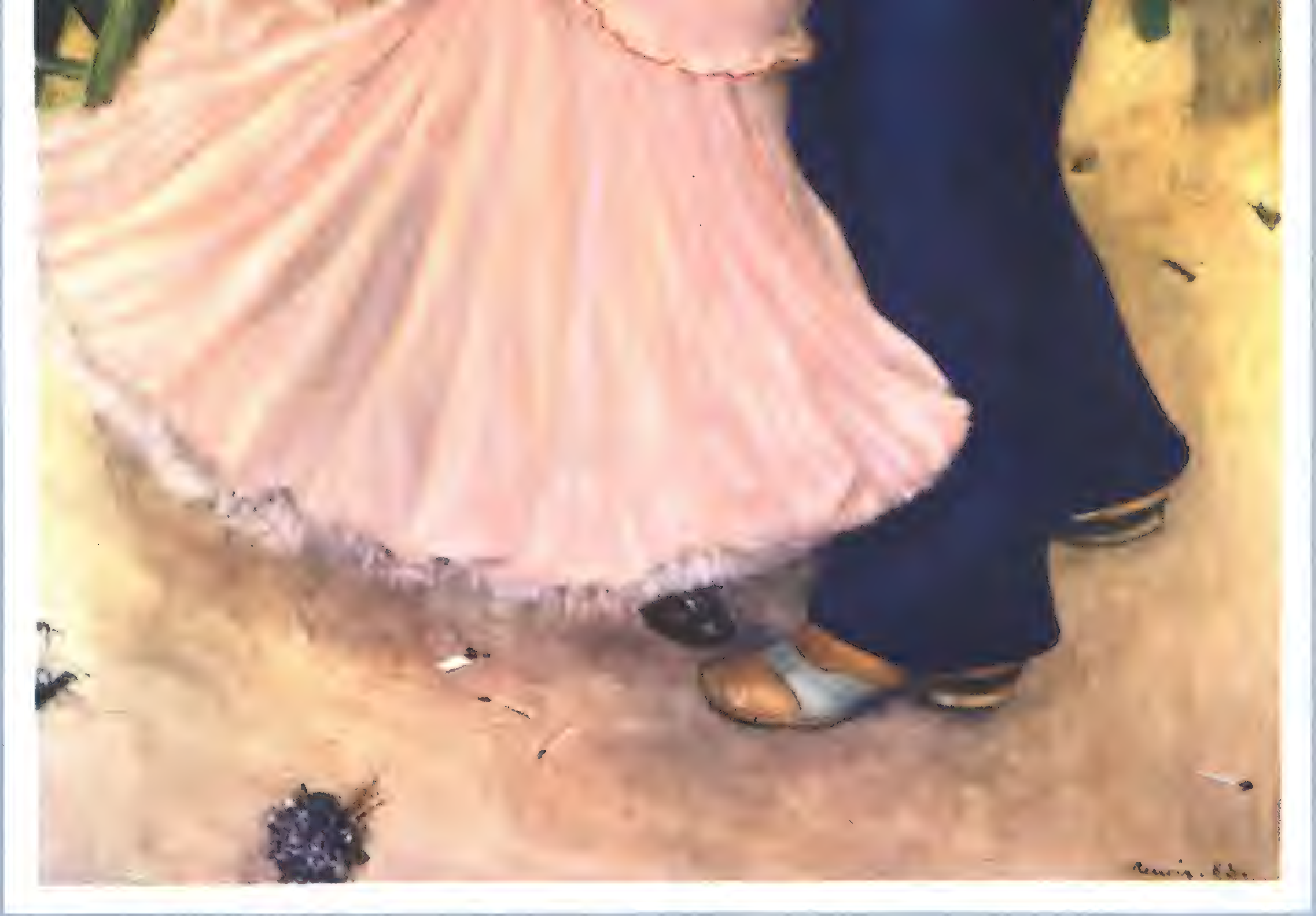
But just as they reached the door he suddenly wrenched free of their grasp with great, unsuspected strength, and in a single movement he whirled and faced the sergeant. Before the cops had time to grab him again he spoke for the first time.

"But you don't understand. Someday I would have found a pair that would fit."

The room was suddenly quiet, and for a long minute none of the three policemen moved. The monster had finally opened his eyelids and now he slowly turned his head from side to side trying, as it would seem, to see with nothing but eyeless sockets that were packed with dirty cotton wool.

"Don't buy any more cakes—the last one had a hacksaw in it"





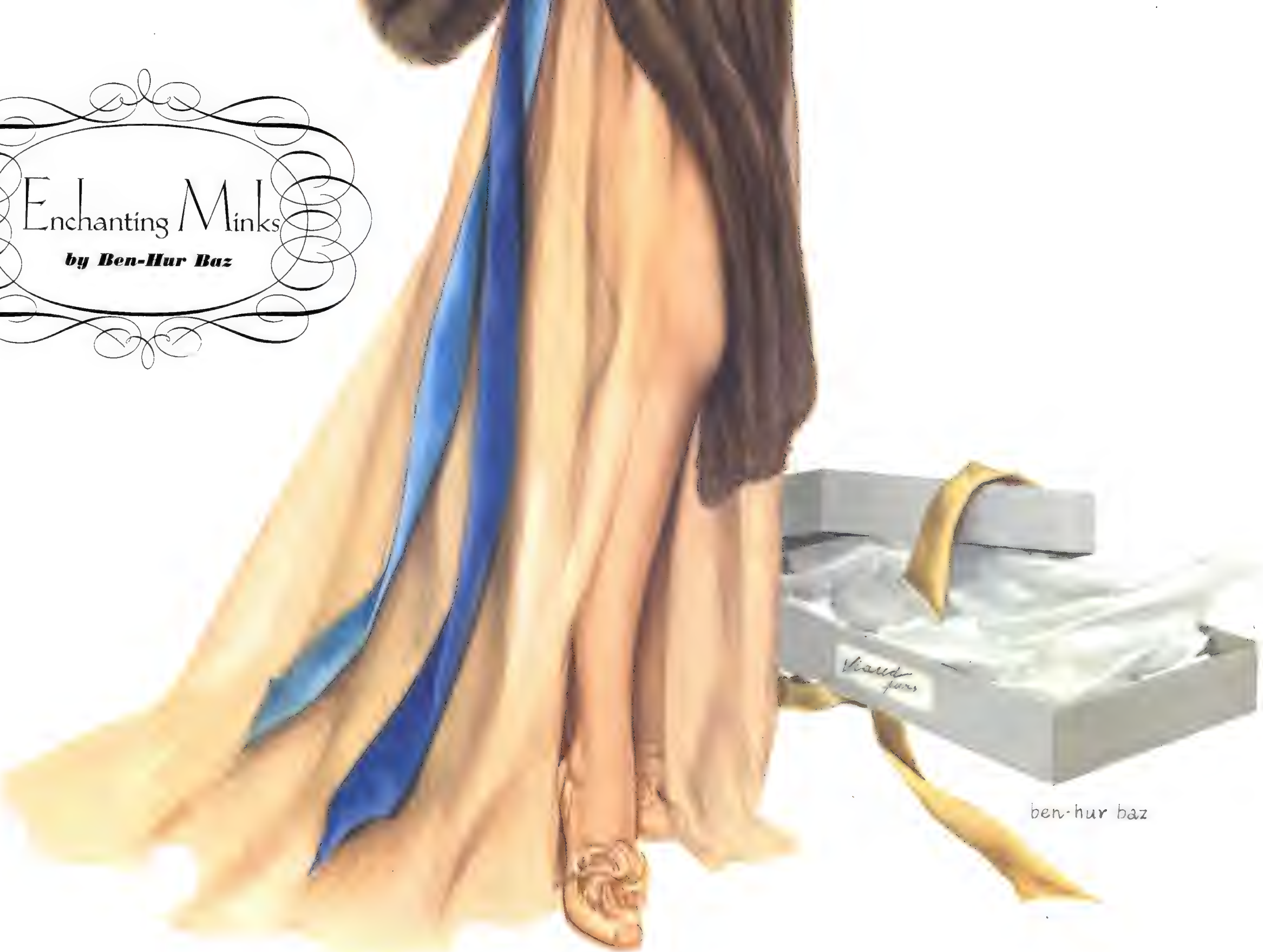
COURTESY OF THE MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS, BOSTON

LE BAL A BOUGIVAL

by Pierre-Auguste Renoir

Enchanting Minks

by Ben-Hur Baz



Viaud furs
ben-hur baz

You Can't Bank on Love

In this Tunnel of Love a girl couldn't help falling for a guy, which was fine for business, but not so good for romance when right girl fell for wrong guy

A Story by

MEL MATISON

I GET the idea for my invention the summer that I am the boat driver for the Tunnel of Love. A situation exists which I regard as a challenge to my ingenuity. The Tunnel of Love is not fulfilling its name.

Whereas the guys start off each ride looking eager and hopeful, such is not the case when the ride is over. Too many of them show great disappointment. When their gals don't enter into the spirit of the thing, a ride in the Tunnel of Love is like a ride in the subway, only slower and more expensive.

So one day I get an inspiration. I propose my idea to Fred Muller, the owner of the Tunnel, a young guy like myself, only he has a rich father who buys him the Tunnel.

We are standing on the Tunnel platform, and I ask him if he would like to double his business and get repeat customers instead of guys who speak critically of the Tunnel.

Fred looks at me with one eye half closed. "What's the catch?" he asks.

"None," I assure him. I then tell him the Tunnel ride, as it is now, consists of a boat on wheels which rolls along rails and then slides into the water and then back on rails and out of the Tunnel. Very dull.

"I know what I've got," he says with irritation. "What's your scheme?"

"Only this." I point to the inside of the Tunnel. "Curves," I say. "That's what it needs. Put a couple of curves on the rails. Bank those curves and have turns just sharp enough so that the boat will lurch. That sends the gals into the arms of their guys. After that, the guy is on his own."

Fred's half-closed eye and his other eye pop. "Harold, you're a genius" he says.

We decide to build immediately. I will continue driving the boat at my regular salary. Whatever the weekly increase will be, I will get a third. We shake on the deal.

A few days later, two curves are installed. The first is just an introduction to the second curve, which is a beaut. This second curve can throw even an unwilling three-hundred-pound gal over to the other side of the boat. That is, if there is such a thing as an unwilling three-hundred-pound gal.

So we are open for business with the curves. And it's a success from the start. Every trip carries a full load, and I am happy to see the satisfied faces of the guys.

The most satisfied guy of all is Fred Muller. He doesn't let a day go by without taking various gals for rides. He tells me with a straight face that he wants to prove to himself that the curves work. But I know better. It's pleasure, not business with him. Muller doesn't have that hungry look from lack of nourishment. For the first five days Fred is the Tunnel's most regular customer, and he rides for free, of course.

Then, on the sixth day, my invention runs into trouble. It's between rides and I am waiting for the boat to fill up. I turn around to check the load on the boat. There are two seats left, the pair in front of my rear driver's seat. The couples are wiggling around and craning their necks toward me. A couple come up the steps to the platform, but this ride is on the house. It's Fred Muller with a gal, and he is all sported out in his cream-colored gabardine suit, and yellow Basque shirt. He has an eager-beaver expression, as though he intends to ride for the rest of the day.

One look at the gal and I am sure she doesn't share his plans. She is only about five feet tall but she is head and shoulders above any girl I have seen on the beach all summer. She is blonde and her eyes are big and blue and trusting. Maybe she belongs on a farm picking blueberries, but never in the arms of an octopus like Muller.

But that's none of my business. I am merely the boat driver. Fred and the gal get in and I climb in behind the wheel.

Fred turns to me. "Do a good job on the curves, Harold," he says with a wink. "Loretta, here, is due for a surprise."

I lean back in my seat and fold my arms across my chest. "Maybe Loretta doesn't want a surprise, Fred," I say bluntly.

Loretta turns around. I want to tell her that she'd better get out while the getting is good. But I don't even know the girl, and Fred may be very near and dear to her. She smiles. It's a smile that can light up the darkest part of the Tunnel. I smile back. And she doesn't look away. Our eyes carry on a wonderful conversation.

Muller breaks the spell. "Come on, Putney, get going," he says, as though I am his lackey and not an inventor and semi-owner.

The couples up ahead are restless, and one bird calls out, "Hey, we ain't got all day."

From force of habit I turn the switch, release the brake, and grab the wheel.

The Muller Tunnel tactics begin at once. He casually drapes his arm around Loretta's shoulder and speaks softly into her ear. Loretta responds like a portrait of still life.

The boat rolls along on the rails at a pretty good clip. It gets dim, the loudspeaker twangs with an Hawaiian band playing *Aloha*, and we go into the first curve.

I scoot the boat up the banking and bring it down with the usual gentle lurch. The boat leaves the rails and slips onto the water with a soft plop. In the dim light I can see that a few of the gals are snuggled in the arms of their guys. Loretta is not one of them, but there is still the second curve, which no gal can resist. I work the foot pedals slowly, considering the situation.

The rails are right up ahead. We're riding right into the curve. The boat needs more speed. But I can't put my foot on the accelerator. Something holds me back.

We get halfway up the curve and the boat struggles. It can go no farther. It tips and flops onto the water beside the curve. So do the customers. There are screams, cusses and sounds of splashing.

Nobody drowns. The water is only two feet deep. I stand up and weave my flashlight around. Everybody is getting up. I spot Loretta standing beside Fred, who is sitting in the water, using inexcusable language about my invention. He gets up, starts toward me with his fists clenched.

I slosh over to him. He backs up a few steps but I have nothing violent in mind. "Fred," I say, "all those things you have just said about my invention are true. I realize now that if a guy can't get a gal by himself, he doesn't deserve help."

"Save the speech," growls Fred. "Drive us out of here."

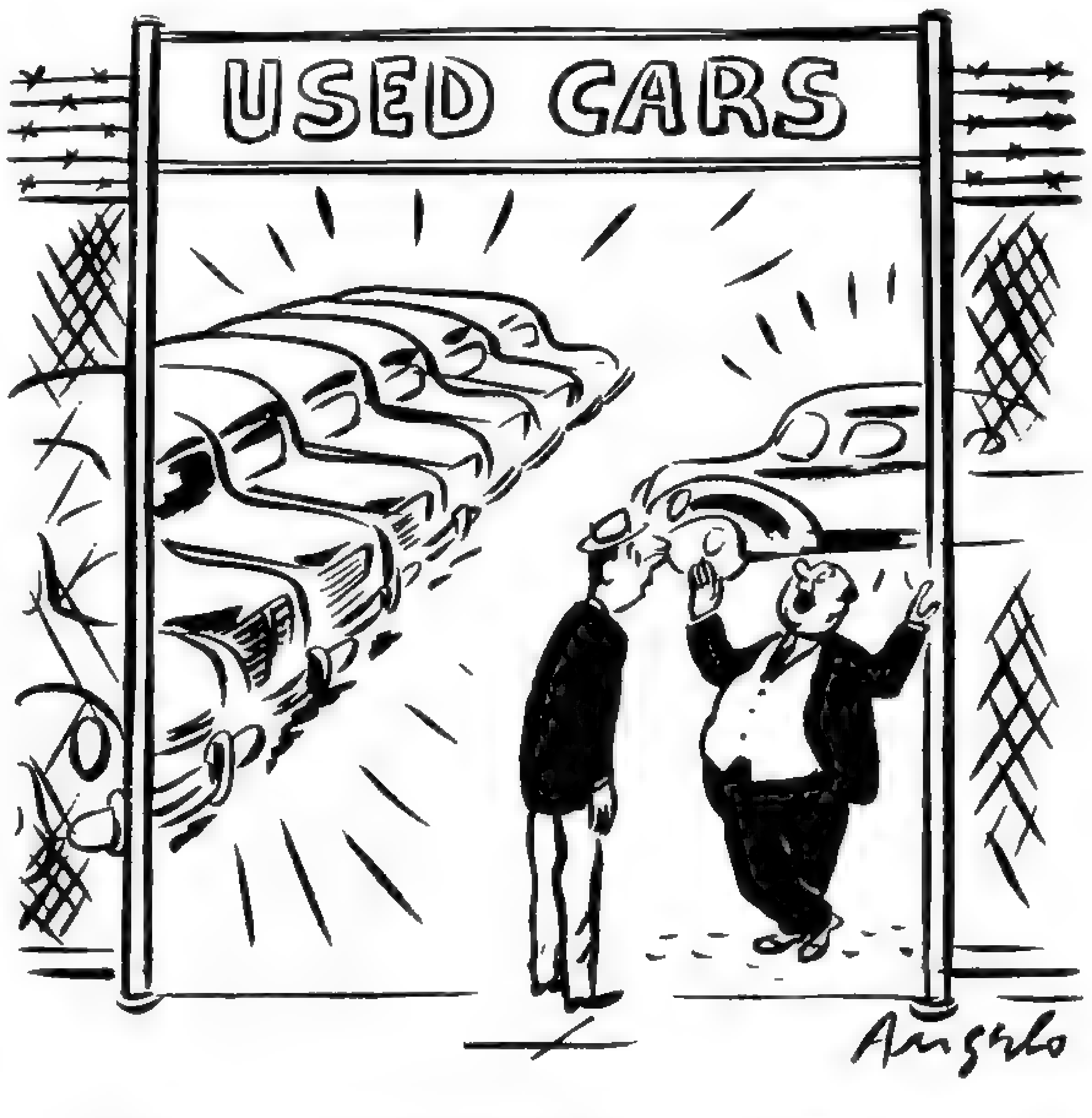
"I am afraid I can't do that, Fred," I say sadly. "It wouldn't be right for me to drive after what has happened. You'd better take the wheel."

The customers are in the boat, yelling for us to get started.

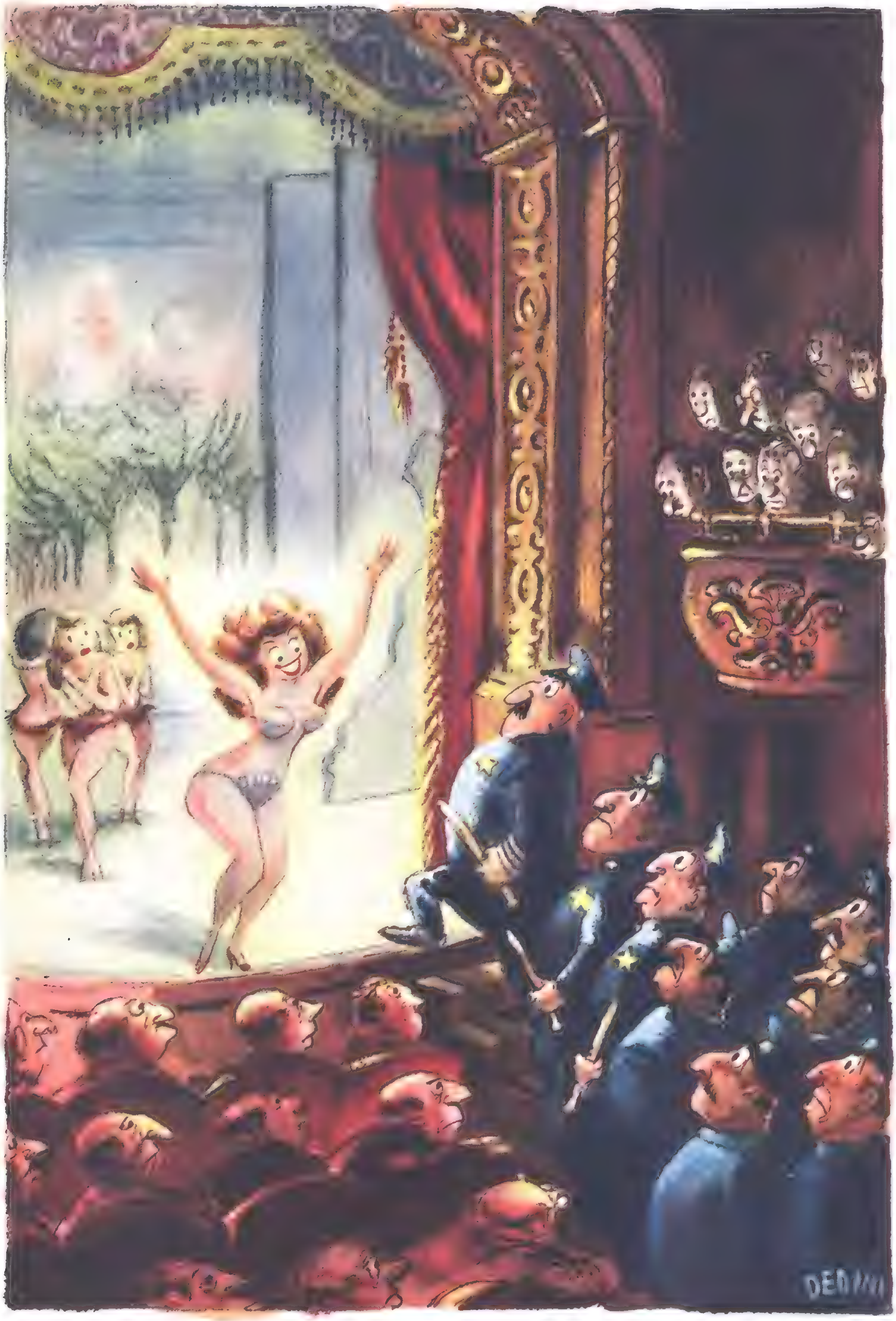
Loretta gives me a quick, warm look. She says to Fred, "I think Harold is right."

Loretta and I get in the boat. Fred realizes it's a wet walk out of the Tunnel, and climbs into the driver's seat.

Before the ride is over I am completely convinced about my invention. There's no room for science in the Tunnel of Love. The best way is the natural way. Loretta proved that to me. ♯



"I'm sorry, but all we have at present are new cars"



"Poppa!"

The Lobster and Ed Conley

This article could be called How to Put Your Brains to Work and Make a Lot of Money. Ed Conley lived in a tiny forgotten village off the coast of Canada, where the only job open was fishing. Ed fished, but he wasn't very successful at it, and that started him thinking about lobsters. Now Ed and lobsters are partners to the tune of $3,000,000 a year

An Article by EDWIN MULLER

THE lobster is an American institution. Not the canned variety but the broiled, fresh lobster who comes on the table in his bright red armor, claws and all.

With his gaudy looks and his delicate flavor—heightened by just a touch of melted butter—he has a party air. He goes with stepping out in the evening, when the little woman wears her pearls and the dress that's down to here.

The broiled lobster used to be a rich man's dish, like terrapin and the canvasback duck. It rated in the same price bracket as fresh Beluga caviar. It was available only on the Atlantic coast and in the big cities near the coast. And even there it was to be had only during a limited season.

Nowadays it's different. Fresh lobster will never be a really cheap and filling food, but today most of us can afford it, at least now and then. It's on the menu of Joe's Corner Restaurant as well as the Waldorf. Fresh lobster can be eaten all over the continent. Although the true lobster comes only from the Atlantic, you can see live ones blinking at you from the windows of cafés on Market Street in San Francisco or the Alaska Way in Seattle. And today fresh lobster is to be had every month in the year.

This changed status of the lobster is due, to a quite considerable extent, to the activities of one man. It's a result of competitive enterprise, of Yankee ingenuity—although it would irritate Ed Conley extremely to be called a Yankee. He's a Canadian, has lived all of his eighty years north of the border, as have his people before him.

Indeed, the first Conley that the family knows anything about fought the Yankees from hell to breakfast. He wore a coat as red as a broiled lobster and served at Bunker Hill as a British colonel. He must have liked this continent though, since after the war he never went back to the old country.

When Edward L. was born the Conleys were living in a little village on Deer Island, a lonely seven-mile stretch of rock and scrub pine off the coast of New Brunswick. It lies at the entrance of Passamaquoddy, a branch of the great Bay of Fundy. There the mightiest tides on earth race in and out and the winter storms throw the spray high above the cliffs.

As a young man Ed Conley tried to make a living at lobster fishing. It was rough in those days, before the marine engine and the power winch. Handling a line of traps from a dory was backbreaking, dangerous work. When you were through sometimes your catch brought but three cents a pound.

Ed was handicapped, since at that time he was not very strong. It wasn't merely that it was hard for him to handle a heavy dory. Some of the fishermen on that coast were a tough lot. They picked on Ed. They robbed his traps and there was nothing he could do about it.

His wits had to make up for his lack of brawn. He decided that as soon as he'd laid by a few dollars he'd quit the fishing and go into the buying and selling of lobsters.

He made a modest go of it. Taking little or no profit at first, he paid a cent or two a pound more than other middlemen, thereby establishing a favored position with the fishermen. He carried the lobsters to Eastport, Maine, and from there, shipped them to Boston. By his selective buying for quality he began to get himself established with the Boston wholesalers. After a few years he was $3500 in the clear.

Then came disaster. One season the Boston market collapsed. Ed Conley's shipments were of as high quality as ever, but the Boston wholesalers refused to accept them. There was nothing he could do with the lobsters. They'd spoil before he could have them returned to Eastport or ship them elsewhere. He lost every dollar he had.

So he started to build up again from the bottom.

But the misfortune got him to thinking. (He seems to be one of those people whose thought processes are stimulated by troubles; gets pushed up the ladder by misfortunes.)

He began to study the method by which live lobsters were distributed, how they got to market. Everybody in the business did it the same way—always had. You packed them in a barrel with cracked ice and shipped them out. On a short haul, to Boston for example, most of them reached market alive.

You could even send them on to New York or Philadelphia. In that case the majority would probably die, but the high prices which expensive restaurants were willing to pay for the survivors made it profitable. Long hauls, to the Middle West and beyond, were out of the question.

Ed knew lobsters intimately. He figured out—scientists, of course, knew it already in theory—that what killed the lobsters in the barrel was the fresh water from the melting ice. When the lobster drank it, it swelled and finally burst its shell.

The solution was obvious: keep the lobster and the ice separate. Simple—but the application of that simple principle changed the whole North American lobster industry.

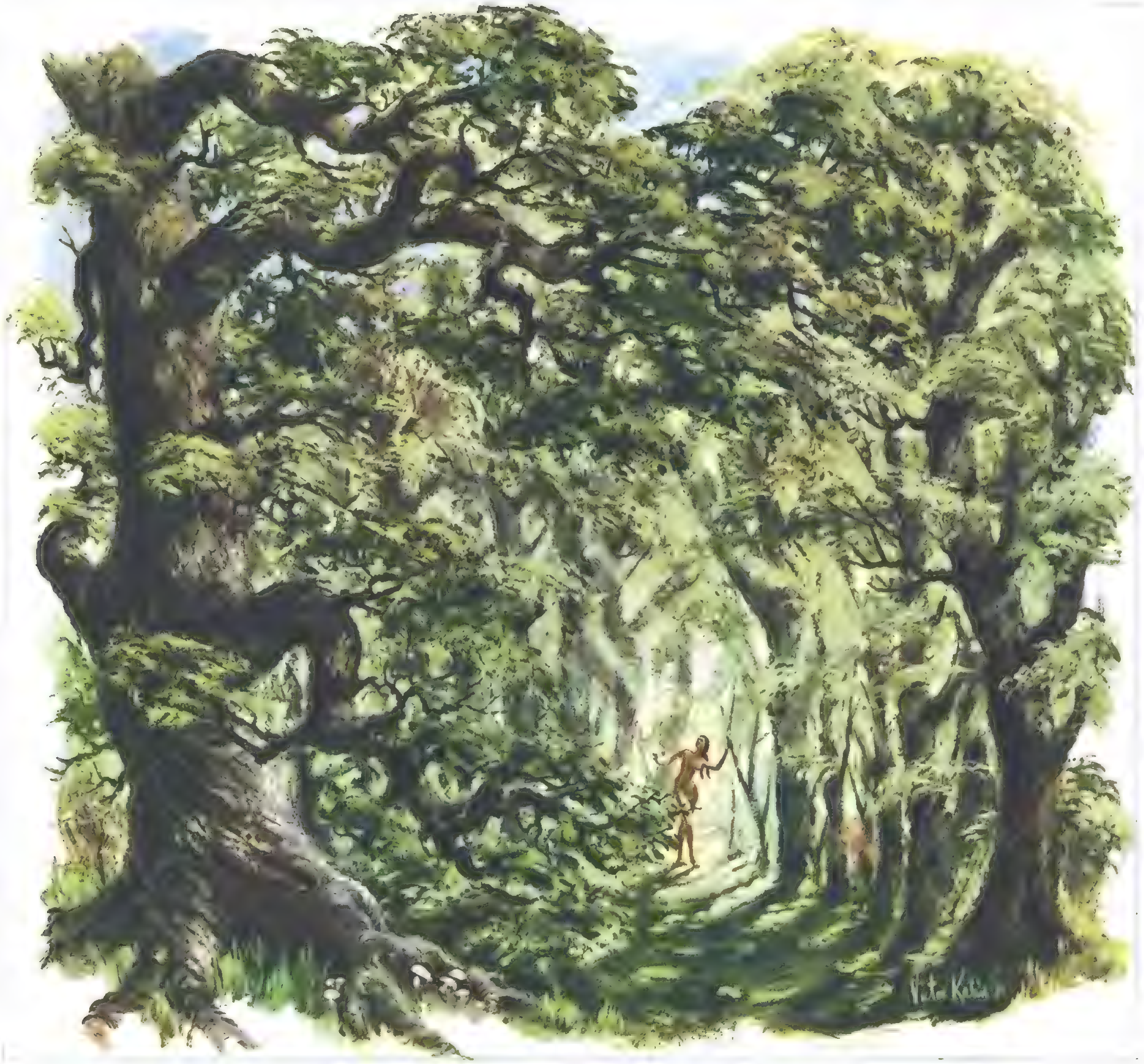
The modern container for shipping live lobsters any distance by rail is a stout, well-built box divided by panels into three compartments. The narrow ones at the sides are filled with ice. In the middle one the lobsters are packed between layers of seaweed impregnated with salt water. The packed container weighs 160 pounds, of which only 50 is lobsters. But the box can travel clear across the continent and the whole 50 pounds of lobsters will still be alive and kicking. If shipped by refrigerator car the ice will last, otherwise it must be replaced as it melts.

Of course it took salesmanship on Ed Conley's part to put the idea over. The restaurants and

(*Continued on page 141*)

FRANK BEAVEN

". . . just plug it in anywhere"



VICTOR KALIN

The Devil and Pocahontas' Moccasins

If the authors of books on history were able to tell the real facts, then history classes would be for adults only

***A Story by* I. G. MATTINGLY & JAMES YAFFE**

“Talking about Indians,” said the Devil, but his Disciple interrupted:

“I wasn't talking about Indians. I merely remarked that Indian Summer appears to be upon us. It's two hundred and forty degrees in the shade—warm enough to shed a coat.”

The Devil and his Disciple had set off early that morning for a hike through the infernal countryside. They were observing the beauties of nature. The scorched earth was wet with dew beneath their feet. The last deadly nightshade of summer was blooming by the side of the road. They had stopped near a pleasant brook, taken off their shoes, and were dangling their feet in the molten lava.

“Talking about Indians,” said the Devil, “one of the most charming episodes in my career was concerned with an Indian maid, a lovely and innocent creature who ran naked through the woods hunting the bear and the antelope. Her name was Pocahontas.”

“Not even a pair of moccasins?” asked the Disciple.

* * *

She was a breath of spring, this simple child of nature (said the Devil), and each morning she appeared in her unadorned beauty outside the walls of the Virginia settlement. She would dance or play Indian hopscotch or giggle shyly at the white men who gathered to watch her. The most regular member of her audience was John Rolfe, right-hand man to Captain John Smith, the leader of the colony. Rolfe was the handsome youngest son of an English lord. His charms, which had made so many English ladies swoon, attracted Pocahontas. They took to walking hand in hand through the woods, occasionally pausing in a shady glen. He would kiss her on the brow, she would run her fingers through his hair, he would give her lessons in English. This was all. Pocahontas knew how to take care of herself.

So it was not long before Rolfe confessed his intentions of marriage to Smith. The reaction was totally unexpected. The captain gave him a lecture on fraternization, and ordered him confined to the settlement's log jail until he got this nonsense out of his head. It was a difficult situation, and Rolfe called me. I entered his cell by squeezing between two logs.

"So I have to pull you out of another scrape, eh, Johnnie?" I said.

"This is the real thing," he said. "It's love. It's beautiful."

"It's always love. It's always beautiful. Remember that Lady Worcestershire affair?"

"A saucy wench," he said. "But that wasn't beautiful. It was ugly, cheap, vulgar. The face came from the paintpot, the hair from the wigmaker. One couldn't find the figure for the stays. Not so with Pocahontas. Does she conceal her face? Does she purchase her hair? Is she ashamed of her figure? No!

"I love her because she is a simple child of nature. Her nakedness is a cloudless sky, a fresh snowfall, an untrodden meadow."

"Very poetic," I said. "What do you want me to do?"

"Get me out of here. Get me married to her."

"What's it worth to you?"

"What does it say in our contract?"

" 'Party of the first part—' I quote from memory '—agrees to render certain professional services to party of the second part until party of the second part had reached the age of eighty-five, at which time party of the first part shall gain full and complete possession of party of the second part's soul!' "

"All right. You can have my soul ten years earlier."

"I'll think it over," I answered, and evaporated.

I was hardly back at my desk when Captain Smith wanted to see me. I returned to the Virginia settlement and found the captain in his study, scowling at a glass of dandelion wine.

"Lucifer," he said, "I'm a cool, rational human being. Before I do anything I think it through." He paused. "Lucifer, I want to settle down. You know the Indian princess, Pocahontas? She's a fine, sensible girl, and I want to marry her."

"What's stopping you?"

"She won't have me," he said. "I took her aside the other day and told her what she would gain by the match—a sizable income, an excellent position in the community, the love of a cultured Englishman. But she only giggled."

"What could have got into the girl?" I said.

"Another man. John Rolfe, a wastrel, completely unsuitable for her. I've had him locked up, but she won't forget him."

"It sounds hopeless," I said. "Why don't you find a genteel Englishwoman, someone nearer your own age?"

"I couldn't bear to look at an Englishwoman after seeing her. She's the first real, spontaneous woman I've ever known. She never wears a stitch of clothing, but she seems purer than the dowdiest woman in an English drawing room."

"How much is she worth to you?"

"Fifteen years off my life."

I subtracted ten from fifteen and said, "Done. Sign Form 1031-b." He pricked his finger and signed on the dotted line.

Then I outlined my plan. I would arrange for the captain to be kidnapped by the warriors of Powhatan, Pocahontas' father. The captain would be sentenced to death on the chopping block. Moved to pity and love by his predicament, Pocahontas would intercede to save his life, and the marriage would take place on the spot.

The next afternoon, the captain was waiting according to my instructions beneath a large oak tree beyond the settlement, when out of the brush stepped a tall, elderly Indian. "Captain Smith," he said, "I am Powhatan, chief of the Algonquins, lord of the Shenandoah Valley, and the noblest savage of them all. It is my duty to inform you that you are about to be abducted. My braves have surrounded you and will overpower you presently."

"That won't be necessary, Powhatan," said the captain. "I won't struggle."

"You will do me the kindness to struggle, so that we may bind you hand and foot. It is expected of you." Powhatan snapped his fingers. Several Indian braves appeared and pinioned the captain's arms.

The captain struggled halfheartedly while the Indians bound and gagged him.

Then Powhatan slung the captain's body over his shoulders as if it were a haunch of venison, and the little band marched Indian-file through the woods. They traveled down a broad, well-defined path; nonetheless Powhatan would pause at intervals, drop his burden to the ground with a thump, and get down on his knees. "The Indian," he would say, "finds his way through the woods by signs a white man could never detect: a broken twig, a blaze on a tree, or a misplaced leaf. The eye of the Indian is sharper than a serpent's tooth." The captain's comment would be inaudible through the gag. Then Powhatan would sling the captain over his shoulder again. In this way they continued until they reached Powhatan's village.

"Here you see a typical Indian village," said Powhatan. "Notice the tepees, arrowheads, papooses, and other quaint native customs. We are coming now to the tribal campfire, where you will be tried on three counts: sophistication, affectation, and overcivilization. The small group of old men to your right will be your judges. The small edifice at left is the chopping block on which you will be executed."

The captain was dumped roughly to the ground. He saw Pocahontas, naked as ever, in the front row of the crowd. He appealed to her with a desperate look. She responded by waving her hand and giggling.

The voice of Powhatan was raised. "Has the prisoner anything to say in his defense?"

"This is all a mistake," cried the captain. "Pocahontas is supposed to save my life." But his words were lost behind the gag.

"The prisoner has nothing to say in his defense," proclaimed Powhatan. "Take him to the chopping block."

The captain felt himself lifted, dragged along, then his neck lay against something cold and hard. He saw the gleam of steel above him, tried to give vent to a curse which was hardly suitable to a mature, respectable English gentleman.

Then, instead of cold steel on his neck, he felt something rather warm and pleasant. He heard Pocahontas cry, "Spare him, father. I love him!" He was lifted to his feet, his bonds were untied, and the gag removed from his mouth. Before him stood Powhatan, beaming paternally. "My daughter has chosen you," said Powhatan. "Instead of losing an enemy I have gained a son." After some confusion, the captain heard Powhatan say, "By the authority vested in me by our tribal laws, I pronounce thee brave and squaw." By the time the captain's head had cleared he found himself alone in a tepee with Pocahontas.

He moved forward to embrace her. Ah, those luscious lips, those burning kisses. How hot they felt on his mouth! It was as if she was not kissing him, but blowing steam in his face. By George, she *was* blowing steam into his face. He recoiled in horror. He was holding, not Pocahontas, but . . .

* * *

The Disciple could contain himself no longer. "You," he said with a sigh. "I suppose it was you disguised as Pocahontas."

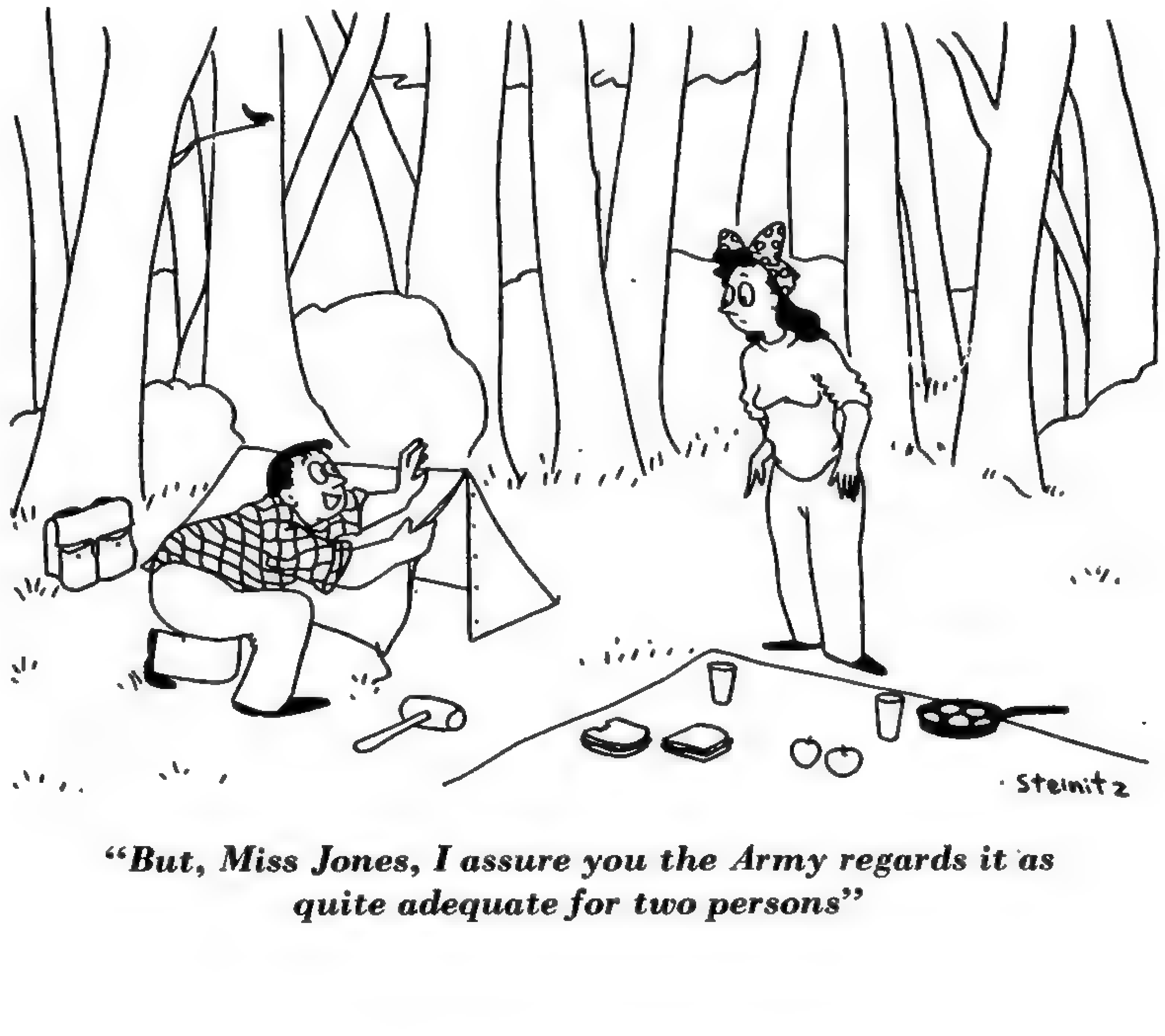
"Correct," said the Devil. "It was all a trick to get Captain Smith out of the way while Rolfe escaped from jail and married Pocahontas back at the settlement. Thus I received a double profit, a total of twenty-five years off the lives of Rolfe and Smith. The captain was furious, of course. He called me an Indian-giver." The Devil leaned back on the bank of the brook and laughed loudly.

"You weren't very honorable about it," said the Disciple.

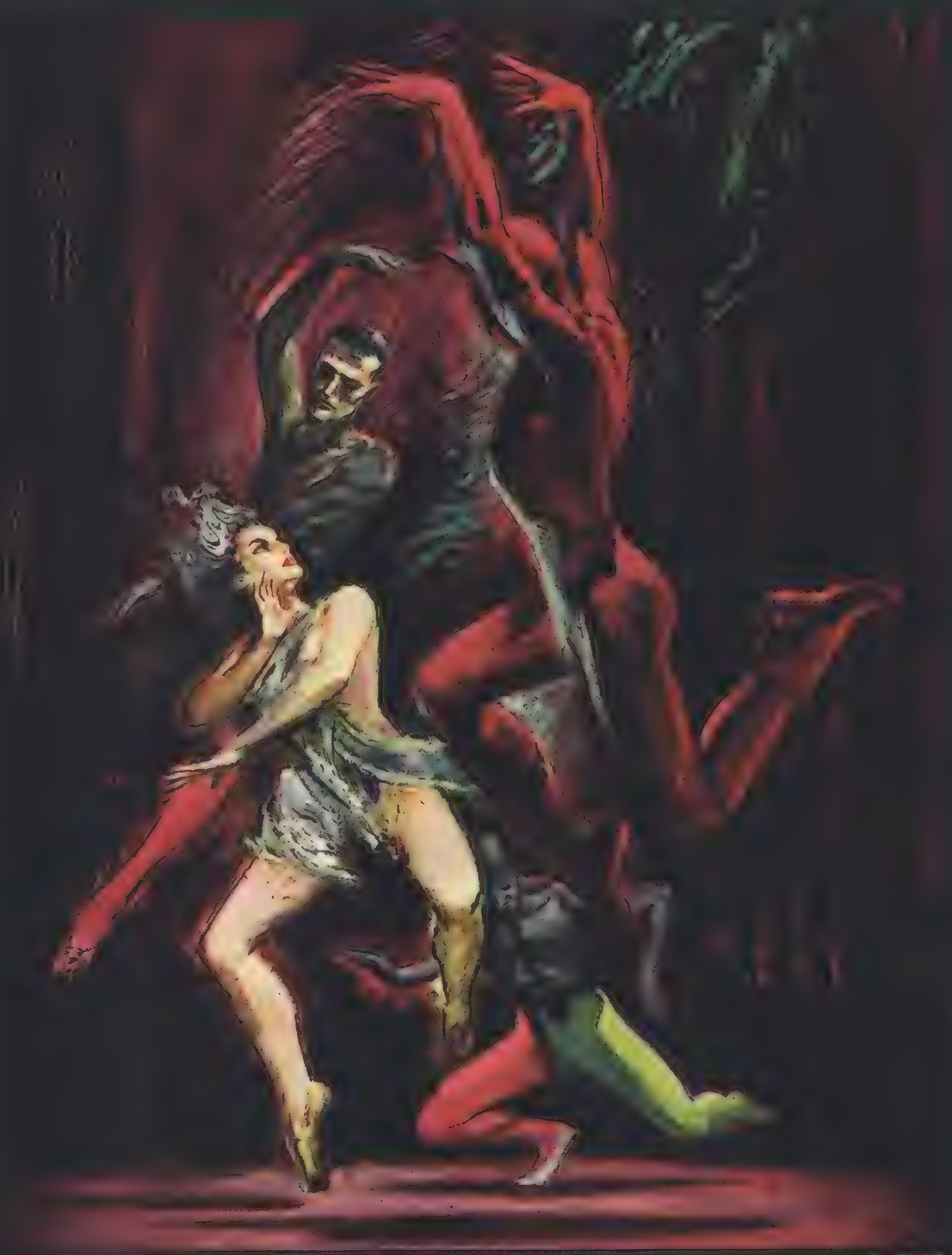
"Young man, I am always honorable," said the Devil. "Captain Smith had cause to thank me many times over in the years to come. Pocahontas was a charming creature in the forest, but when Rolfe took her back to London she turned out to be a social failure. She always committed the same small *faux pas*. When she entered a drawing room, there was consternation. When she rode in her open carriage down Piccadilly, there was furor. When she appeared in her box at the theatre, there was rioting. In the end it drove Rolfe to drink."

"How could this be?" said the Disciple. "She was a simple child of nature. So lovely, so pure, so unadorned . . ."

"Precisely," leered the Devil. "And unadorned she insisted on remaining on all occasions. Not even a pair of moccasins." #



"But, Miss Jones, I assure you the Army regards it as quite adequate for two persons"



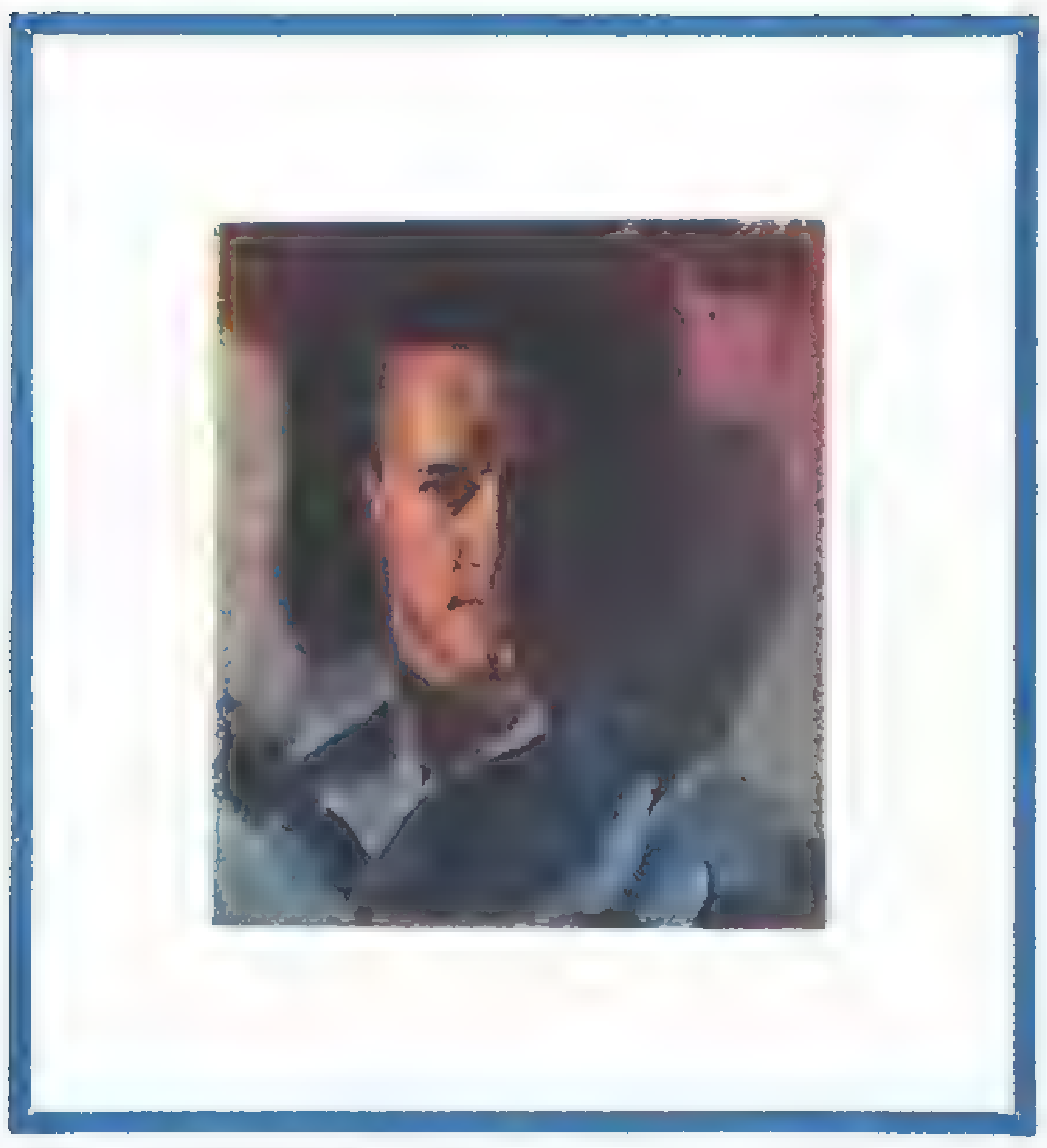
Oil [illegible]

BALLET INTERPRETATION

by Alex Ross

Alex Ross: Reluctant Prophet

An Article by ROBERT ULRICH GODSOE



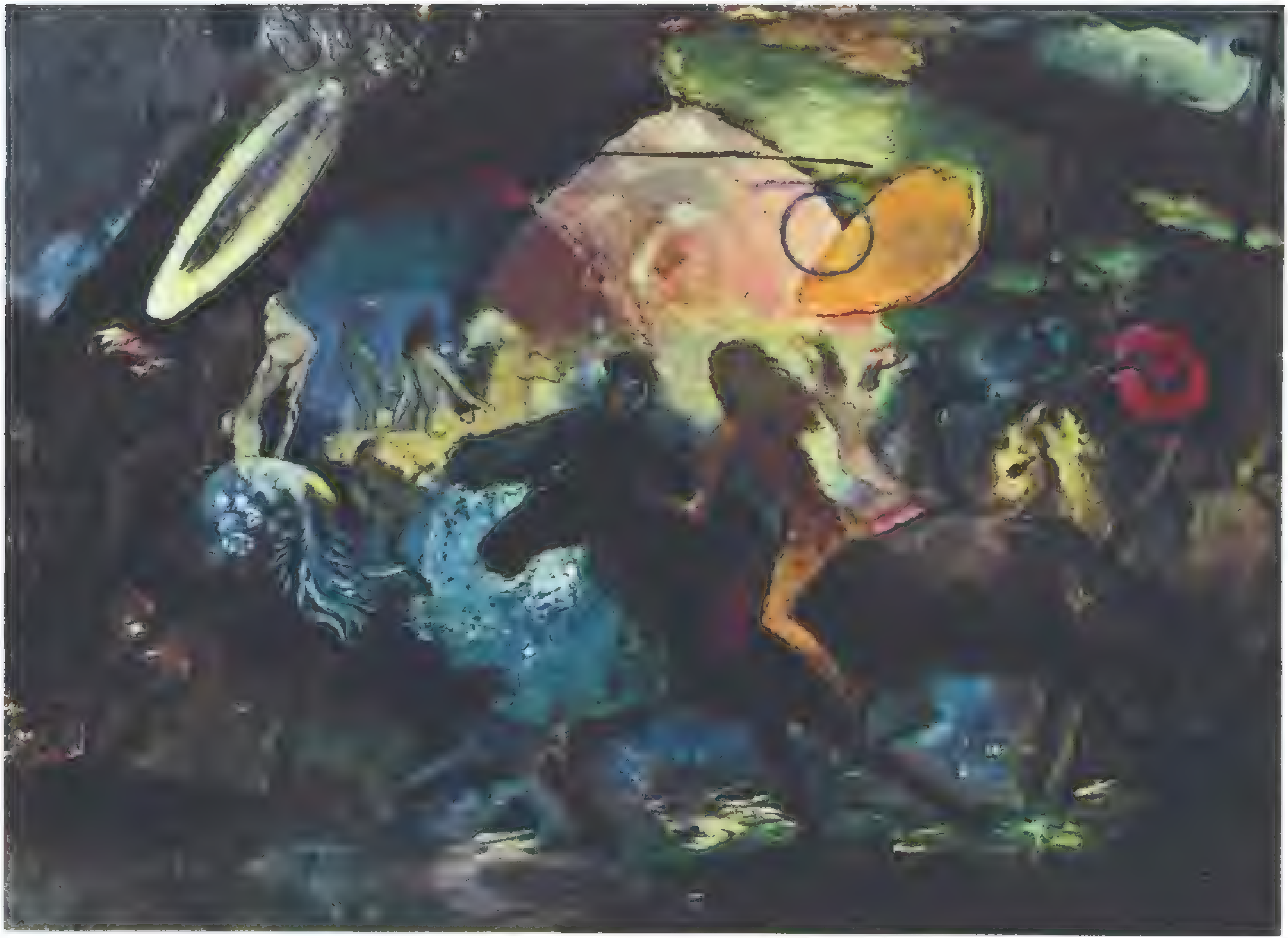
SELF-PORTRAIT CASINE 16" x 13"

An artist who started out as a gymnast nears the peak of his profession where technique and vision merge into perfect whole

THE artist, in our time, has lost track of his reason for being an artist. That reason is nothing less than life itself. Alex Ross is one of the artists who know this. It becomes more than pertinent then that he should make us know it . . . in paint. He doesn't see it this way. He believes you do it in your living; he's right, as far as he goes. But an artist's painting and an artist's living should be indistinguishable. When Ross can wed his philosophy to his brush, fire will come out of his canvases.

He is cutting down trees on his Connecticut place so that his wide windows may take even deeper breaths; he is teaching his younger brother to paint. He has time for Mrs. Ross and four children and for his splendid collection of records where the great emotional Russian composers predominate. He says, and means, that art is one of the facts of life; it cannot swallow up life itself. His sights are on the thing which casts the reflection, not on the reflection. And he is right, for here is the wellspring from which all art must flow. Profound artists of all time have never been satisfied with less than life. The meat of Ross' whole existence, if you have an ear for symbols, may be heard in his conversation with a neighbor about nothing more important than chrysanthemums. Thoreau would have understood him. You can't argue with a man because he is too busy living, but it is the men who are too busy living from whom we would most like to hear.

Ross' painting is full of craft. Like so many artists who have spent most of their adult years working for magazines, the talent is highly organized, highly disciplined. These men rarely muddle their way across a canvas. The brush knows its business. The medium has been trained to respond. Draughtsmanship is used as a tool; it has a definite duty; it isn't there because it's pretty to look at or because the artist has fallen in love with its particular peregrinations as in the case of some of the surreal calligraphers like, say, a student learning to paint like Masson. Technique, with these men, is a means of getting a thing done, as it is to an engineer, not an end in itself. Now medium, technique, draughtsmanship, composition, knowledge of color, are essentials. But more is required. Above all stands vision. Ross, a devout religionist, has the vision, just as the great religious painters of the Middle Ages had the vision. Ross, the trained commercial (*Continued on page 133*)



CAROUSEL OIL 20" x 26"

Do You Know Your Women?

Or why the female of the species is often a pain in the neck

An Article by J. B. RICE, M. D.

Not long ago, a righteous young bridegroom sought a divorce because his wife "wiggled her hips" in a provocative fashion whenever she walked down the street. Not only did this unseemly conduct excite the gleeful applause of the boys in front of the cigar store, but their ribald comments caused him "intolerable mental suffering." To the delighted judge's question regarding the tail-wagging bride's manner of locomotion during their courtship, the young man sadly replied that it had been the same. But he (and his outraged lawyer) felt that after marriage a more dignified and matronly gait might have been assumed. The judge concurred in this upright attitude and granted the divorce.

If either the bridegroom or the judge had had the gumption to consult an anatomy textbook, they might have been easier in their judgment of the tearful young bride. Women and men walk differently because they are built differently. A woman's pelvis is much wider than a man's; and her thighs are hooked onto her trunk at a different angle. Since her thighs are further apart and her legs shorter, many women have to "swing it" to walk; although there is a rumor among medical students that some gals are not above improving on Nature a little under the stimulus of an appreciative audience.

Jacques Loeb, one of America's greatest medical scientists, once said that "Physiologically, men and women are different species." He might have added with equal truth that mentally and structurally they are different species also. They are much less alike than ducks and geese, for example, or even dogs and wolves.

The current rate of divorce as compared with the current rate of American marriage is in one-to-three ratio, and everybody clucks in dismay. But the real surprise is that you can confine two bellicose animals like a man and a woman in closer quarters than is usually allotted to animals in the zoo, with so little mayhem. No one expects wolves and leopards to get along together, or even highly domesticated cats and dogs, for that matter. A married man's best bet of escaping both the electric chair and the insane asylum is to learn something about the physical and mental traits that make women a different species of animal. Although science hasn't finished the job of explaining women yet, it has made some progress. But you have to dig it out for yourself; don't run to your wife for help—she thinks she's normal. One of the few things you don't have to bother with is ribs; she has the same number that you do.

Next time you feel like beating out your girl's brains, hold your hand until you read this and learn why the poor girl can't help being that way. It won't make you feel better, but it will give her time to dodge, thus saving you from a plea of justifiable homicide

Up until recently psychologists thought that women were feminine and men masculine mostly because of training. Little girls played with dolls, they said, because they were encouraged to imitate their mothers. They were better behaved than their brothers because they were taught to be gentle and ladylike, whereas boys were permitted and even encouraged to develop into little toughs because it was manly. People assumed that a girl raised like a boy would act like one; but when the experiment was tried she fooled them. Girls treated like boys from birth still reacted to most psychologic tests as girls.

"Betty wants to be a siren when she grows up"

As a result of this unsuspected fact biologists were prevailed upon to stop dissecting frogs long enough to look into this troublesome sex business. And it was eventually demonstrated that women "were that way" not only because of environment and training, but because their bodies and minds were feminine from the very beginning. Every one of the billions of cells that go to make up a woman are different from a man's—so different that they can be distinguished as being female under the microscope. And recently two scientists showed that the chemical make-up of a woman's brain was not the same as that of a man. The implications of this discovery are not entirely clear. Women's brains contain more phosphorus, for example. However, the fact that blobs of phosphorus are also present in the heads of matches does not necessarily mean that women's ideas burn more brightly, even when they scratch their heads.

The underlying cause of much squabbling between the sexes is physical. Although only about one-fifth smaller than men (six per cent shorter, and twenty per cent lighter in weight), women have only a little more than half the muscular strength. As they use their muscles less, their food requirements are smaller. A very active man needs about fifty per cent more vittles than a very active woman; and his tastes naturally run to proteins and other energy-building foods. Since most homes cannot afford two menus, different dietary requirements constitute an important, although unrecognized, source of friction. Frequently a man requires a steak for dinner, whereas his wife needs only a salad. Either one of them grudgingly gives in and eats the other's diet, with unpleasant effects on his disposition; or they compromise on a diet suited to neither—and both gripe. No doubt much after-dinner surliness in men can be traced to not receiving the kind and amount of food they need; and much logy indifference and downright stupidity in women results from a dinner of pork chops and potatoes when what she wanted was a fruit salad and a cup of tea. A man's diet may ruin a woman's disposition in another way. The growing fear of slimmer competition while she steadily loses ground in the battle of the bulge may make a jealous shrew of the sweetest tempered wife.

Physical weakness accounts for many irritating feminine traits. No woman, with only half the muscle power of a man, could possibly have survived in this rowdy world if she were as ready to put up her dukes as a man. The near certainty of getting the worst of it in physical combat has taught her to avoid situations characterized by flying fists or beer bottles. Casting around for some other means of defense, she found a powerful weapon in a very unlikely place . . . her mouth!

Most women have sharp tongues—they have to. It's their way of fighting. Whereas a man is inclined to take a poke at his adversary, a woman prefers to stand off, with hands on hips, and bawl him out. And she gets just as much kick out of a verbal victory as a man does from being on the gratifying end of a haymaker.

Try telling any woman that her sex is, by Nature, inclined to be deceitful, underhanded and tricky. Then top it off by calling women the most shameless liars unhung. You're lucky if all you get is the "hands on hips" stance with a sarcastic reference to Schopenhauer. Nevertheless, the accusation does contain a grain of truth. The gangster's credo, "Never trust a moll," was founded on bitter experience. Her physical inferiority, with the economic dependence which accompanies it, has made it impossible for most women to fight "like a gentleman" with any hope of success. Few wives can say to their husbands, "Do this," with the implication, "Or I'll pin your ears back," and get away with it. She is, therefore, forced to resort to subterfuge and circuitous methods to hold her own in the "Battle of the Sexes." Her rubber-band muscles account also for "nagging." She has no hope of taking what she wants by direct assault, so she is forced to resort to a war of nerves and win her ends by attrition.

Marriage might have a better chance for success if men and women didn't try to sleep in one bed. However, at the present writing there seems little prospect of abolishing this vicious practice. In the first place, it is difficult for both to be comfortable under the same weight of covers. The layer of fat which lies just under a woman's skin protects her from the cold and enables her to be comfortable at temperatures that rattle the teeth of her husband.

And in summer she takes another mean advantage, for she has an exclusive way of cooling herself without sweating. When the surrounding temperature gets too high, she simply adjusts her built-in thermostat and produces less body heat than before—as much as twelve per cent less! It's simple, but effective; and no man ever born can do it. Scientists, with scant regard for the proprieties, have placed a nude man and woman in the same room and then gradually turned on the heat. The woman's skin remained cool and dry at a temperature two full degrees above that required to wring beads of sweat and profanity from the man. Because men and women are physically adapted to different temperatures, battles of the thermostat and window-wranglings are inevitable.

Difference in the amount and kind of sleep required by the two animals is apt to add a more ominous strain to peaceful relations. The average man, because of his heavier work, needs more sleep per night than the average woman. Many men are secretly convinced that the reason their wives are wide-awake and ready to go places and ring doorbells at night is because they lie around the house and sleep all day.

In most families the "sluggish" male must retire earlier than his spouse, or sleep later in the morning. The daily sight of a sprawling, unshaven, snoring husband in the merciless grey light of morning has rubbed the star dust off many a romance. There may be something touch-

(*Continued on page 131*)

BEN STAHL

Where's the Light-Plane Boom?

An Article by

JOHN C. ROSS

An article about flying that keeps its feet firmly on the ground. Maybe your interest in aviation is limited to swearing at those low-flying planes that buzz your favorite sunbathing nook; but when you read what the designers are up to, you may want to sit right down and draw up plans for converting your garage into a hangar for light planes

It is the fashion among aviators to look down their noses at their own industry. No one can circulate among aircraft manufacturers or fixed base operators for very long without hearing heartbreaking laments about the terrible state of their business.

Some of this is justified. The big military and transport manufacturers are operating at a level of about three per cent of their wartime peaks, and air lines have their own difficult problems. But what about that segment of the industry which builds, sells and services personal airplanes? It is here that lamentation is the loudest and that the prospects, to many outsiders, seem the brightest.

During the war years we heard that the airplane business would soon equal the automobile business. Some participants in it profess to be disillusioned that there is not already a plane in every garage. They study current statistics and shake their heads.

The truth is that the light-plane industry is better off than it has ever been. Before the war it was a little pip-squeak hand-to-mouth business. In 1930 there were 9200 airplanes in the country. By 1938 they had increased to only 10,800.

Today the country is in the midst of a personal flying boom that has few counterparts in history. Here is the record:

. . . Before the government's Civilian Pilot Training Program was started, the highest production of private planes in this country was 2042 in 1937. *In 1946 more than 35,000 were manufactured.*

. . . On January 1, 1946, there were fewer than 38,000 private planes in the country. One year later there were 81,000.

. . . At the beginning of 1940 there were about 31,000 certificated pilots and about 30,000 student-pilot certificates had been issued during the preceding year. At the beginning of 1947 there were 400,000 certificated pilots and 170,000 student-pilot cerficates had been issued during the preceding year!

. . . T. P. Wright, Administrator of Civil Aeronautics, predicted shortly before V-J Day that we would have 75,000 airplanes three-and-a-half years after the end of the war. We had those 75,000 planes only fifteen months after the war's end.

This does not mean that all is perfect in the light-airplane business. But certain underlying facts keep asserting the sound foundations of this structure. Even with 1947 sales dropping off as much as 15,000 planes from the year before, dollar volumes will be nearly as large because of a trend toward larger, more practical planes.

During the first six months of 1947, twelve manufacturers produced 10,697 personal aircraft. Less than half of these were two-place planes, the rest three- and four-place.

Now two-place planes, despite ballyhoo to the contrary, are used mostly for instruction. They were in great demand as soon as the war was over because the operators had hundreds of thousands of students who wanted to learn to fly. Once that demand was satisfied two-place plane production settled down mostly to a replacement basis.

For a long time aviation has needed planes which are safe, efficient and useful—planes with range, speed and carrying capacity. Today these exist in the new four-placers.

The four-placers are cutting in on the two-placers inexorably. In January, 1947, production and shipment of three- and four-place airplanes for the first time exceeded that of two-place planes. In May a four-place plane manufacturer (Stinson) took the lead over all other manufacturers in numbers produced. By June, Beech, another four-place (Bonanza) manufacturer, had risen to second in planes sold and delivered.

The over-all trend in planes produced, nevertheless, is down. There will probably be about 20,000 light aircraft manufactured in 1947, and fierce competition is underway. Most manufacturers went through the hard-scrabble days of the '30s. They have developed resiliency and bounce. Culver, Globe and Taylorcraft, for instance, hit bedrock and bankruptcy this year, yet the latter two are already turning out planes again with new capital and management. When North American halted manufacture of its excellent Navion, Ryan jumped in and bought the plane, and three months later Ryan Navions were coming off the line.

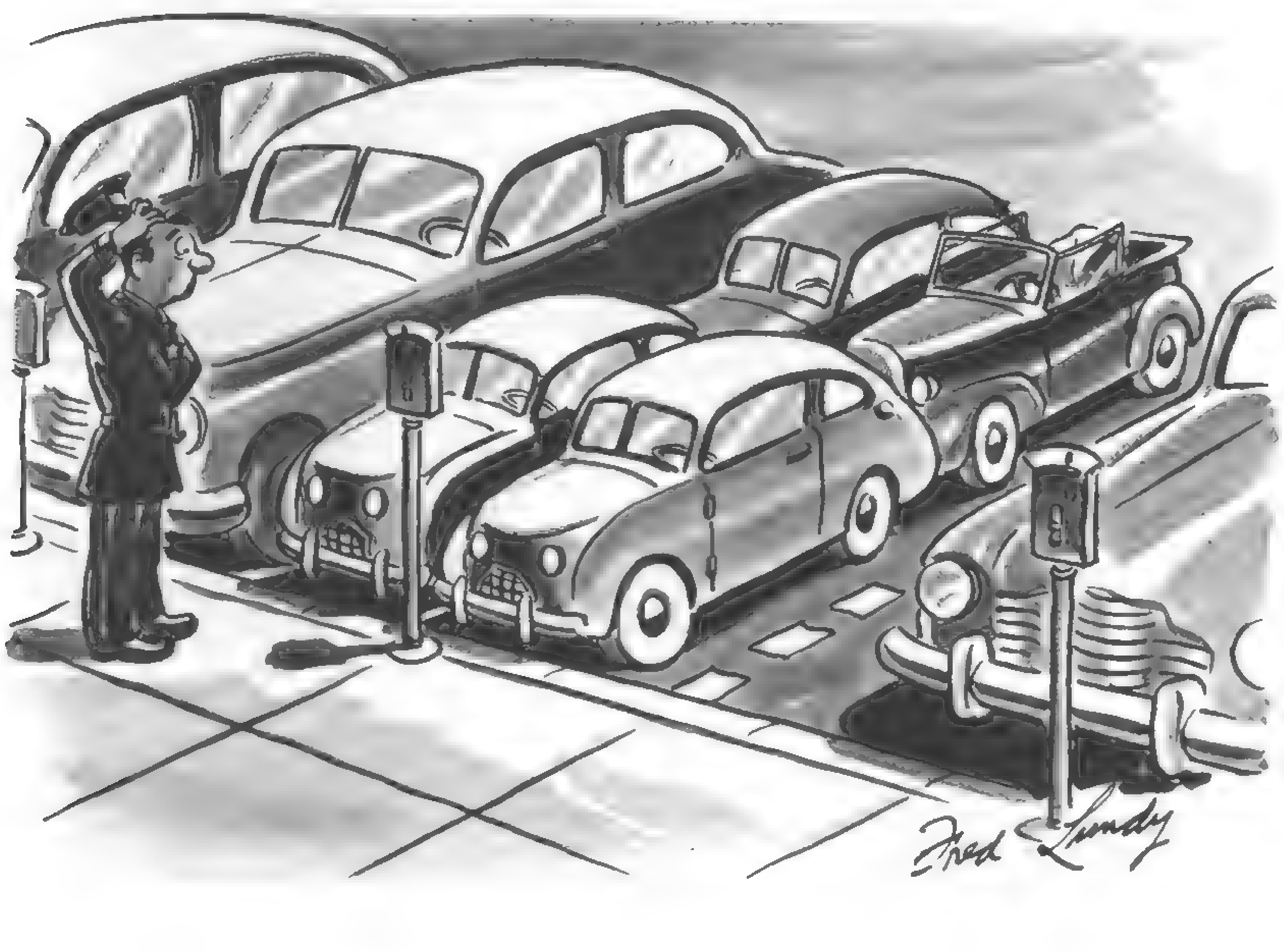
The less well-managed and financed companies will fail. But let anyone who believes this is bad, ultimately, for aviation, contemplate the fact that more than 1500 makes of automobiles have been manufactured at various times in the United States and not two dozen survive today. It may be tough on the losers, but industry as a whole gains.

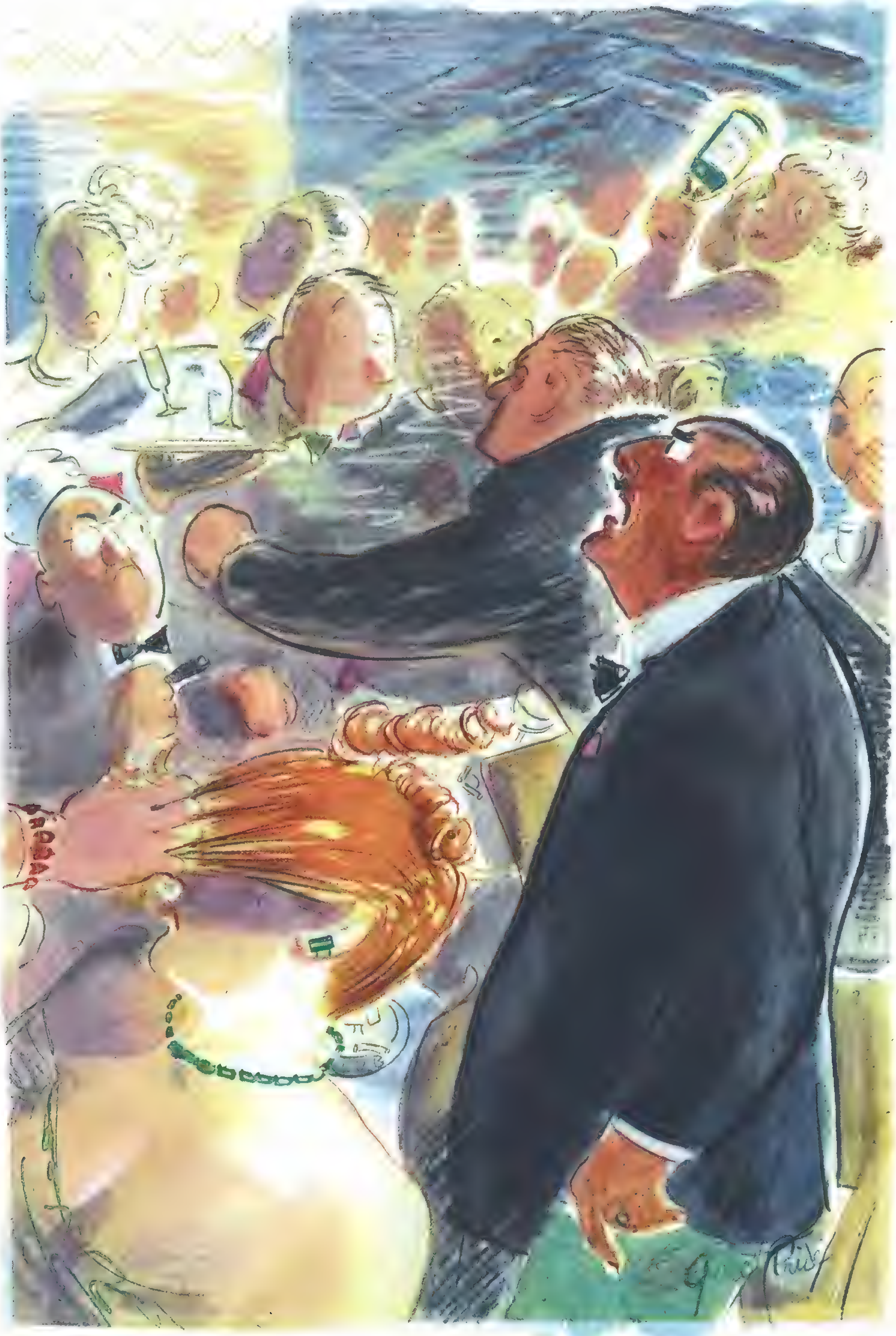
Why haven't the most optimistic of the wartime predictions been achieved? Paradoxically, the industry has both over- and undersold its airplanes. During the war, many people came to believe the bologna pictures drawn by imaginative artists depicting the postwar plane. Research organizations found that millions of men and women expected to buy a plane just as soon as the war was over. But the planes they intended to buy have never yet been manufactured—and never will be!

The first postwar planes that came off the assembly line were slightly slicked-up models of prewar planes. Some of the designs had hardly changed in fifteen years. And the price of the cheapest of them was more than twice what the dream buyer had expected—or had ever paid for an automobile. Small wonder he unsold himself very very rapidly.

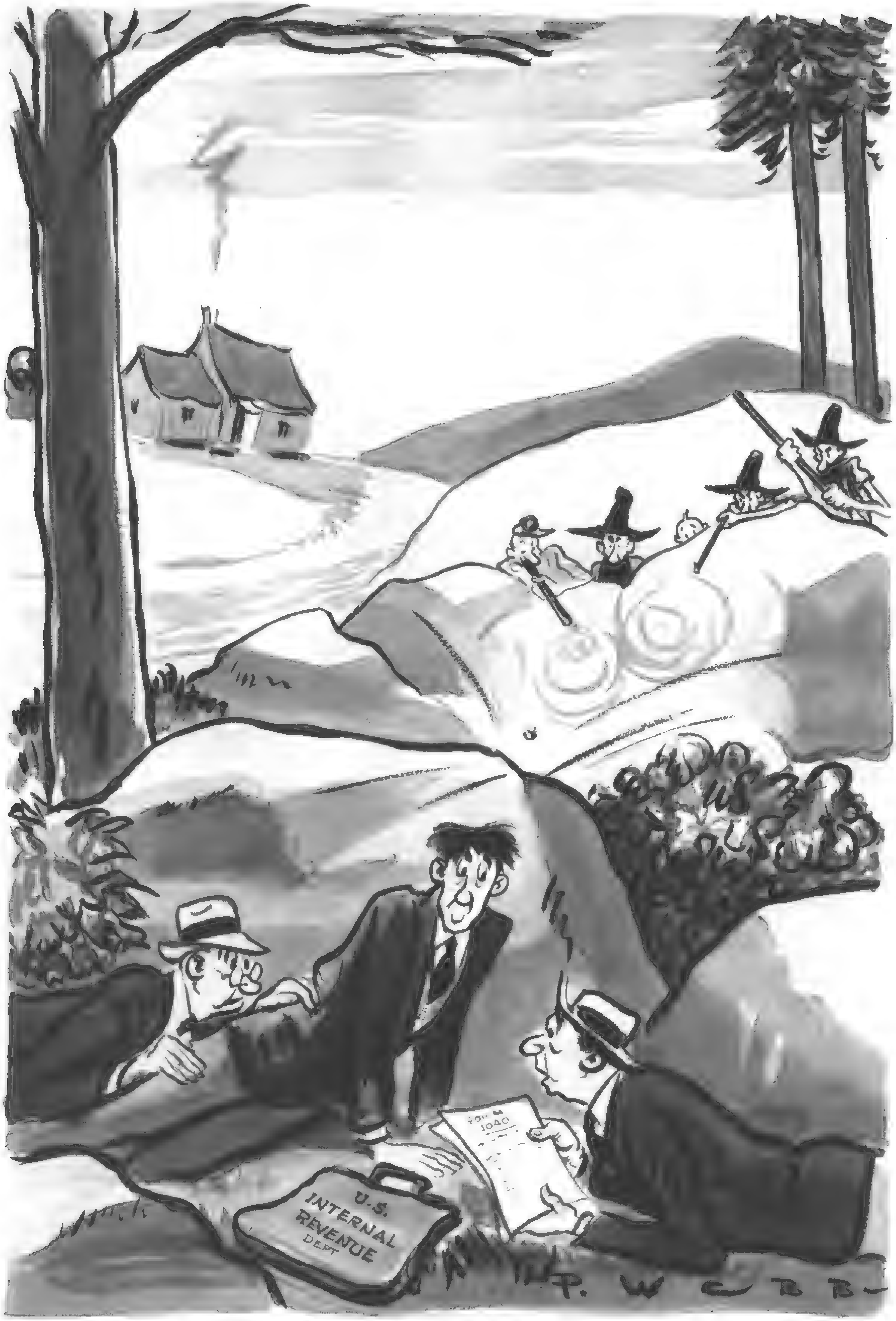
Manufacturers showed they had a lot to learn about selling from the automobile industry. Some of them overexpanded their dealerships and distributorships. Others had an idea that a can of auto polish ought to cost twice as much if it bears an airplane label. Repub-

(*Continued in center of page 143*)





"Who d'ya think y'are—movie actors?"


U.S.
INTERNAL
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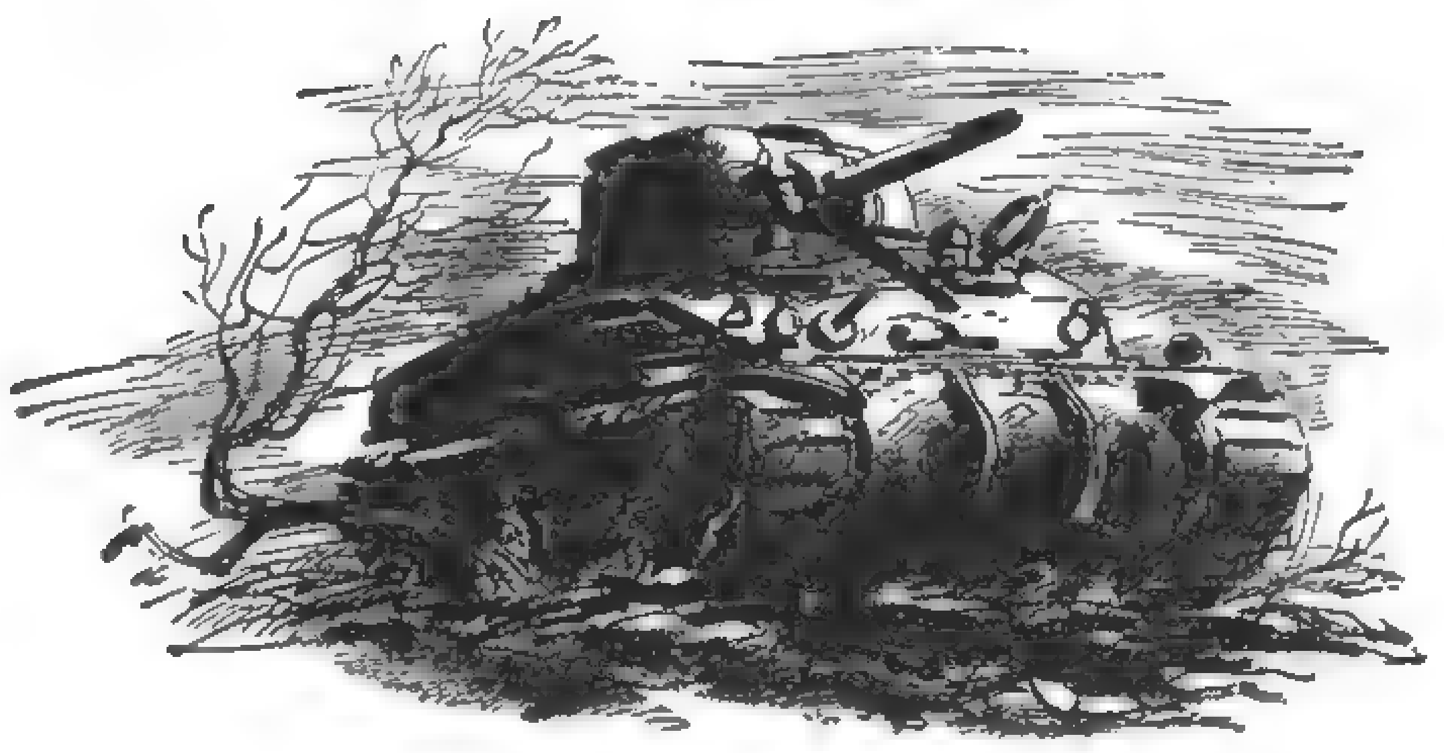
DEPT
FORM
1040
P. WEBB

"I gotta hunch they'll never savvy form 1040 anyhow . . . let's forget the whole business"

PART II



Lucky Forward

by COLONEL ROBERT S. ALLEN

A combat report of the U. S. Third Army,
led by General ("Blood-and-Guts") Patton

EDITOR'S NOTE: This is the second installment of a famous newspaperman's report of General Patton and his Third Army Command, as seen by Colonel Allen in his position as one of Patton's staff officers. Installment 1, in the February issue of Esquire, sketched "Georgie" Patton the man in buoyant and colorful terms he himself would have approved. In this second book-length feature we bring you portions of Colonel Allen's book which show how Patton's personality as a dynamic leader and field general shaped the combat record of the Third Army in the European Theater. It is a thrilling and action-packed history of one of the greatest military triumphs ever achieved by U. S. arms. It is the Third Army in the Battle of the Bulge; it is the Third after their great victories across Europe swept them to the Rhine. But above all it is the story of Patton—the man who became a legend. (The book, *Lucky Forward*, by Colonel Robert S. Allen, is published by the Vanguard Press, Inc., New York.)

[Col. Allen describes the strategic situation leading up to the famous Battle of the Bulge, in which the Third Army fought so gallantly:]

THE German offensive was a masterful strategic and tactical plan. [Strikingly shown by German documents captured after V-E Day, containing details of the requirements for this offensive. The documents disclosed that 1,050 trains were required to move the units and tremendous supplies for the assault into assembly areas. This enormous rail movement was executed not only without interruption of regular rail traffic but in complete secrecy.]

It was brilliantly conceived and mounted, the timing, place, and weather were perfect, and the initial execution of a high order.

Further, the enemy achieved his initial objectives. Strategically, he unhinged the winter drives the Allies were about to launch and forced them to assume the defensive. Tactically, he effected spectacular surprise and inflicted tremendous losses.

In certain high Allied quarters it has become the vogue to belittle the German assault. To disparage it as a "mad gamble" that dissipated their last major reserves and played squarely into Allied hands.

The offensive was a desperate gamble—one that came very close to succeeding. So was Lee's historic Gettysburg campaign. It, too, was a long-odds gamble that very nearly succeeded.

The Nazis had to gamble. They had no other alternative.

It was their last chance to escape complete destruction; to manipulate some kind of a deal to save their necks.

Germany's position was untenable. She was securely ringed on the east, west, and south. Both the Allies and Russians were poised to unleash mighty offensives aimed at the heart of the Reich. Germany was on the verge of becoming the battleground. It was only a matter of time before she would be overrun. No amount of Nazi terrorism could avert that.

The Nazis' only hope was Time.

Time to wear down Allied endurance and unity, to produce new weapons and jet-propelled planes, to scheme, connive, and dicker for a compromise peace.

Up to December, the Nazis had won Time by selling Space. It was a costly exchange, but it had served its purpose. By swapping Space for Time, the Nazis had gained the precious months needed to put into operation the various V-weapons on which Hitler based such high hopes. To get into production the jet-propelled planes he believed soon would clear the Reich's skies of hostile armadas. Above all, to assemble a great mobile reserve.

But in December there was very little Space left to sell for Time.

The Allies and Russians had strong footholds in Germany. Their next lunges would carry them deep into the Reich and make it a bloody battleground. If more Space was to be sold for Time, it would have to be found outside Germany and without delay.

So the Nazis, desperate and at the end of their rope, had to gamble.

The significant fact of their offensive is not that it was a desperate gamble, but that, although in their last extremities, they were still able to mount such a vast operation and to launch it so successfully.

The gamble was mad, but masterful in its madness.

Had it succeeded, Hitler would have won both Space and Time with a vengeance. It would have taken well into the summer of 1945, at least, before the Allies could have reconstructed sufficient offensive strength to mount a new major assault. In the meantime, the Germans would have been able to strengthen greatly their internal defenses and to throw the full weight of their morale-revived forces against the Russians.

Moreover, United States plans and operations in the Pacific would have had to be drastically curtailed to meet the immensely increased ETO requirements.

Hitler personally stressed these enticing possibilities in a harangue to the division commanders who were to participate in the offensive. The affair took place December 12 in a village near Von Rundstedt's headquarters.

The division commanders first were assembled at Von Rundstedt's CP. There SS guards stripped them of their side arms and pocket knives. They then were loaded into busses and driven around the countryside for a half-hour, with SS guards trailing each bus. The column finally halted before a building, and the generals were led into a room where they found Hitler, flanked by Field Marshal Keitel and Colonel General Jodl.

Hitler delivered a two-hour briefing on the details of the offensive. He announced Antwerp as the major objective, and sternly ordered that it be captured in fourteen days. (Antwerp was the principal supply port both for 21 Army Group British and Twelfth U.S. Army Group. Sixth Army Group was supplied through Marseille. Capture of Antwerp would have emasculated Allied military effort.)

No one else did any talking. Occasionally Keitel and Jodl nodded their heads in approval. But Hitler did all the speaking. Throughout the meeting, SS guards, with burp-guns at the ready, maintained a cold-eyed scrutiny of the generals. They were so scared they didn't even dare reach for a handkerchief for fear of being shot.

For six black days it looked as though Hitler's mad gamble might succeed.

The overall plan of attack was simple. Using the same routes employed in 1940, two Panzer Armies were to advance in a giant turning movement toward the Meuse River to capture Namur and Liége. Antwerp and Brussels would then lie straight ahead to the northwest. Their capture would cleave the Allied Armies and disjoint the entire Western Front.

The German offensive failed of its major objectives for three reasons:

The imperishable heroism of thousands of First Army soldiers, white and black, who spent themselves selflessly to hold their ground against overwhelming numbers, thus blunting the onrush of the enemy's main thrusts;

Third Army's lightning assault against the Germans' south flank that first shattered their westward advance and then hammered them back, mauled and decimated, into Germany;

A miraculous five-day break of clear weather, December 23-27, that enabled the Air to devastate the Germans on the advance and make a shambles of their supply routes in the rear. Air operations in this period were one of the decisive factors in turning the tide in the Battle of the Bulge.

The immortal deeds of the men of VIII,

V, and VII Corps (First Army) make one of the most glorious pages in U. S. military history.

Surprised and overwhelmingly outnumbered, they fought unyieldingly in scores of instances to the last bullet and the last man. The number of their acts of valor is legion.

Such as that of the doughboy of 4th Infantry Division who died trying to hold off a German column from a bridge he was guarding. The Sergeant of the 44th Armored Infantry Battalion who, encountering a Tiger tank, jumped into a ditch and opened fire at its sighting slits with his rifle. The Negro Artillerymen of the 755th Field Artillery Battalion who, when their guns were knocked out, fought Panzers with carbines. Combat Command R of 9th Armored Division, which made a stand at Longueville near Bastogne, shooting it out point-blank with giant Panzers. For 36 hours CC-R stalled the German steamroller at this point. (Armored divisions had three combat commands or task forces CC-A, CC-B, and CC-R. CC-R was the reserve combat command.) This indomitable stand was a crucial factor in the subsequent epic defense of Bastogne. It gave 101st Airborne Division, rushed from Reims to hold the vital town, the time to organize its positions.

The two men of the 52d Armored Infantry Battalion who refused to surrender a road block and were killed by a Tiger after destroying its mate with a bazooka. The Captain and two soldiers of 28th Infantry Division who stood off a German battalion in Renaumont. The two regiments of 106th Infantry Division which were surrounded near St. Vith and fought until their ammunition was exhausted. The Negro cooks, clerks, and truck drivers of the 969th Field Artillery Battalion, who, fighting as doughboys, helped repel six violent attacks at Villéroux, two in battalion strength. The 811th Tank Destroyer Battalion which barred the way of a large column of Tigers near Asselborn, sending a number up in flames.

The great fighting 1st Infantry Division which for ten days withstood an entire German Corps southwest of Bütgenbach. This extraordinary exploit was a vital factor not only in saving First Army's large supply dumps at Verviers and its CP at Spa, but also in disrupting the time schedule of the Germans' northern thrust.

The Task Force of 3rd Armored Division, which fearlessly drove athwart the path of a German division and by sheer guts stalled it for three days, beating off repeated fierce attacks. Finally, surrounded, the TF destroyed its vehicles and fought its way out through ten miles of enemy lines.

The mighty 2d Armored Division which prevented 2 Panzer Division, ace of the German Western Panzers, from seizing Namur. For three days the two giants slugged it out toe-to-toe at Celles. In the end, 2d Armored not only forced the enemy to withdraw but annihilated a large part of his division. His toll in the battle was 1050 PW, estimated 2500 killed, 63 tanks, 42 Artillery pieces, and 190 Armored and other vehicles destroyed and captured.

The irrepressible *esprit* of 2d Armored was exemplified by a noncom holding a village with several tank destroyers. He received an order to submit a Situation Report. On the wall of the house he was using as an OP was a picture postcard of the town. Sketching his own and the enemy's positions on the card, he handed it to a runner with the comment, "Take this to the Lieutenant. Even that brass hat ought to be able to understand it."

This bloody engagement, crucial in aborting the Germans' northern thrust, had a curious sequel.

While the German northern (6 SS Panzer Army) thrust was being clawed by the great fighting divisions of V and VII Corps, the southern (5 Panzer Army) drive was doing somewhat better.

The surprised and vastly outnumbered VIII Corps fought heroically. The Corps' Staff remained in Bastogne until ordered to evacuate shortly before the town was encircled. But the enemy's weight was irresistible. He swept everything before him.

Until he ran into Third Army at Bastogne.

Bastogne was the Gettysburg of World War II.

At this "Bloody Corner" the Nazis lost their desperate gamble. Bastogne broke the back of their surprise offensive. Four more months of grim war were necessary to hammer them into final submission. But Bastogne was the beginning of their final throes.

And their dirge was sounded by that unknown GI's insouciant wisecrack, when word went around in Bastogne that it was ringed, "So they've got us surrounded—the poor bastards!"

The epic of Third Army's glorious victory in the Battle of the Bulge was made possible by another epic.

The fabulous feat, without parallel in military history, of an Army massed in jump-off positions for a co-ordinated drive east through the Palatinate, disengaging its main forces and racing through a blizzard to a meeting engagement 125 miles to the northwest. (A meeting engagement is a battle in which one or both opponents are committed from the march immediately upon making contact.)

An Army poised to attack in one direction, literally picked up bodily and with guns blazing hurled against an onrushing enemy 125 miles away in an opposite direction.

Just what that meant in detailed execution is staggering.

Within a period of a few days, over a limited road net and in freezing weather, sleet, and ice to—

Change from a three-Corps battle line running north and south to a four-Corps battle line extending east and west in the Ardennes and north and south in the Saar.

Move smoothly, and without hitch, hundreds of combat and supply units, from giant Armored divisions and 155mm Artillery battalions to Ordnance Repair companies. (From December 18 to 23, 133,178 motor vehicles traversed 1,654,042 miles.)

Establish an entire new supply system, including the setting up of scores of new depots and dumps and shifting thousands of tons of supplies. (In five days, 37 truck companies, operating on a 24-hour basis, transported 61,935 tons of supplies, of which 18,910 tons were ammunition.)

Construct a vast and complex communication network, involving not only the stringing of thousands of miles of telephone lines, but keeping them operating under extreme winter conditions and enemy attack. (Field wire consumption totaled 19,928 miles.)*

Transfer and erect numerous Evacuation Hospitals; prepare and distribute hundreds of thousands of maps, Terrain Analyses of the new battle area, Estimates of the Enemy Situation, and detailed Orders of Battle.

These were a few of the major miracles this epic entailed.

It was all wrought quietly and efficiently by a teamwork without parallel in the ETO —a teamwork rooted deeply in great knowhow, in great confidence in itself and its Commander (Patton), and in great fighting *esprit*.

The enemy was certain the feat could not be accomplished in time to block him. He was thoroughly aware of the tactical weakness of the exposed flank of his southern thrust. That is why 7 German Army had the mission to make a diversionary attack in the Echternach-Grevenmacher sector.

The Germans anticipated that initially only piecemeal commitments could be brought against them from the south. That the snowbound terrain and Third Army's heavy involvement in the Saar would prevent a build-up in strength against 5 Panzer Army before it reached the Meuse and 7 Army had organized a line of defense strong enough to safeguard the former's exposed flank.

The Germans were wrong. They were wrong because they underestimated Third Army's capabilities.

It was the one Army in the ETO that could perform the impossibles of staff work and troop operations necessary to upset the Germans' careful calculations.

On December 22 five German Divisions succeeded in surrounding Bastogne.

That day Lucky threw its full weight into the Battle of the Bulge.

Four Corps now were under Patton: VIII Corps, on the west, controlling the Bastogne defenders, remnants of 28th Infantry Division and other overrun units, and six battalions of French Infantry; III Corps, in the center, with 26th and 80th Infantry and 4th Armored Divisions; XII Corps, on the east, comprising 4th and 5th Infantry Divisions, Combat Command A of 10th Armored and 2d Cavalry Group; XX Corps, composed of 90th and 95th Infantry and 6th Armored Divisions and 3rd and 6th Cavalry Groups, holding the Saar salients and protecting the Army's exposed rear.

III Corps was the first to jump off. It attacked due north, straight at the German flank, with beleaguered Bastogne as the objective.

The assault got under way under fearful conditions.

The temperature was below freezing, the skies leaden, and a howling blizzard raged. The troops had no snow-camouflage equipment either for themselves or their vehicles. Also, beyond ordinary cold-weather issue, no special winter-warfare clothing. Shoe pacs, parkas, hoods, and fur gloves did not reach Third Army until mid-January.

Initially, III Corps made good progress. Advances up to three miles were gained. The Germans had not expected a co-ordinated attack and were caught off-guard. But they reacted very quickly and aggressively, reinforcing with two divisions.

The fighting increased in fury and the advance slowed down to snail's pace. Then the miracle happened.

The long-blacked-out skies cleared.

December 23 dawned bright and sunny—an answer to Patton's prayer for fair weather:

> *Almighty and merciful Father, we humbly beseech Thee, of Thy great goodness, to restrain these immoderate rains with which we have had to contend. Grant us fair weather for battle. Graciously harken to us as soldiers who call upon Thee, that armed with Thy power we may advance from victory to victory, and crush the oppression and wickedness of our enemies, and establish Thy justice among men and nations. Amen.*

The day before, copies of the prayer had been distributed to all Third Army troops. It had been printed several weeks earlier, and Patton's intention was to issue the prayer just before the jump-off against the Siegfried Line. The Chief of Staff pointed this out.

"Oh, the Lord won't mind," Patton smiled. "I know He will understand. He knows we're too busy right now killing Germans to print another prayer. It's the spirit that counts with the Lord. And He knows I mean well."

Next morning Patton was jubilant. And when told a few more days of clear skies could be expected, he whooped with pleasure.

"Hot dog!" he shouted. "I guess I'll have another 100,000 of those prayers printed. The Lord is on our side, and we've got to keep Him informed of what we need."

The Weather Detachment had a more learned explanation for the beneficence. It said it was an early Christmas gift from Russia. A cold bank from the Steppes had rolled across the Continent and pushed back a heavy oceanic overcast.

In any event, the miraculous flying weather lasted five days. Five days of crippling destruction for the enemy and crucial support for Lucky.

The weather break was the weight in the balance in the Battle of the Bulge. It enabled the Allies to throw Air Power into the desperate struggle equivalent on the ground to the impact of a powerful Army. Without this providential Air support at this critical period, it would have taken a lot longer and cost a great deal more to have liquidated the surprise disaster.

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*Equivalent to six times across the United States.

The Luftwaffe also came out. But its effort was puny compared to Allied Air. The best the GAF could do was to engage in sporadic hit-and-run raids of no tactical consequences. Some columns were shot up; a few supply dumps suffered losses. But these were pin-pricks compared to the devastation inflicted on the Germans.

XIX TAC, expanded to nine Groups, swarmed over the Battle area like a ravaging nemesis. Pilots flew continually from dawn to dark. When their guns and rocket tubes emptied, they would dash back to the nearest field, reload, and roar out again. After dark, the Night Fighter (P-61) Squadron prowled the enemy's supply routes turning convoys into exploding pyres.

In the five-day period, XIX TAC's claims totaled 3,200 vehicles, 293 tanks and Armored vehicles, 57 guns, 42 locomotives, 1,800 railroad cars, 11 bridges, 5 ammunition dumps, 234 buildings, and 52 enemy planes destroyed or damaged, and 106 rail lines cut.

In addition to this tangible destruction, the Air's scourging played another vital role. It practically drove the enemy off the roads during daylight. By December 26, pilots reported very little vehicular traffic. The Germans were forced to do the bulk of their heavy movement at night, and as a result their build-up was appreciably impeded at this critical period.

XIX TAC's exuberant "Kraut killers" also gave vital direct support to ground units on a number of occasions.

Powerfully aided by this Air support, III Corps' advance regained momentum. By December 24, 4th Armored had hammered to the vicinity of Hollange, six miles south of Bastogne, and 26th Infantry Division to a point eight miles southeast of the town. At the same time, to the east, in XII Corps' zone, 5th Infantry Division recaptured Haller, six miles west of Echternach.

The Germans again reinforced around Bastogne.

A savage tug-of-war ensued, III Corps fighting desperately to relieve the city, the Germans to prevent this and to wipe out the defenders.

4th Armored's Combat Command B spearheaded the drive. The advance was slow and costly. Every foot gained in the heavily wooded, snow- and icebound terrain had to be secured against constant vicious counterattacks. 4th took terrible punishment. So did the doughboys of 26th and 80th Infantry Divisions, battering furiously at the enemy's main massed forces on the east perimeter of Bastogne. But the three indomitable divisions kept going forward step by step, dishing out as much as they got.

Those tense and uncertain hours were the grimmest in Lucky's history.

Throughout the momentous struggle, Patton fought it his way.

That included personally swarming all over the battle area. At all hours of the day and night, Patton tore over the roads in his open jeep, inspiring, prodding, railing and joking. In a weather-beaten field overcoat, with a .45 automatic hung on the outside and another tucked in his waist inside, he showed himself at every critical point. Laughing, swearing, wisecracking, giving Corps and division commanders hell and throwing rhymes at GIs, he dashed in and out of the lines, advanced OPs and CPs, battery positions, and assembly points.

On one day (December 24), he visited the CGs of III, VIII, and XII Corps, 4th, 6th, and 10th Armored, and 4th and 26th Infantry Divisions, and watched Combat Command A of 10th Armored capture Mostroff, north of Echternach. And late that night, when a road guard wished him Merry Christmas, Patton, looking up at a night fighter streaking overhead in the starlit sky, chuckled, "Thank you, son. A Very Merry Christmas to you. Noel, Noel, what a great night to give the Nazis hell."

Patton prayed frequently and earnestly. But while invoking the aid of the Lord, Patton personally checked on the execution of his orders.

At a planning conference, he suddenly turned to G-3 and snapped, "The CO of the Combat Team I ordered sent up isn't sitting on his dead end, is he? I want him in the lines."

G-3 replied that the CT was in movement, but he wasn't certain how far it had gone.

"Get hold of him," said Patton, "and tell him to get the hell on up there. I want every man to be fighting. There are to be no reserves. Everybody fights. Tell him I'm coming right out there to see what the hell is going on, and he'd better damned sure be fighting."

Then turning to the rest of the group, Patton continued with great intensity, "Everyone in this Army must understand that we are not fighting this battle in any half-assed manner. It's either root-hog, or die. Shoot the works. If those Hun bastards can do it that way, then so can we. If those sons-of-bitches want war to the raw, then that's the way we'll give it to them."

Two hours later, he was in an OP watching a spectacular Air drop that parachuted tons of urgently needed ammunition and medical supplies to the Bastogne defenders.

The Germans' reply to this was to intensify their attacks on Bastogne and advancing III Corps.

The battle reached a new pitch of fury. 4th Armored repelled five violent counterattacks, and 26th and 80th, six. The Bastogne defenders, under continuous heavy Artillery pounding, also were repeatedly assaulted. The Germans tried desperately to find a weak spot and on Christmas afternoon made their most savage effort.

A large force of Infantry and Panzers, estimated at division strength, struck at two points on the west and northwest. The fierce battle raged for hours. At one time a column of ten Tigers broke into the city in a sector held by the 502d Regiment and 3d Battalion of the 527th Regiment. Cooks, drivers, clerks, wounded, everyone who could fire a rifle or man a machine gun rushed into the breach.

For a flaming half-hour it was touch-and-go. One of 502d's medical units was captured and its personnel and wounded forced to march back under fire to German lines. The enemy charged repeatedly over heaps of his own dead and wounded. Finally the attack was broken off and the Germans withdrew.

They never knew how close they had come to overrunning the sector. Some of the companies were down to ten rounds of ammunition per man.

Christmas was a day of violent battle and heavy losses throughout Lucky's lines.

In the Saarlautern area, enemy activity flared up with several strong attacks supported by intense Artillery fire. In VIII Corps' sector, powerful Panzer columns, pressing the drive on the Meuse, reached the vicinity of St. Hubert, Rochefort, and Hotton. But in III and XII Corps' zones, the tide slowly but definitely was turning against the enemy.

Waldbillig and Befort, west of Echternach, were captured by 5th Infantry and 10th Armored Divisions. And 4th Armored, powerfully bulwarked by 26th and 80th Infantry Divisions, slugged to within range of Bastogne.

The next morning, with the skies still clear and XIX TAC fighters swarming over enemy lines, 4th Armored continued to batter forward. Three enemy attacks were made against Bastogne, but they were quickly repelled.

At 1645 Combat Command B broke the siege of Bastogne.

In a small woods south of the town an Armored Infantry platoon, commanded by Lieutenant Charles Bogges, Jr., of Greenville, Illinois, made contact with outpost foxholes of the 226th Airborne Engineers, fighting as doughboys. An intense Artillery concentration on Assenois, two miles south of Bastogne, cleared the way for the juncture.

A little while later 2d Battalion of 318 Infantry Regiment of 80th Division contacted other 101st outposts nearby.

The first message the cocky CG of 101st sent to Patton after the siege was lifted was "Losses light. Morale high. Awaiting orders to continue the counteroffensive."

By dark, Combat Command R of 4th Armored had hacked out a 300-yard corridor into Bastogne. It was a glorious victory. But also a perilously tenuous foothold.

G-2 reported additional German reinforcements en route to the sector. Also, the miraculous weather break was nearing an end —a fact known to the enemy. It was apparent he would redouble his efforts to wipe out the Bastogne wedge.

It was imperative for him to do so. As long as the wedge existed, it was a dagger in his flank and a strangling barrier athwart his lines of supply. The Germans had not planned to make their main effort at Bastogne. The Meuse, with secure supply lines behind them, was where they wanted to fight. But they had no alternative.

Lucky forced them to fight at Bastogne.

While the Germans hurriedly regrouped and reinforced to resume the assault, they interdicted the narrow corridor with murderous Artillery fire and repeated violent counterattacks. During the night December 26-27, two heavy attacks were made against the corridor from the West in VIII Corps' zone.

Ammunition, medical, and other supplies were urgently needed in Bastogne. Convoys were ready to truck them in. But movement over the corridor meant running a deadly gauntlet. Patton canceled the convoys.

"We have a corridor," he said, "but it's under fire. I'm taking no chances on losing men and supplies that way. There's a big difference between wading in and slugging the enemy and letting him sit off and potshot you. The Germans expect us to try to send in convoys tonight, and they'll be laying for them with everything they've got. We're not going to play into their hands that way. Tomorrow, when the corridor has been widened and reinforced, we'll start trucking. Until then we'll continue to supply by Air. It's a lot better to be sure than sorry."

The enemy also was building up on his side of the line. That day two more German divisions were identified on the east and west perimeters of the wedge.

One of the divisions was 3 Para, "destroyed" in Brittany and reconstituted with young, tough, and excellently equipped troops. Their lightweight, warm, camouflaged parkas were particularly prized by GIs, who still were without any.

The siege of Bastogne was over, and the battle of Bastogne was about to begin.

It didn't take the Germans long to regroup.

December 28 the weather closed in tight again with a knifing snowstorm. That day the enemy resumed the assault against Bastogne with increased violence.

He now had nine (four Panzer, four Infantry, one Para) divisions massed around the tiny wedge. Further, G-2 reported still other divisions in movement from the inactive northern and western shoulders of the Bulge.

The battle of Bastogne lasted from December 28 to January 8.

The tide turned in the savage tug-of-war on January 7. That day a significant change was noted in the composition of the German attacks.

They still were strong, numerous, and heavily supported by Artillery. But they were practically entirely Infantry actions. Very few Panzers were employed. The same thing occurred the next day.

Also, PW captured that day told of seeing tanks of some of the SS Panzers moving to the rear. Further, two Panzer divisions the Germans were known to have in immediate reserve had not been committed.

These indications pointed to one conclusion: The enemy was withdrawing the Panzers preparatory to quitting the Bulge.

It was a characteristic German tactic,

when abandoning a sector or position, first to pull out Armored and SS elements, leaving behind a screen of Infantry and miscellaneous units to defend and delay.

The Germans had failed at Bastogne. Their position was rapidly becoming untenable throughout the Bulge. While the weather and Montgomery's dalliance on the north flank still favored them, the Germans decided the time had come to write off the Ardennes gamble.

The long and murderous battle of Bastogne was over.

Three more weeks of hard and costly fighting were necessary to reclaim all the lost ground and drive the Germans back across their border into the Siegfried Line. But the die was cast in the Bulge.

On January 28, the last of the positions held by First Army at the time of the breakthrough was regained. The tragic and costly Battle of the Bulge was history.

The toll for First and Third Armies was 72,084 killed, wounded, and missing:

Killed	Wounded	Missing	Total
First Army:			
4,539	22,100	13,512	40,151
Third Army:			
3,413	20,650	7,870	31,933
7,952	42,750	21,382	72,084

Third Army's casualties were the largest of all its campaigns. In addition to troop casualties, it lost 336 tanks, 28 guns, and 1008 vehicles.

Enemy losses to Third Army were 23,218 PW, estimated 32,000 killed and 88,600 wounded; 543 tanks, 293 guns, and 1971 vehicles destroyed.

On January 29, replacements finally caught up with Third Army losses.

Saturday afternoon Patton met the press. They asked for his version of Third Army's operations in the Bulge.

"The purpose of our initial attack," he said, "can be stated very briefly. We hit the sons-of-bitches on the flank and stopped them cold. Now that may sound like George Patton is a great genius. Actually, he had damned little to do with it. All he did was to give the orders. It was the Staff of this Headquarters and the troops in the line that performed this matchless feat. And don't forget that it was a matchless feat.

"When you think of what they did, you will realize that it was one of the greatest exploits in all military history. It was executed under the most difficult and trying conditions and against tremendous odds. And, also, without any help from anyone. Don't forget that, either. Third Army licked the Hun and broke the back of his offensive singlehanded."

[*The Third Army rallied from the Battle of the Bulge, and remained in the thick of the European struggle until the end. Col. Allen describes the mopping up:*]

Kaput

Seven more weeks of blood and death were required to end the war in the ETO.

There was no rhyme or reason for it. Militarily and industrially Germany was kaput. In the East and West the Russians and Allies were irresistibly closing in for the kill.

On the Eastern Front, the German line was crumpling from the Baltic to the Adriatic. Pomerania was overrun, the great industrial center of Silesia was in the grip of an envelopment, and Budapest was under fierce siege. The Germans had tried to halt the Russian advance in southeastern Europe with 6 SS Panzer Army. Pulled out of the Ardennes in January and hastily refitted, this notorious Army was rushed to Hungary in a final desperate effort to unhinge the Soviet's great southern offensive. Red and German Armor slugged it out murderously for several weeks. But after crippling losses, 6 SS Panzer Army withdrew and the Russians swept on.

On the Western Front, the Rhine had been breached; the Saar was a wrecked shambles in Third Army's hands; the Ruhr, the other last remaining major industrial center, was facing investment; and the Palatinate debacle had laid the whole of central and southern Germany wide open to speedy conquest. With Russian and Allied lines only 300 miles apart, interior Germany was on the verge of becoming a giant pocket in which annihilation or surrender were the only alternatives.

There was utterly no reason for continuance of the conflict. Except one thing.

The Nazi archcriminals couldn't quit, and the German masses didn't have the intelligence and courage to do so.

For the former there was only one way out—death: either by their own hands or by the Allies'. So with berserk ferocity they persisted in a hopeless war to annihilation. And the will-less, brutish masses, like oxen that respond only to the goad, submitted meekly to this final maniacal terror and agony.

The ghastly, tragic story was graphically summed up by a high-ranking PW.

He was Major General (Dr.) Karl Boehlen, former CG of 18 Infantry Division. A reserve officer and former Frankfurt utility lawyer, he had been relieved of his command after its destruction on the Eastern Front. Captured near Rothges, east of Frankfurt, he was interrogated by Patton in an effort to ascertain why the Germans were continuing the hopeless struggle.

Boehlen explained it with typical German candor—and incoherence.

"There are two reasons," he said. "The first is our soldierly duty. We Germans are soldiers and as long as our country is at war it is our duty as soldiers to fight. The other reason is Nazi terror. The Nazis are continuing the war because it is impossible for them to capitulate. They have to fight because they know that the only thing that awaits them is death at your hands.

"The Nazis hold Germany in the grip of a merciless terror. Those who refuse to fight are immediately destroyed. If they cannot be reached, then reprisals are wreaked on their families. The only reason I was able to surrender was that my family no longer can be hurt by the Nazis. My family now is safely in American hands.

"Germans will continue to fight until you have either destroyed all the Nazi terrorists or overrun all of Germany so they cannot hurt the families of our officers and soldiers. I see you look amazed. It may well appear bewildering to you. But that is the way it is in Germany today, and that is the pass to which we Germans have come."

The PW spoke truthfully. As he predicted German resistance continued until all of the Reich had been overrun.

Overall, this last phase of the war was a giant mop-up. The final extermination of a fearsome beast in the last gory paroxysms of death. But it was not simple nor cheap.

Fierce battles were fought. Thousands were killed, maimed and wounded. The Nazi horror was destroyed. But it cost blood up to the last moment.

Patton lost no time in putting Third Army into motion to do its share in reducing the remainder of Germany.

The morning after the capture of Kaiserslautern, he informed the planning group of his determination to stab across the Rhine and seize a bridgehead without delay.

Tens of thousands of armed Germans still were loose in the hills and forests of the Palatinate. Fierce fighting still was in progress in the southeastern corner, and the Armored spearheads had not yet sealed the escape crossings.

But those were minor details to Patton. The Palatinate was finished business to him. His eyes were fixed on the Frankfurt-Kassel corridor, straight into the heart of central Germany.

"We've got to get a bridgehead at once," he said. "Every day we save means saving hundreds of American lives. The enemy is in chaos on our front. But if we delay 72 hours, he will reorganize and we'll have to fight to push him out of our way. We must not give him that chance, regardless of what political machinations are going on up above. I don't give a good goddamn what they're planning. I don't propose to give the Hun the opportunity to recover from the killing we've just given him. We destroyed two armies in one week with a handful of losses to ourselves, and I don't propose to give the bastards the chance to reorganize on the east bank. I owe that to my men.

"We're going to make a crossing at once. I don't care how or where we get the necessary equipment, but it must be got. Steal it, beg it, or make it. But I want it and it had better be where we need it, when we need it. We're going to cross the Rhine and we're going to do it before I'm a day older."

That afternoon Bradley cleared the decks for him.

Bradley arrived, accompanied by Hodges. It was the latter's first visit to Lucky. Patton immediately took them to the War Room. The trio presented an interesting contrast.

Bradley, nearly as tall as Patton, strongly but sparely built, kindly faced, his iron-grey hair slightly tousled as usual, and wearing a neat issue battle jacket and combat shoes. No brass buttons or any other shiny ornamentation.

Hodges, slightly shorter, with a longish, scholarly face, similarly simply and neatly uniformed. The only marked difference was the poor fit of his trousers in the rear, the seat bagging down like a sack.

Patton, a towering statue of gleaming magnificence. Sixteen stars on his shirt collar and shoulders. His tailor-made, form-fitting battle jacket surmounted by glistening brass buttons and high-polished leather waist belt with a large, embossed, brass buckle. Below the waist, skin-tight whipcord riding breeches and two-buckled cavalry boots that came up to his calves, leaving the rest of his long lower legs uncovered. The unique combination was his own original conception.

Bradley and Hodges indicated deep concern over the Montgomery situation. He still was sitting, making vast preparations for a Rhine crossing. They expressed fear that SHAEF would commandeer some more Twelfth Army Group divisions to reinforce him.

"That's simple," said Patton. "I'll cross down here, and once the divisions are committed, they can't take them."

Standing before the big War Map, Bradley studied it silently for a few moments. Then he nodded his head reflectively.

"Ike has to make the main effort in the north," he said. "That's the decision, and he has no choice in the matter.* We may not like it, but that's what will have to be done. But we've got to act quickly to avoid losing some more divisions to Montgomery.

"The problem is whether to attempt a breakout of the Remagen bridgehead first, or an assault crossing of the Rhine. That raises the question, does Third Army have the necessary equipment for such an assault?"

"Yes, sir," broke in Patton. "We have the equipment and we can get it up in time without any trouble."

"Where would you make the crossing? Around Koblenz or in the Mainz-Worms area?"

"Initially, in the latter," Patton said. "Logically, it's much sounder and the terrain is better. By crossing down there we have a straight open corridor to Kassel. Once we're over there, then I plan to establish another bridgehead in the Koblenz area."

"I told Ike," Bradley said, "that First Army can break out of the Remagen bridgehead and extend south without trouble at any time. I'm inclined to think they should do that after you get across. That will keep the Germans from reinforcing against them and help them get started. I'm afraid that if Courtney jumps off first, he will run into the full weight of the Germans. If you cross first, that will tend to pull some of them down to your area and split them up. How do you feel about that, Courtney?"

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*Bradley did not indicate who had made the decision. But all present took it for granted it was the Combined Chiefs of Staff.

"I would like to jump off several days after George."

"My thought is," Bradley said, "that you will come down toward Limburg [25 miles east of Koblenz] and by that time George can prove whether he can go on to Kassel."

"Oh, I don't have to prove that," smiled Patton. "We'll just go ahead and do it. There'll be nothing to it."

"All right," Bradley concluded, "then we'll leave it that way."

An hour later, Patton ordered the Rhine assault for the following night, March 22-23.

The site was Oppenheim, a small barge harbor halfway between Mainz and Worms. There were two reasons for the selection.

G-2 had reported that the Germans, anticipating an attempt to cross at Mainz, had reinforced there with two SS regiments. To deceive the enemy and hold them in place, a smoke screen and Artillery preparation were laid down there at the same time the troops jumped off at Oppenheim. The other reason was that the barge harbor provided both excellent access to the river and protection from observation from the east bank.

The three Lucky redoubtables of the Palatinate breakthrough were chosen for the historic assault: 4th Armored and 5th and 90th Infantry Divisions, with 5th making the assault crossing.

In the midst of the final preparations a novel airborne plan was proposed by Brigadier General "Molly" Williams, Patton's Artillery chief. Patton enthusiastically approved the project.

It called for using Artillery observation planes to transport reinforcements to the bridgehead after it was established. A test showed that 90 Cubs could lift an Infantry battalion across the river in about three hours. Ninety L-4s were quickly assembled near Oppenheim and XIX TAC assigned a fighter squadron to provide top cover.

Third Army was set to make the first assault crossing of the Rhine in modern times.

5th's assault was a spectacular success.

It was the intrepid Division's 23rd major river-crossing and the easiest.

The attack was made without an Artillery or Air preparation. Also, there were no Naval craft, no paratroops, and no fanfare.

Jumping off at 2230 in tiny assault boats, the doughboys caught the enemy completely by surprise. The first waves did not encounter even small-arms fire, and a number of Germans were captured asleep in near-by houses. By daybreak, six battalions and some amphibious tanks of the 748th Tank Battalion were over and advancing rapidly inland against scattered resistance.

Total cost of the historic feat was eight killed and 20 wounded.

The quickly won bridgehead eliminated the need of the L-plane reinforcement plan. So it was scrubbed, and all efforts concentrated on full-scale exploitation of the initial success. It proceeded at racing tempo.

There was no consolidating or regrouping. The objective was Kassel, 120 miles northeast, and the troops headed for it without pause. The build-up for the drive was piecemeal. Forward elements kept advancing, and others were rushed through the bridgehead to reinforce them on the march.

The amazing speed of the build-up is strikingly illustrated by this record:

By noon of the 23rd, all of 5th Division had crossed, 90th Division was preparing to cross, and 4th Armored was moving up to cross as soon as the treadway bridge was in. It was completed by 1600, despite long-range German shelling and a violent Luftwaffe attack. One hundred and fifty-four planes raided the bridgehead, but without effect. Antiaircraft Artillery knocked down 18 and claimed 15 more probables. By nightfall the bridgehead had been expanded to six miles in depth and seven in width.

Early the following morning, 4th Armored passed through 5th and 90th and plunged inland on Aschaffenburg, 35 miles to the east on the Main River. Aschaffenburg, Fulda and Hersfeld, due north on the Fulda River, are the eastern anchors of the Frankfurt-Kassel corridor. That day also, advanced elements of 90th Division reached the outskirts of Darmstadt. And 26th Infantry and 6th Armored* Divisions crossed into the bridgehead and joined the exploding drive.

That day one Lucky division, attacking alone, secured a bridgehead ten miles south of Koblenz.

Crossing in assault boats at Boppard, 87th Infantry Division forced the Rhine Gorge and by nightfall had a firm one-mile bridgehead. 87th's attack was supported by the fire of eight Artillery battalions; four of its own and the four of 76th Infantry Division.

And early the next morning, still another bridgehead was seized by 89th Infantry Division at St. Goar, eight miles south of Boppard. St. Goar is where the legendary Lorelei crooned her fatal love song to Rhine mariners. The lethal warbling this day was provided by the sharp-shooting Artillery of 76th Division, giving murderous fire support to 89th.

The Boppard-St. Goar crossings, to effect the planned contact with First Army at Limburg, also established a historical milestone. The Rhine Gorge never before had been assaulted, and it was a hoary military theory that the exploit was impossible. But the two Lucky divisions did it with the Artillery support of a third. There were no Air preparation, no paratroops, and no Navy.

Meanwhile, XII Corps' five triphammers were plunging through the Frankfurt corridor in a succession of lightning sweeps.

90th Division seized Darmstadt and then shifted northeast on Frankfurt; 26th Division, after a sharp fight, captured Aschaffenburg; 4th Armored, racing past the city, established two six-mile bridgeheads over the Main to the east. And 6th Armored and 5th Divisions were closing in on Frankfurt on the north and south. By nightfall, March 26, the once-great industrial center was firmly ringed: 90th Division was on the east; 6th Armored had captured a damaged railroad bridge on the south; and 5th Division doughboys had forced the Main on the north and were fighting in the outskirts.

The situation in Lucky's zone now presented an extraordinary picture. Third Army was simultaneously waging slashing war of movement in three different directions.

West of the Rhine, in the Palatinate, an area twice the size of the Ardennes Bulge, the trapped remnants of some 20 German divisions were being mopped up. On this day, Lucky recorded the 350,000th PW to enter its cages. At the same time, east of the river, two prongs were pile-driving toward the heart of Germany. One, from Oppenheim, with Kassel as its objective. The other, from Boppard-St. Goar, on Limburg.

That day, First Army smashed out of the Remagen bridgehead and catapulted two Armored pistons south and northeast: the second toward Giessen, 35 miles north of Frankfurt; the first on Limburg.

That day also, a large bundle arrived at Lucky from the Engineer Section of ETOUSA (European Theater of Operations, U. S. Army), a Staff under Eisenhower's command. The packages contained copies of an elaborate, multicolored, graphic study of desirable Rhine crossing sites.

March 27, it was the same kaleidoscopic story in the battle area.

76th, 87th and 89th Divisions cracked out of their bridgeheads and drove east on Limburg. 26th Division seized Hanau, 15 miles north of Aschaffenburg, later taken over by 45th Division of Seventh Army in an adjustment of Army boundaries. 4th Armored lunged 20 miles northeast of Frankfurt. And 5th Division cleared half of Frankfurt against stubborn resistance by a crazy-quilt assortment of miscellaneous units under SS control. Among the PW captured were firemen, police, air wardens, Hitler *Jugend*, and women. The enemy had very little Artillery, but fought fiercely with small arms and automatic weapons.

That night, XX Corps hurtled into the raging offensive.

The Corps had been deep in the Palatinate mopping up thousands of PW. It joined the advance with 65th, 80th, and 94th Infantry and 11th Armored Divisions. The hard-fighting, veteran 80th made a double night-assault crossing. It speared over both the Rhine and Main in the vicinity of Mainz and then, without pausing, outflanked Wiesbaden, six miles north of Mainz. 80th's crossing was the last of Third Army's four assault crossings of the Rhine.

Wiesbaden was seized by 80th the next day. That day also, First Army's famed 9th Armored bolted southward 25 miles from Limburg and made contact with 80th. This juncture snapped the jaws shut on a large pocket that netted over 8000 PW, plus many dead and wounded.

March 28 also was a record day for XIX TAC and Lucky. The fighter-bombers, flying close support of the ground troops, destroyed or damaged 1527 motor vehicles. And over 27,000 PW were counted through the cages.

Pockets such as the Limburg-Wiesbaden trap became an everyday occurrence in the final weeks of the war.

The Armored spearheads, thrusting irresistibly in all directions like giant mailed tentacles, created pockets in their rear varying in size from a few square miles to thousands. Hundreds of thousands of enemy were enveloped in this manner and had to be mopped up, often by hard fighting.

The troops called these areas "Indian territory." The name was very appropriate.

Until reduced, the pockets were as deadly as armed grenades. Particularly for lone vehicles and small convoys. Many were shot up and numerous casualties were sustained. One instance was the attack on an Evacuation Hospital northeast of Frankfurt.

The Hospital was moving to a new location. In a wooded area it was suddenly fired on, although all its vehicles were plainly marked. The commanding officer and a number of others were killed and wounded. The remainder, including nurses, were then taken prisoners. After holding them overnight, the Germans decamped with the unit's trucks, medical equipment and supplies.

Perpetrators of the attack were elements of a *Kampfgruppe* of 6 SS Mountain Division. The *Kampfgruppe* was all that was left of 18,000 troops originally brought from Norway.

A regiment each of 5th and 71st Infantry Division was sent out to round up the marauders. They did, in short order. Over 700 were captured and nearly as many killed.

It was during this period that the troops also evolved their own original contribution to German *Kultur*.

It was called "The Third Army German War Memorial Program."

Purpose of the project was twofold: to bring the war home directly to as many Krauts as possible, and to enable future Kraut generations to trace readily the course of Third Army's triumphant sweep through Germany.

The memorials were very simple. They consisted of plastering every village and town in a zone of advance with several or more, as the occasion required, well-placed salvos. In addition to their long-range cultural mission, the memorials also had a very salutary immediate effect. It was found they appreciably expedited surrenders and discouraged sniping.

The troops also managed to find time, despite being constantly on the move and very busy, to maintain high repute and skill as "liberators." Particularly of small arms, ceremonial daggers, cameras, and radios.

As March drew to a close, Third Army was deep in central Germany, driving to completion the first of its last three great, far-ranging campaigns. These were:

Conquest of Kassel and the Fulda and Werra river lines, followed by the reduction of

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*Returned to Third Army in a swap for 10th Armored Division, deep in Seventh Army's zone in the southeastern portion of the Palatinate.

Muhlhausen, Gotha and Suhl;

Pursuit of the enemy through the Eisenach-Gera corridor (Thuringian Gap) between the Erz Gebirge and the Thuringian Forest;

Crossings of the Danube, Isar, and Inn rivers, and penetration of Czechoslovakia and Austria (the National Redoubt). This last campaign involved another 90-degree shift in axis of attack, comparable to the turn Third Army executed in December when it wheeled its striking power against the German offensive in the Ardennes.

During these three mighty operations, Third Army advanced more than 500 miles, conquered over 16,500 square miles of enemy territory, and captured over 800,000 PW.

Meanwhile, in the north, Montgomery and Ninth Army had penetrated the northwestern section of the Ruhr and crossed the Dutch border on a wide front. In the center, First Army was driving east on Giessen. In the south, Seventh Army's 10th and 12th Armored Divisions were 30 miles east of Manheim; and the First French Army was advancing northeast toward Heidelberg.

Frankfurt fell on March 29, 5th Division wiping out the last nests of resistance near the vast structure housing the main offices of I. G. Farbenindustrie. This building, as huge and distinctive as the Pentagon in Washington, was a startling surprise to the troops. Although Frankfurt was more than 60 per cent destroyed by many months of heavy aerial bombardment, the "home" of the world-wide cartel empire and core of the Nazi conquest machine was untouched. The reason for the amazing peculiarity was never revealed. Subsequently, Lucky used the giant establishment as a refugee center, housing over 30,000 there.

On March 29, the rocketing Armored-Infantry teams again exploded in all directions.

6th Armored, followed by 65th and 80th Infantry Division, stormed 45 miles northeast to the vicinity of Kassel. This thrust completed the longest and speediest of all Third Army's memorable breakthroughs—6th slashing over 100 miles in less than three days. 4th Armored, followed by 90th Division, pounded 25 miles east to the outskirts of Hersfeld. And 11th Armored, followed by 26th Infantry Division, smashed 35 miles southeast to Fulda.

Third Army now had three powerful sledgehammers imbedded squarely in the heart of central Germany and in position to assault the line of the Fulda-Werra rivers athwart the historic Eisenach-Gera corridor (Thuringian Gap) into eastern Germany.

The express-speed breakthroughs of the final campaigns made epic military history. They will go down in the annals as prodigious feats of daring, endurance, skill, and leadership. But they were made possible only because of an equally extraordinary system of Air supply.

Without this unique system it would have been impossible for the racing columns to have scored their great victories. For troops without supplies, no matter how valorous and competent, cannot move or fight. Had the Air supply system not existed, the destruction of Nazi Germany would have taken a lot longer and cost a great deal more.

The Air Transport Command's field supply system made it possible to end the war in the ETO in the Spring of 1945.

The unfailingly effective work of this system is one of the little-known epics of the war. First used during Third Army's hurtling sweep across France, the system came to full fruition in the hectic days of the great drives that finally smashed the Nazi Reich.

Hundreds of ATC C-47s kept the thundering spearheads constantly gassed, ammunitioned, and rationed.

Flying singly and unescorted, usually at tree-top level, to avoid being bounced by enemy raiders, the "flying boxcars" laid down capacity loads on improvised landing strips at advanced points. The day after 4th Armored erupted out of the Oppenheim bridgehead, ATC carriers began delivering essential supplies to advanced elements. On March 29, on what were little more than cow pastures, C-47s unloaded 435,000 gallons of gas. Three days later 526,000 gallons of gas and 150,000 rations were delivered to a number of farflung units.

So it went throughout those last eventful weeks. The "flying boxcars" never failing, always getting through with supplies on time and at the right place. And on return trips carrying wounded and ailing Allied PW back to succor and freedom. The first French PW repatriated by Air were flown from Lucky's zone on April 11, when 625 were lifted to Paris. Over 30,000 liberated prisoners were evacuated by Lucky in this manner. Between May 1 and 8 the number totaled 19,191.

The line troops spoke as fondly of the "flying boxcars" as of the 2½-ton truck. To the fighting men they were the great burden carriers of the war and played a key role in winning it. The Germans had nothing comparable to either. Patton warmly acclaimed them as "our secret weapons."

"The C-47 and the 2½-ton truck," he said, "did more to win this war than any other equipment we had. Third Army could not have executed its history-making sweeps and won its great victories without that plane and truck. They kept us rolling on the advance and carried our wounded to the rear. When they start erecting monuments for this war, the 2½-ton truck and the C-47 must not be forgotten. They deserve everlasting fame."

April opened with no indication of any weakening in Nazi determination to fight to the death.

The distance between the Eastern and Western Fronts now was less than 200 miles. Third Army, farthest advanced of the Allies, was 190 miles from Russian lines. The German situation was utterly hopeless. But the Germans still kept on fighting; resisting fiercely, particularly at critical points and favorable terrain features.

Third Army's strength was 315,336. Its zone extended 210 air miles, from Luxembourg to Kassel.

Lucky's three wheel-spoke prongs encountered hard fighting at Fulda, Hersfeld and Kassel. The anchor cities were strongly held and determinedly defended. Particularly Kassel, where 65 Panzers and assault guns and numerous mine fields, road blocks, and blown bridges impeded advance.

Combat Command B of 4th Armored and 359th Regiment of 90th cleared Hersfeld after a two-day battle. At the same time, CC-A stabbed 25 miles northeast and seized a bridgehead across the Werra ten miles north of Eisenach. Fulda required three days to reduce, 26th Division clearing it April 2. Meanwhile, 11th Armored, slashing eastward, captured an intact bridge over the Werra and raced 15 miles to the north of Suhl.

At Kassel the fighting was violent and costly. In three days 80th Division advanced only three miles, despite exceptionally heroic attacks. The indomitable Division was assigned the mission of capturing this crucial point while 6th Armored, teamed with 65th, continued thrusting eastward. They also crossed the Werra and gained 20 miles toward Mühlhausen 25 miles north of Eisenach.

The Germans' necessity to hold Kassel was extreme. It was the focal point of two desperate crises: on the east, Third Army's penetration of the Fulda-Werra lines and threat to the Eisenach-Gera corridor; on the west a cataclysmic encirclement of the Ruhr.

This prodigious exploit was accomplished by two famed Armored Divisions: 2d, operating under Ninth Army, and 3d, under First Army. Breaking loose at Giessen, as 6th Armored neared Kassel, 3d catapulted to Paderborn, 40 miles northwest of Kassel and a key communication center into the Ruhr. The following day, 2d Armored crashed out of Ninth's area and went on the rampage. Sweeping around the northern perimeter of Ruhr, 2d seized Hamm and then roared east to Paderborn, completing the envelopment of the great industrial region.

Army Group B, commanded by Model* and comprising 18 Divisions in 5 Panzer Army and 15 Army, was trapped in the giant pocket.

The Panzer and Para units (9 Panzer, 116 Panzer, 130 Panzer, 3 Panzer Grenadier, 2 Para, and 3 Para Divisions), among the finest in the German Army, strove desperately to claw open an escape corridor. They attacked repeatedly in strength on Paderborn and Kassel; U. S. forces battled as furiously to hold the former and capture the latter. On one day they repulsed 13 attacks.

Meanwhile, as these great battles raged fiercely in their rear, Lucky's spearheads continued pounding at the Eisenach-Gera corridor.

Along the main highway of this long, narrow east-west gap between the Erz Gebirge on the north and the Thuringian Forest on the south, are strung a number of history-cloaked cities—Eisenach, Gotha, Erfurt, Weimar, Jena, Gera. Thirty miles north of the latter are Leipzig and Halle; 60 miles east, Dresden; 40 miles south, Plauen. Eighteen miles east of Plauen lies the northwestern tip of the Czechoslovakian border.

The enemy reinforced hastily along the Werra with hodgepodge elements in a frantic effort to hold this line. For several days the Armored-Infantry battering rams were kept busy repelling numerous violent attacks on the ground and in the air.

But, by April 3, Combat Command A of 11th Armored had cleared Suhl; 89th Division was fighting in Eisenach; 4th Armored was fiercely engaged at Gotha; 6th Armored was battering at the outskirts of Mühlhausen, and 80th had slugged into the heart of Kassel. The next day, they swept the slate clean.

80th completed clearing Kassel; 89th captured Eisenach; 6th Armored seized Mühlhausen. And 4th Armored took Gotha and then stabbed 15 miles south and grabbed Ohrdruf.

Lucky now had a firm 50-mile north-south (Mühlhausen-Gotha-Suhl) line athwart the center of the corridor. Eastern Germany laid wide open before it.

The mop-up of the hilly Meiningen-Gotha-Eisenach sector produced some startling war trophies.

At Ohrdruf, 4th Armored liberated the first of the grisly Nazi horror camps and uncovered a number of astounding subterranean installations. And in the little town of Merkers, 90th Division discovered the German gold reserve.

It was found in a chemical-salt mine of tremendous proportions. The main shaft descended over 2000 feet and there were more than 200 miles of tunnels. Some were 30 feet in height and width.

The reserve consisted of 4500 gold bricks weighing 25 pounds each. In addition there was a great quantity of United States, British, and French currency. Also over 30 suitcases filled with jewelry, watch and cigarette cases, gold fillings, silverware, and bracelets. No gems of any kind were found.

The grisly horror camp and a vast, indescribably nauseous open-pit crematorium were on the outskirts of Ohrdruf.

The main architectural feature of this little Thuringian city is an imposing stone *Schloss* built before the war by a local baron. Surrounded by handsome landscaped grounds, the massive edifice was lavishly furnished and equipped with modern facilities, including tiled bathrooms, flush toilets, and an elevator. The baron was a large "employer" of inmates of the horror camp who slaved in his chemical plant. The baron also was a leading dignitary of the local Nazi organization.

After the discovery of the fearsome camp, the commander of 4th Armored's CC-A which captured Ohrdruf, decided to add a new feature to "Third Army's German War Memorial Program." He ordered all Ohrdruf officials and their wives to attend a memorial service at the camp and the gruesome open-pit ghat. The service was conducted by a young German-speaking lieutenant of 4th Armored's G-2 Section. SHAEF later adopted his idea and issued an order that such services be held at all horror camps.

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*Model had been replaced as C-in-C West by Kesselring, another Nazi General, brought up from Italy.

The Krauts came; plump, well dressed, and scared. Among them was the District Military Surgeon. He was a Lieutenant Colonel, attired in a handsome uniform with high-polished dress boots. In excellent English, he protested the "indignity" he claimed was being inflicted upon him.

"We knew nothing about this," he whined. "This was strictly a Party Matter."

"You were the Military Surgeon of this District," said the CC-A CO.

"Yes."

"And you knew nothing about this?"

"It was not under my jurisdiction. I had nothing to do with it."

"Then, you son-of-a-bitch, you're going to have something to do with it right now. You're going to learn all about it. That's what this service is for. To show you bastards just what kind of unspeakable beasts you are. Every German has a share in the guilt of this foul crime. You can't plead that it wasn't under your jurisdiction; that you had nothing to do with it. It occurred right here in Germany and every German is guilty."

The large group was shown every part of the camp. They saw the so-called hospital, a long, stomach-turning shed with skeleton-emaciated dying. The open space between two rows of shacks where fourteen slave laborers lay dead on the ground in frozen pools of their own blood, each with a bullet in the back of his head. A lean-to piled to the roof with horribly-thin, naked corpses. And the huge open pit where thousands had been buried and where, apparently in a last-minute effort to destroy this "evidence," hundreds of skeletons and parts of bodies had been exhumed and burned on a number of great pyres. The stench here was even more reeling than in the "hospital."

The Germans looked and listened in tense silence.

That afternoon the burgermeister and his wife committed suicide in their home.

All 4th Armored troops also were taken through the camp. As other units came through the area, they too were shown the place. This practice was adopted by the other Armies.

The underground installations were amazing. They were literally subterranean towns.

There were four in and around Ohrdruf: one near the horror camp, one under the *Schloss*, and two west of the town. Others were reported in near-by villages. None were natural caverns or mines. All were man-made military installations. The horror camp had provided the labor. An interesting feature of the construction was the absence of any spoil. It had been carefully scattered in hills miles away.

Over 50 feet underground, the installations consisted of two and three stories several miles in length and extending like the spokes of a wheel. The entire hull structure was of massive, reinforced concrete. Purpose of the installations was to house the High Command after it was bombed out of Berlin. The Ohrdruf installations were to have been used by the Signal Communications Section. One, near the horror camp, was a huge telephone exchange with the latest and finest apparatus. Signal Corps experts estimated their cost at $10,000,000.

This place also had paneled and carpeted offices, scores of large work- and storerooms, tiled bathrooms with both tubs and showers, flush toilets, electrically equipped kitchens, decorated dining rooms and mess halls, giant refrigerators, extensive sleeping quarters, recreation rooms, separate bars for officers and enlisted personnel, a movie theatre, and air-conditioning and sewage systems.

Begun in 1944 the installations had been completed but never occupied. Third Army's advance through central Germany had blocked that.

Third Army was held in leash until April 11.

By then, the situation in the Ruhr pocket had begun to ease. The two trapped German Armies were spent from their desperate efforts to break out, and while savage fighting continued at many points for another week, the final mop-up was under way. Over 75,000 PW already had been coralled.

In giving Lucky the go signal, Group directed that Kassel be turned over to First Army for its advance northeast to make contact with the Russians on the Mulde river. Third Army was to resume advancing eastward and at the same time extend its southern flank to Bayreuth, 50 miles southwest of Plauen, to maintain contact with Seventh Army.

During the week it had been restrained, Third Army had not been entirely passive.

As Patton had warned, the moment the spearheads sat down, the Germans became truculent. Resistance stiffened all along the line and counterattacks began to crack at critical points.

On April 6, three counterattacks were thrown at 6th Armored northeast of Mühlhausen. The following day 89th Division ran into a stiff fight east of Eisenach. And during the next several days, 11th Armored and 26th and 90th Divisions had sharp encounters in their areas.

Patton's answer to this upsurge was to order the spearheads to resume rolling. Not so fast as to bring topside down on his head, but enough to keep the enemy moving and off balance.

As a result, 11th Armored elbowed to Neustadt, 30 miles southeast of Suhl; 4th Armored enveloped Erfurt on the east; while 6th Armored advanced 35 miles east of Mühlhausen. And the Infantry, mopping up close behind, drew up on line with the tanks.

Third Army's last campaign got under way at dawn April 21, on a line of contact 210 air miles in length.

It was a repetition of the previous weeks—resistance at some points, surrenders at others. However, there were two variations. The resistance was much weaker, while the surrenders steadily became larger.

On the first day, 8878 PW were captured. Next day, the number jumped to over 15,000. A few days later, Lucky cages were so clogged with PW that Com Z refused to accept any more and ordered them held until SHAEF decided on their final disposition.

On that day, Third Army losses were the smallest in its history; 3 killed, 37 wounded, 5 missing.

The ever-mounting deluge of PW produced two new strains; Russians and Hungarians.

The former were chiefly Ukrainians and Cossaks of the "Ost Legion," which Third Army first had encountered way back in Brittany. These elements had been pushed up from the Balkans where the Germans had employed them as occupational troops. 26th Division first ran into the Russians. They definitely did not want to fight "Americanski" any more than their comrades had in France. And just as emphatically, they did not want to fall into Soviet hands. The only thing the 5000 rounded up by 26th wanted was to surrender and as quickly as possible get some good U. S. chow.

The Hungarians, likewise, did not want to fight Americans. In fact they had reached a stage where they didn't want to fight anyone except, possibly, the Germans, against whom they were very bitter.

There were two divisions of Hungarians, plus a horde of camp followers, including numerous wives and children. As they had withdrawn into Austria before the advancing Russians, the Germans had started stripping them of vehicles, horses, bicycles, weapons, and other equipment. By the time the Hungarians neared Third Army lines, all, from generals to privates, were afoot. Not even the officers had side arms.

The Hungarians were very weary and very hungry and they, too, surrendered with alacrity and relief.

The remaining "Indian territory" was quickly overrun in those last days.

Amberg was seized by 71st Division; the Altmühl and Isar rivers bridged by 86th and 99th Infantry Divisions, Landshut was cleared by 14th Armored; the Danube, first reached by 3rd Cavalry Group in a 25-mile slash, was crossed the next day by 65th and 71st Infantry Divisions after they had captured the ancient city of Regensburg. On this day Patton appointed two German Jews to the Frankfurt Labor Board; the Regen river and city of Regen were overrun by 11th Armored; the Inn river crossed by 99th Division; Straubing and Plattling occupied by 13th Armored; Furth by 90th Division; Weiden by 16th Armored; Grafenau by 5th Division; Freising by 86th Division; and Passau and Linz, birthplace of Hitler and home of the great Skoda munitions works, were captured by 65th Division.

But while speedy, the mop-up was not without cost.

Offsetting the thousands of PW daily streaming into the cages were American killed and wounded in action. The number steadily declined, but the casualty chart still showed losses every day. It still was a killing war.

Patton, himself, had two hairbreadth escapes. One in the air and one on the ground.

The former occurred near Munich. He was in a Cub plane, returning from a Corps CP, when a fighter dove on him with guns blazing. Patton's pilot swooped for the ground. The attacker followed and made two other passes. On the third, he dove so low he was unable to pull out and crashed—much to Patton's gratification.

Patton was unharmed. Later it was ascertained that the attacker was a Polish RAF pilot who had mistaken Patton's plane for a Storch, German cub.

Relating the incident, Patton laughingly admitted he had been frightened.

"After the first pass," he said, "I decided I might as well take some pictures of my impending demise. There wasn't anything I could do, so I thought I might as well use the camera. But after it was all over, I found I had been so nervous I had forgotten to take the cover off the lens and all I got were blanks."

The ground incident occurred in a small town through which he was passing in his jeep. An oxcart suddenly came out of a side street and the shaft missed Patton's head by a few inches. His only comment was "God, what a fate that would have been! To have gone through all the war I've seen and been killed by an ox!"

In the final days not all the PW were enemy.

Deep in Bavaria, the hurtling units overran great German *Lager* and liberated thousands of Allied soldiers. At Moosburg, 30 miles north of Munich, over 30,000 were freed by elements of 14th Armored and 99th Divisions. Among them were survivors of the grim Schweinfurt-Regensburg raids in the Fall of 1943, when more than 60 bombers were lost. All of the sick prisoners were evacuated by C-47s equipped with litters and bucket seats for this purpose.

As the calendar rounded May, spring came to Bavaria and the days were balmy.

In between seizing critical points and mopping up, the troops shed combat jackets and other winter gear and took time out to bathe and police up. The Isar was as astonishingly green as reputed. But the "blue" Danube proved a myth. It was a big river, but dirty brown in color.

Another exploded myth was the National Redoubt.

For months, PW, captured documents, and other G-2 sources had indicated high-level Nazi plans to fortify the Alpine region into a last-stand stronghold. After Germany was overrun, Hitler, Goebbels, Himmler and others would retreat to the mountain fastness and, defended by elite SS, continue to wage military and propaganda war to the death. Great quantities of arms, munitions, food, and other supplies were reported stored in lofty caves and organized positions.

Elaborate studies and extensive plans were made to assault the region. Powerful elements of both Third and Seventh Armies drove into it. But they found very little of an organized character.

Some SS and partially completed emplacements were found. Also Goering, Himmler's wife and daughter in one village and a mistress and two children in another, and the families of a number of other Nazi demigods. But Goering had gone there himself to escape the wrath of Hitler, and the wives and children apparently had been sent for safety from Allied bombers.

Later captured documents confirmed the previous reports that a "Redoubt" had been planned. But the Palatinate disaster, followed by the speedy breaching of the Rhine and cataclysmic rupture of central Germany, had aborted the scheme. Himmler issued numerous orders for troops and supplies to be sent to the Tyrol, but they were not executed.

Peace came to Lucky at Regensburg, on the Danube, in the center of Third Army's 185-mile front, extending from Karlsbad, Czechoslovakia, to the Enns river, in the center of Austria.

There was no celebrating.

The Staff was too weary and there were too many pressing occupational problems requiring immediate action. To the east, between Russians and Third Army lines, hundreds of thousands of German troops and nationals were frantically trying to escape Soviet capture. In the South, bands of fanatical SS were lurking in the mountains, pillaging and resisting capture.

A mile from the CP flicked the lights of a giant PW cage. In a 200-acre area were packed over 70,000 Germans and Hungarians—lying, standing, sitting in the open, and the number increasing at the rate of 2000 an hour. The only building in the vast enclosure was a beat-up two-story shanty. It housed 46 German and Hungarian generals. The former on the lower floor, and latter on the upper. Each group kept hostilely to itself. And each complained bitterly to the guards about the other's "dirtiness."

The correspondents called on Patton for a last briefing. On the War Map the statistical charts showed: PW captured May 1-8, 362,698; Third Army battle losses, 109 killed, 671 wounded, 101 missing. Patton outlined the tactical situation and proudly pointed out that Third Army had maintained its fighting record to the last. It was the last Allied Army to continue on the offensive.

A reporter asked why Prague had not been occupied by Third Army. Reconnaissance elements of V Corps had reached the Czech capital. But it was the Soviet zone and the patrols had been recalled to Pilsen.

"I'll tell you why we didn't take Prague," said Patton.

Newsmen poised pencils for a hot story.

"We didn't take Prague," said Patton, "because we were ordered not to."

The reporters joined in the laugh.

Several days later Patton formally met the CG of the Russian Fourth Guards Army, occupying the zone opposite Third Army.

The meeting took place at XX Corps' CP in Linz. For the amenities, some refreshments were served. They consisted of PX peanuts, Spam, white bread and K-ration cheese, crackers, chewing gum, chocolate and cigarettes. Also bourbon whiskey, supplied by the Quartermaster. Patton distributed a number of Legion of Merit and Bronze Star decorations and then proposed a drink. The Red general assented enthusiastically.

A U. S. officer started measuring out the drinks in a jigger. Patton pushed him aside.

"That's not the way to pour a drink for a friend," he said. "Here, I'll show you."

With that he filled two water tumblers to the brim and handed one to his guest. He looked at it and then at Patton.

"Here's to you," Patton said and downed the drink without blinking an eye.

The Russian started downing his the same way. But he didn't get far. After one gulp, he began to choke and cough violently and had to desist. But he stuck to it gamely and finally finished the glass, after a number of swallows. Through an interpreter he admiringly told Patton, "That is very fine spirits, but very strong."

Next day the Russians invited Patton to visit them the following Monday. But on Saturday a message was received postponing the date for several days.

The reason quickly became apparent at the Russians' party. They had everything, including stars of the Moscow Ballet.

From Linz to the Russian headquarters, a distance of 25 miles, Patton and his party were driven through solid lines of magnificent Guards troops standing at rigid attention. At each road intersection a snappily attired Russian WAC greeted the visitors with a wide grin and a flourish of traffic-control flags. When the Americans dismounted, they were greeted by an Honor Guard of Heroes of the Soviet Republic, veterans who had won the highest Soviet decoration in battle. They staged a superb drill and paraded past Patton with the precision of the West Point Corps of Cadets. He was greatly impressed and enthusiastically complimented them on their appearance and skill.

The banquet was staged in a large and ornate hunting lodge that once had belonged to Emperor Franz Josef. It was sumptuously furnished and in perfect condition. Present for the occasion was Marshal Feodor I. Tolbukhin, CG of the Soviet Southern Armies. He decorated Patton and his officers.

This was a somewhat painful experience. Russians don't wear ribbons. Their decorations carry monetary and other awards, such as free streetcar and railroad travel, and they wear the medal itself. And they don't pin it on. They rivet it on.

That's what happened to the Patton party. A Red aide, wielding a knife, slashed a hole through the right flap of their battle jackets and riveted the large hammer-and-sickle decorations in place. They looked handsome, but it was rough on uniforms.

In the great banquet halls, the visitors found a sumptuous feast.

Long tables filled with the choicest foods, wines, and liquors. Whole suckling pigs, two five-foot beluga fish, fowl, fine cheeses, numerous Russian delicacies, large ice-packed bowls of pea-size caviar, and decanters of vodka. All flown especially from Moscow.

After the lavish repast, there was a two-hour show by ballet dancers, singers, musicians, jugglers, and acrobats. Also all brought by Air for the party.

The Guards General returned Patton's hospitality by handing him a tumbler filled with vodka. But if the Red expected Patton to falter, he was disappointed. Patton swallowed the drink as smoothly and easily as he had the bourbon and put the glass down bottoms up the same instant the Russian did. He beamed approvingly, whereupon Patton promptly proposed another drink and they downed it the same way.

In the midst of the gay festivities, Patton suddenly noticed a woman in a U. S. uniform. He asked an aide who she was.

"That's Doris Duke, the tobacco heiress who married Jimmy Cromwell."

"What the hell's she doing here?"

"She's over here for some news agency [Hearst's International News Service] and is attached to Seventh Army. Apparently, she crashed the party. The Russians say they didn't invite her."

Patton conveyed this information to his host. He rose to the occasion.

Summoning Miss Duke to his table, the Russian decorated her with a hammer-and-sickle medal. Then, filling a tumbler with vodka, he beamingly proposed a toast—

"To American womanhood."

The Last Briefing

Lucky's last operational briefing took place early May 9.

It was held in an improvised War Room on the second floor of a bomb-battered *Kaserne* on the outskirts of blasted Regensburg, medieval Bavarian capital that in February, 1944, was the scene of one of Eighth Air Force's greatest battles.

The day was bright and mellow. A perfect Spring day. Around the CP several hundred PW were clearing debris and rubble. From the War Room could be seen the elevated machine-gun platforms guarding the huge PW enclosure a mile away, and the dust of long truck columns carting in more thousands.

The Staff assembled, serious and thoughtful. There was no jesting or gaiety.

Patton came in trim and brisk and nodded his usual "Good morning." With him was Willie, whom he slapped on the rump and pointed to the floor. Willie eyed Patton for a moment, then lay down obediently. The briefing began immediately.

The briefing followed the regular routine and, as usual, was smart and thorough. A PRO officer concluded the briefing with a summary of the previous day's world news.

When the PRO finished, the Chief of Staff started to rise. Patton restrained him by putting his hand on the Chief's knee. Everyone in the room tensed. Patton sat quietly for a few moments, then walked to the War Map and faced the Staff.

He stood there tall, straight as an arrow, in his tight-fitting, tailored battle jacket with gleaming brass buttons and 16 silver stars, eight each on his shoulders and shirt collar, knife-creased trousers, and high-polished battle boots. Around his waist was the hand-tooled leather belt with ornate brass buckle and an open holster with a .38-caliber automatic, its black plastic butt inlaid on each side with three white stars.

Patton stood silent for several minutes, looking intently at the Staff. It looked solemnly at him. The veterans of Africa and Sicily, of France, the Bulge, and Germany. A matchless team of great courage, great skill, great endurance, and great loyalty.

Gay, Weyland, Williams, Muller, Maddox, Koch, Hammond, Cummings, Harkins, Perry, Forde, Wallington, Bratton, Cheever, Kelley, Odom, Busch, Wood, Haswell, Murray, Pfann, Codman, Schmuck, Eklund, Huot, Borders, Wright, Goodwin, Shellcross, Beldon, Martin, O'Neill, Foley, Kennedy, Flint, Edwards, Franklin, Cheadle, Benson, Kritser, Law, Miller, Clark.

A mighty host, without peer in any army. They sat looking at Patton and he looked at them. Then, in his slightly squeaky voice, he said quietly:

"This will be our last operational briefing in Europe. I hope and pray that it will be our privilege to resume these briefings in another Theater that still is unfinished business in this war. I know you are as eager to go there as I am. But you know the situation. However, one thing I can promise you. If I go, you will go.

"I say that because the unsurpassed record of this Headquarters is your work. It has been a magnificent and historic job from start to finish. You made history in a manner that is a glory to you and to our country. There probably is no Army commander who did less work than I did. You did it all, and the imperishable record of Third Army is due largely to your unstinting and outstanding efforts. I thank you from the depths of my heart for all you have done."

That was all. He again stood silent for a few minutes looking at the Staff, and they at him. Then he nodded to the Chief of Staff, and snapped his fingers at Willie, and started for the door at the end of the long room. As the Staff started to its feet, Patton said, "Keep your seats." The Chief of Staff began the day's announcements by stating that starting the following day Lucky would discard the steel helmet and wear only the fiber liner.

From the doorway Patton broke in, "And make damn sure those liners are painted and smart-looking. I don't want any sloppy headgear around here."

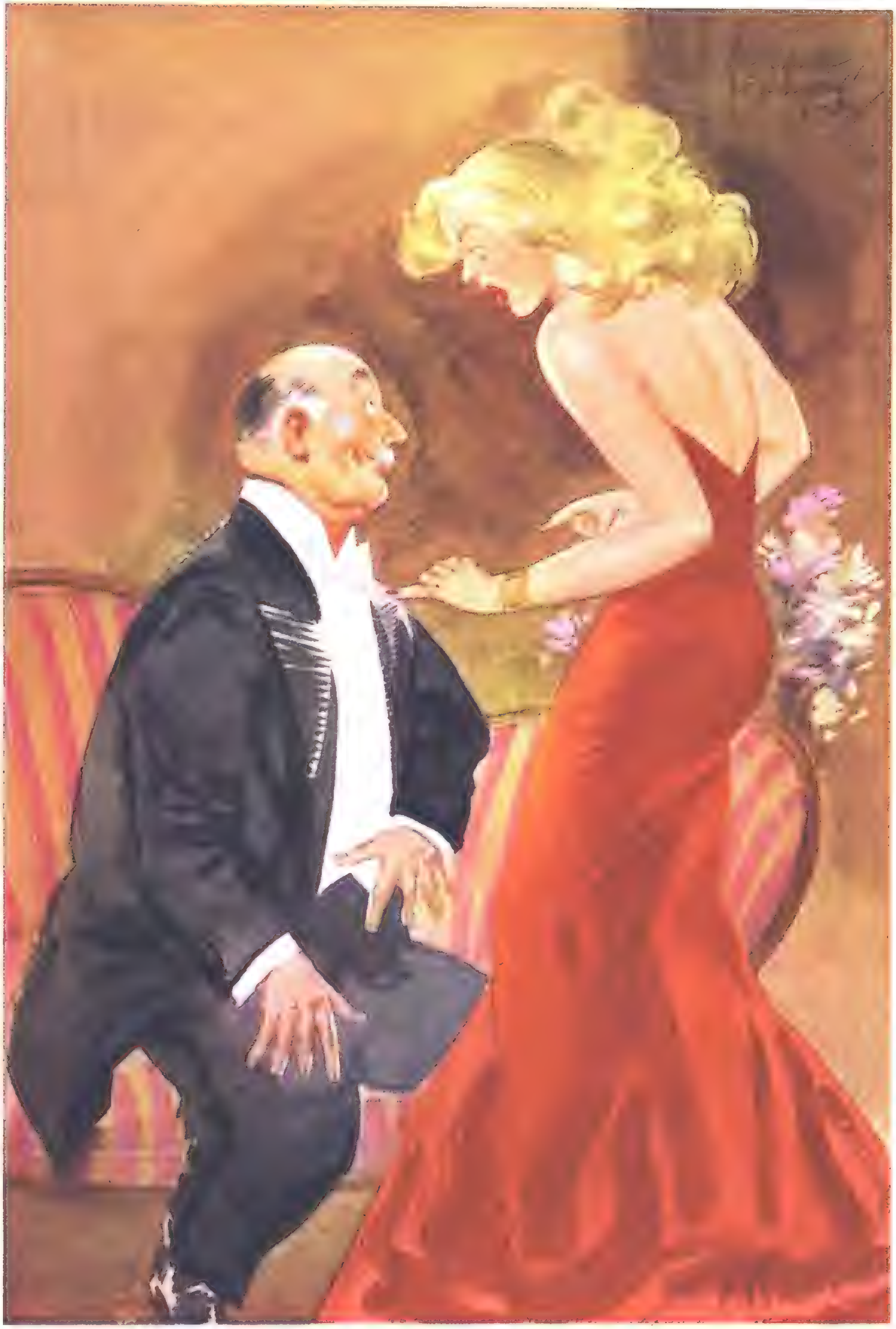
Everyone smiled. That was "Georgie."

As he left the room, he remarked to the aide by his side, "The best end for an old campaigner is a bullet at the last minute of the last battle."

Eight months later to the day, Patton was fatally injured. #

Dryad

by Claude Jacoby



"One more crack like that, Senator—and I won't vote for you!"

For Whom the Belle Dresses

When a man looks into the matter of who gives the orders that start women tripping over hemlines, he can't help thinking females are as dumb as they look

An Article by

HERB GRAFFIS

WOMEN do not dress for men. That is, dress any more than is necessary to heed elemental conventions established after expulsion from Eden's mild climate.

Women dress to knock each other glassy-eyed and babbling. For what men think about their clothes women do not give *un peu damn.* (One must always get a French phrase into a women's fashion article.)

Notwithstanding the conspicuous truth there continues a hollow tradition of men's approval or disapproval determining the reception of women's fashions. It is an unlikely tale women have planted to make the male think he has something to do with a woman's choice of clothes, hence should not bellow at paying the bill for same. It is another display of the talent of women in convincing a man that anything he complains about is his own fault.

But do you know any men, other than those in the ladies' garment trade, who care whether women's skirts are as short as kilts or as long as the street-sweeping robes of the dusty 90's? The fact is that about all the American male thinks of the longer skirt idea is that it must have been welcomed by women whose gams are columnar. His attitude toward new fashions for women is that of Jim Brady towards diamonds: "Them as has 'em, wears 'em."

The two foremost women's fashion publications of this nation have a neat technique in showing that the goofier a garment is the higher its rating among stylish women, women too high and haughty to play in the paid testimonial league.

It is notable that numerous of these highly placed ladies look like broom jockeys. But—and here is the reason that the smartest expensive fashions are deliberately screwy—the dresses are so grotesque a man seldom looks at the faces above them.

When a curiously comical dress is shown for the first time, every woman with enough money to buy the original or an unreasonable facsimile thereof sees an opportunity to become a moll of distinction. Consequently there is a mad rush to get "the new look" and where this stampede is endemic is at first nights.

What used to be primarily a critical gathering of hopeful enthusiasts of the theatre is now a vulgar circus of exhibitionists apparently dressed for a masquerade ball at Bedlam. They are not dressing to please men. They are arraying themselves in desperate competition to cause the most talk.

Despite the discovery that he has been deluded by his build-up as the arbiter of women's styles a wise gentleman should bide his time. If things get tough he, too, has a pretty fair chance of becoming a famous designer of the last scream.

Among the noted newcomers in women's dress architecture is Christian Dior. This distinguished Frenchman has been in business a bit more than a year. He came in with some seasoning in the minors but his first time at bat in the dress circuit hit fast-curve pitching over center-field fence.

One element of ladies' garment architecture M. Dior stresses is the accenting of hips and caboose. Those are salient features of good breeding stock, but paradoxically the wearers of M. Dior's designs are not famed for reproducing their kind.

No gentleman would deem M. Dior's steatopygous line an improvement over the contour with which nature has blessed the young models who display his designs. However, as the majority of women who can buy dresses dreamed up by Dior have an amplitude of upholstery on the stern and rejoice at having it made an asset in the vogue, M. Dior now practically has his own private car on the gravy train.

The American man's reaction to pictures and reality of women's new clothes from Paris is not concerned fundamentally with design or charm. If a model in a picture is wearing a skimpy number with only a ruffle around the back and football shoulder pads to keep her from looking like an upright roll of roofing paper the American male observer decides that France needs fats and starches by next plane. If the garment has a lot of cloth tossed around it the same fellow will comment that it shows a serious economic waste; that power, labor and materials used in making it might have been employed for more urgent needs.

A curious thing is that any one of these dresses look good on French women—circusy, but good. And that's because the French women of fashion dominate the men they know. The smart French woman no longer pretends that women dress for men. She does take the Good Provider along with her to dressmakers' ateliers and gives the GP a chance to get a model's phone number as a reward for lifting tabs for garments bought. But this to a fashionable French woman means nothing more than her casually generous action in taking her poodle Pom Pom for a healthy stroll in the forest. If the American male got such liberty from his wife he would suspect a trap and would say the model looks like she was going to sift cinders, regardless of his private opinion.

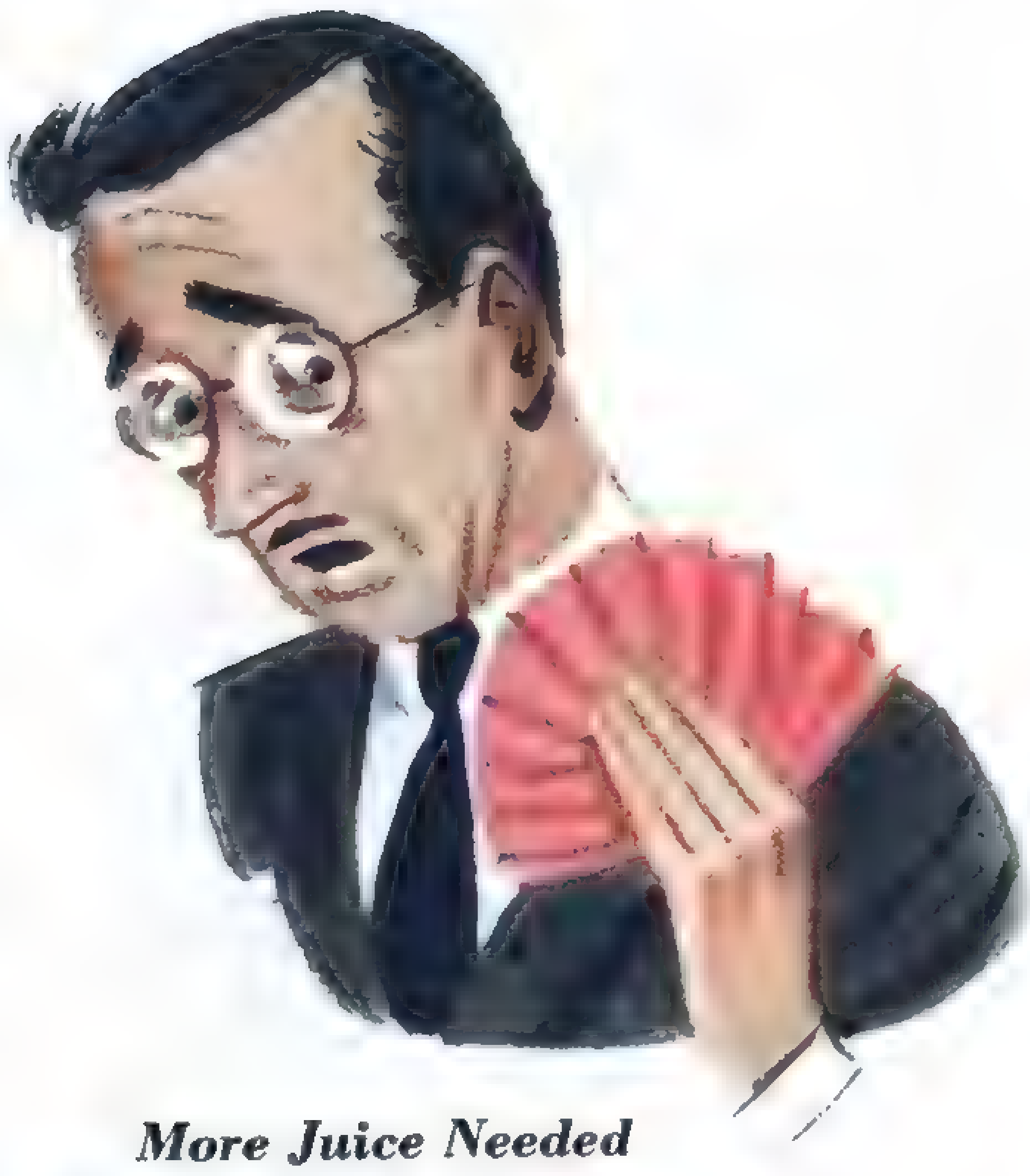
It is invariably too late for the American man to protest when his wife appears in some job that makes him wince. He knows from experience that if he speaks frankly he will hear the same old script about the garment having been bought only because of his high rank in the community and that his spouse now looks as every first-class American male citizen wants his wife to look. The husband makes the best of the situation by saying gallantly, "Darling, you look good in anything." Then the lady goes around and lies to other women that she bought the outfit because her husband was just crazy about it and even now can't get over how beautifully it fits her personality. The other women will later say her personality is the only thing it fits, but they will rush home and lie to their husbands about how Mr. Soandso is interested in his wife's dresses, hence Mrs. Soandso is always beautifully groomed and does not have to wear the tatters of the plaintiff.

Around and around that routine goes, yet chances are not one dress in 25,000 is bought to please the American man.

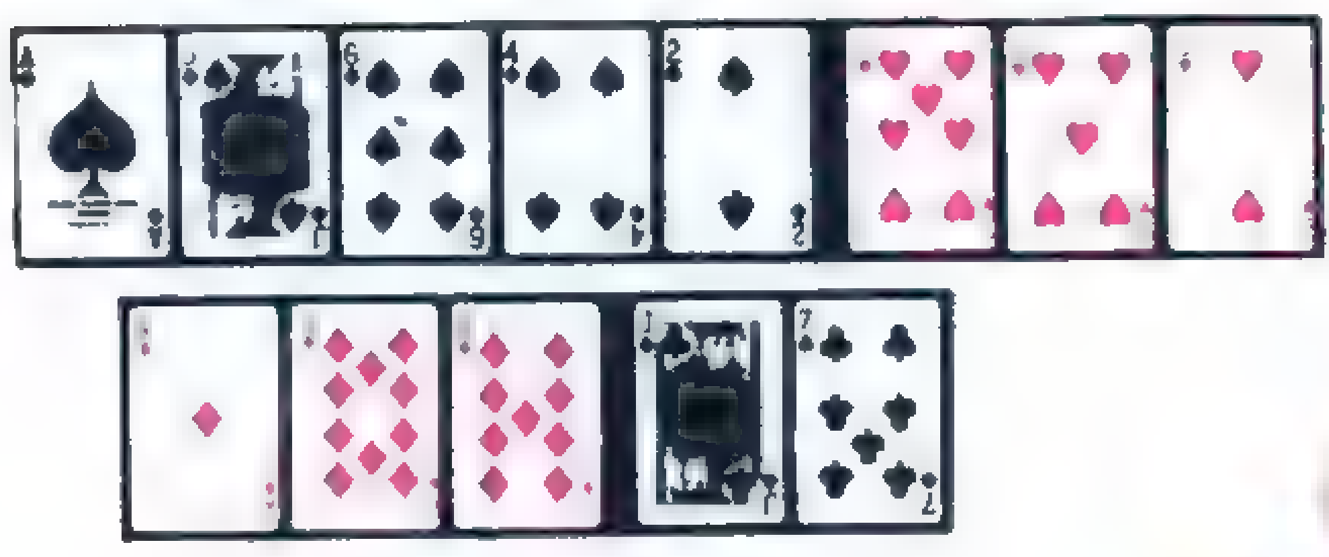
And don't take that revelation too hard, gentlemen. It is a good thing American women actually don't dress for men. If they did they'd probably look superawful. Let well enough alone and go along with the phony folklore that women dress for men. #

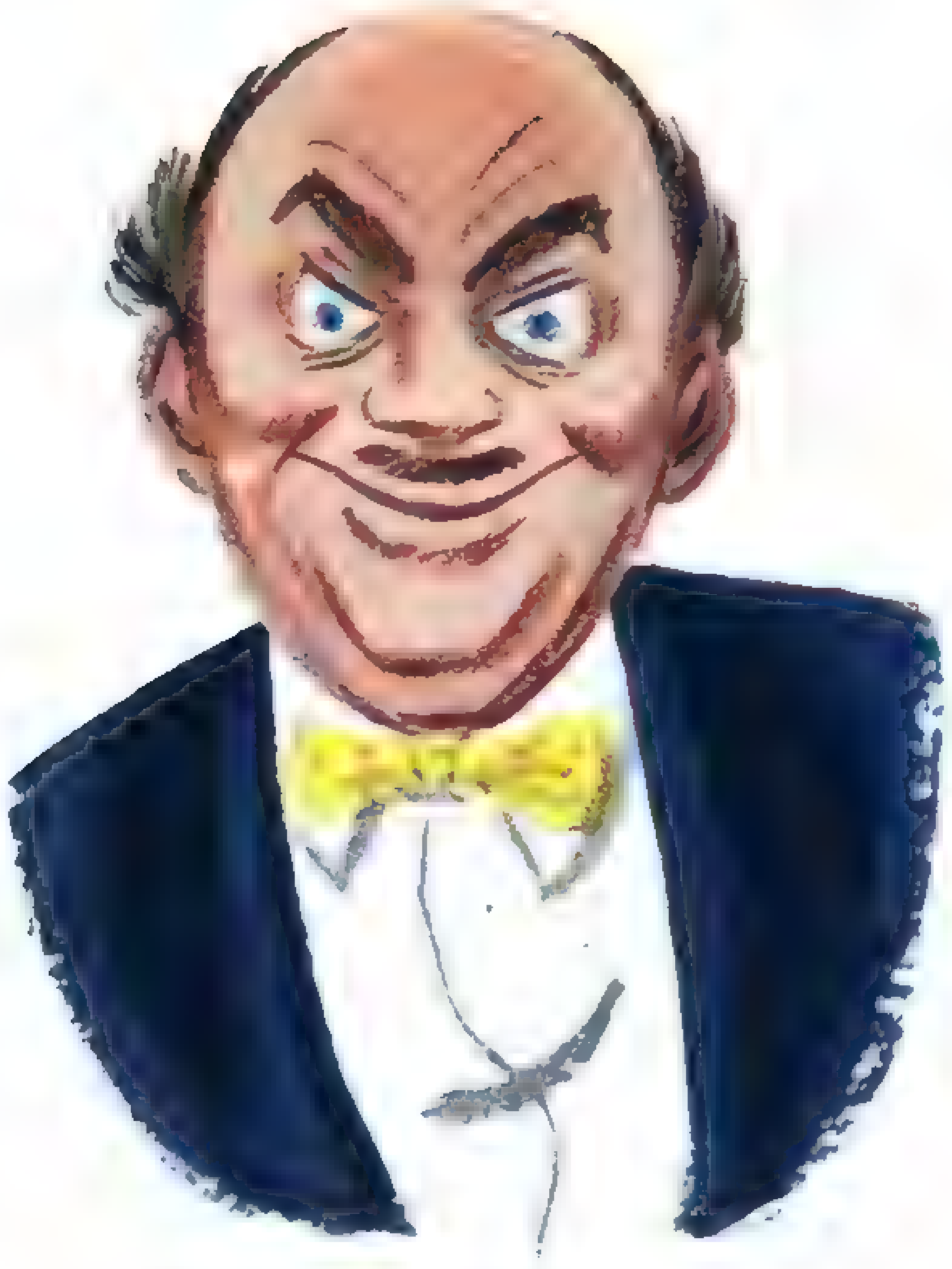
"Well, it is rather short notice and I had planned to go to bed early tonight, but . . .

Hands Down

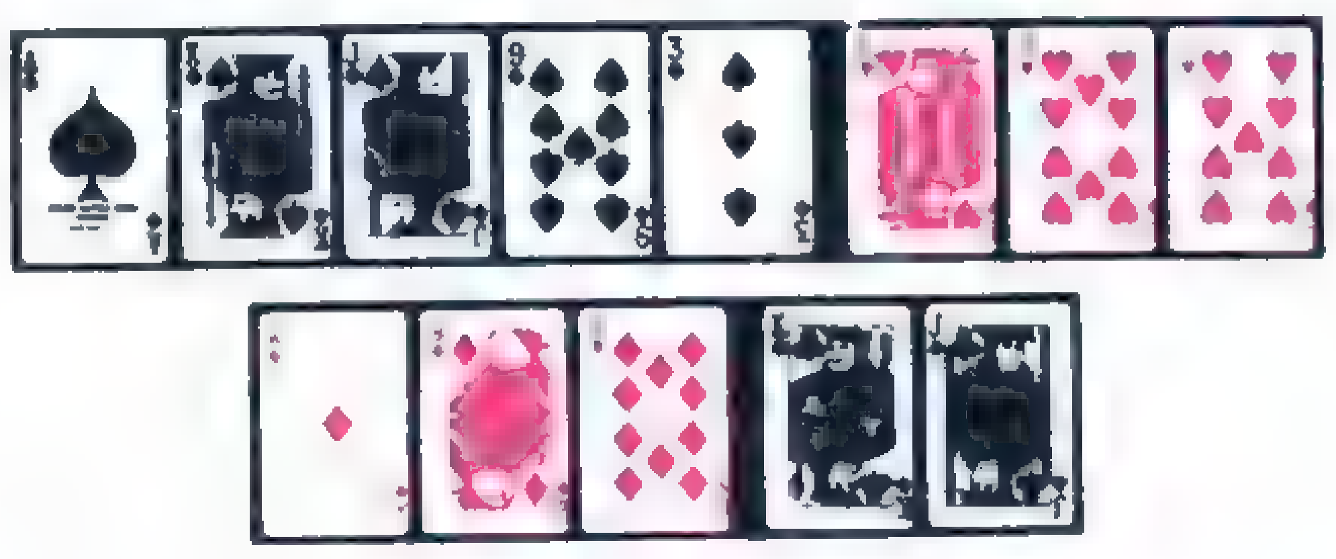


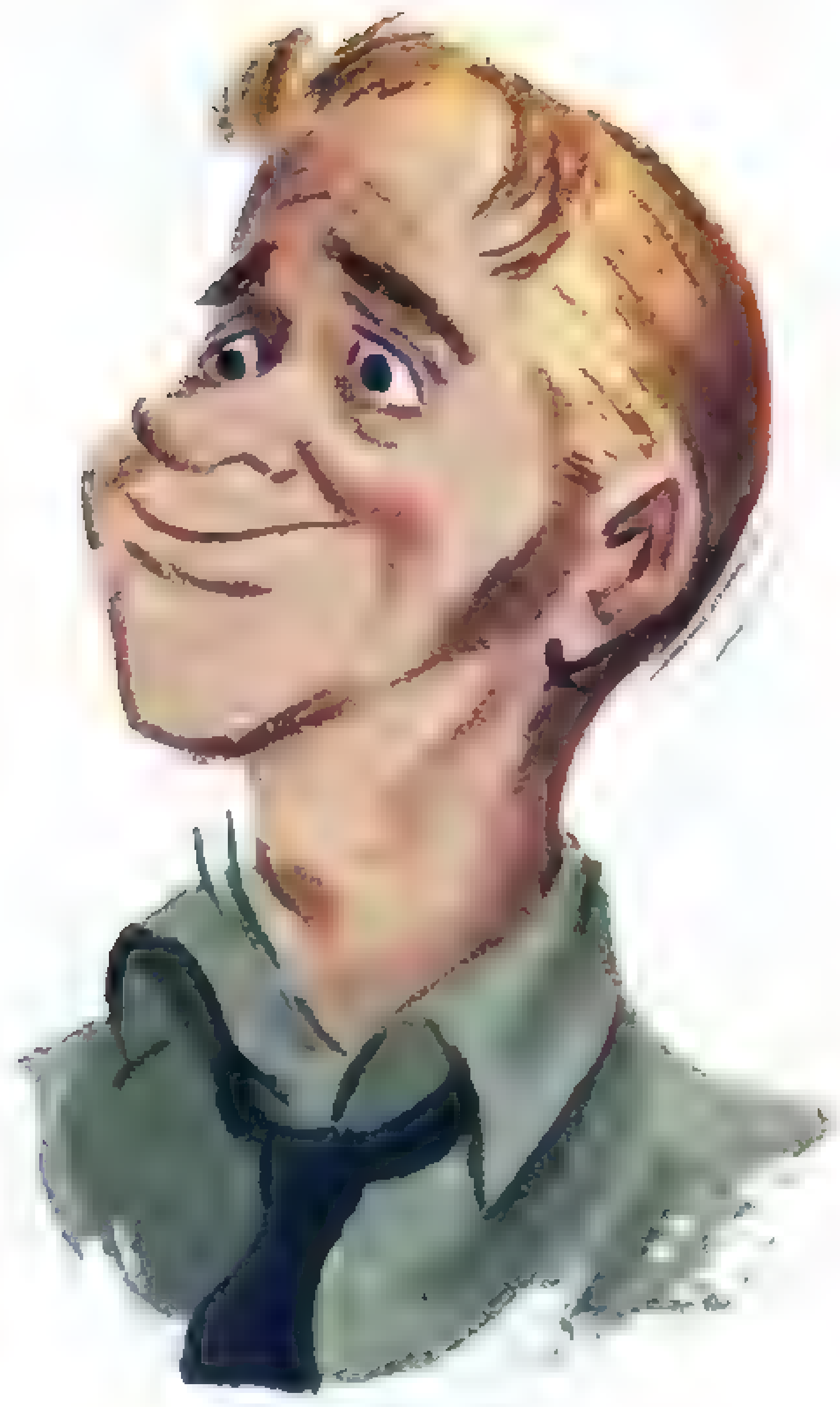
More Juice Needed



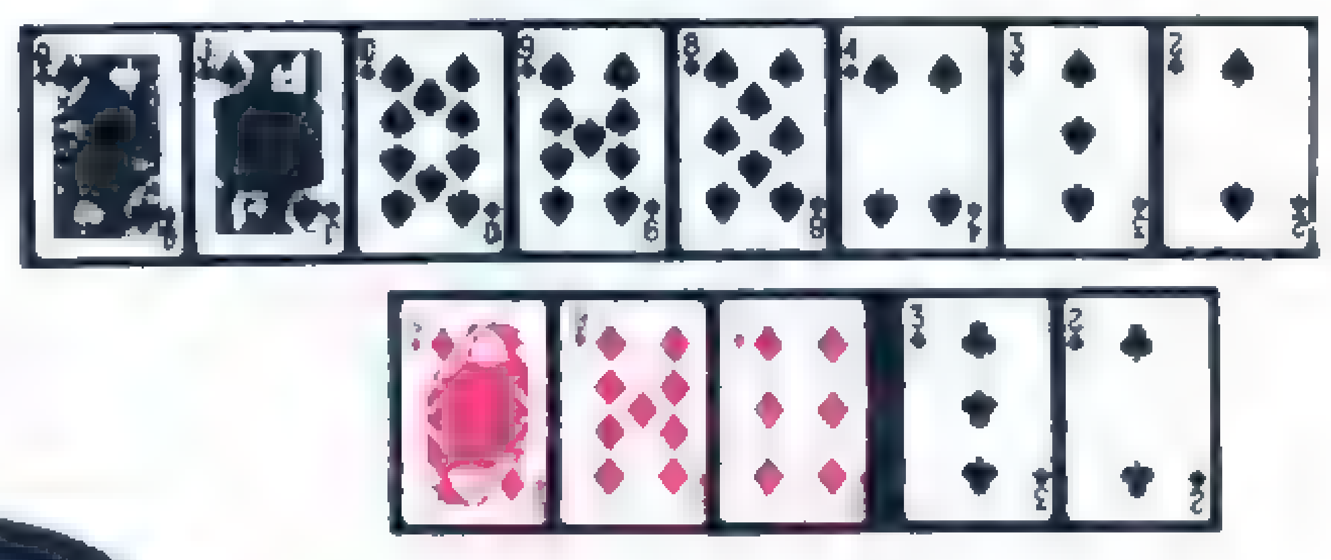


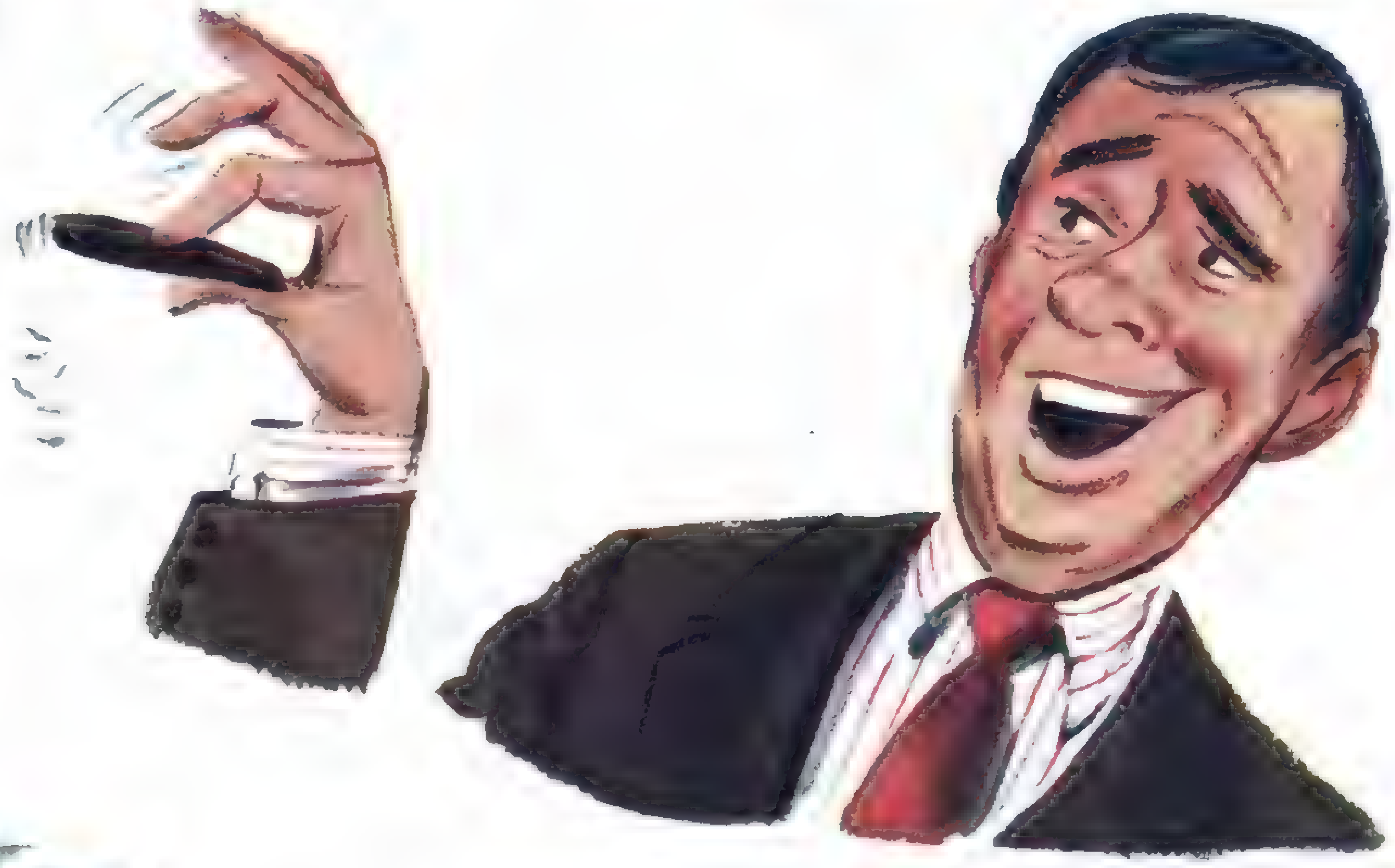
Vision of Victory



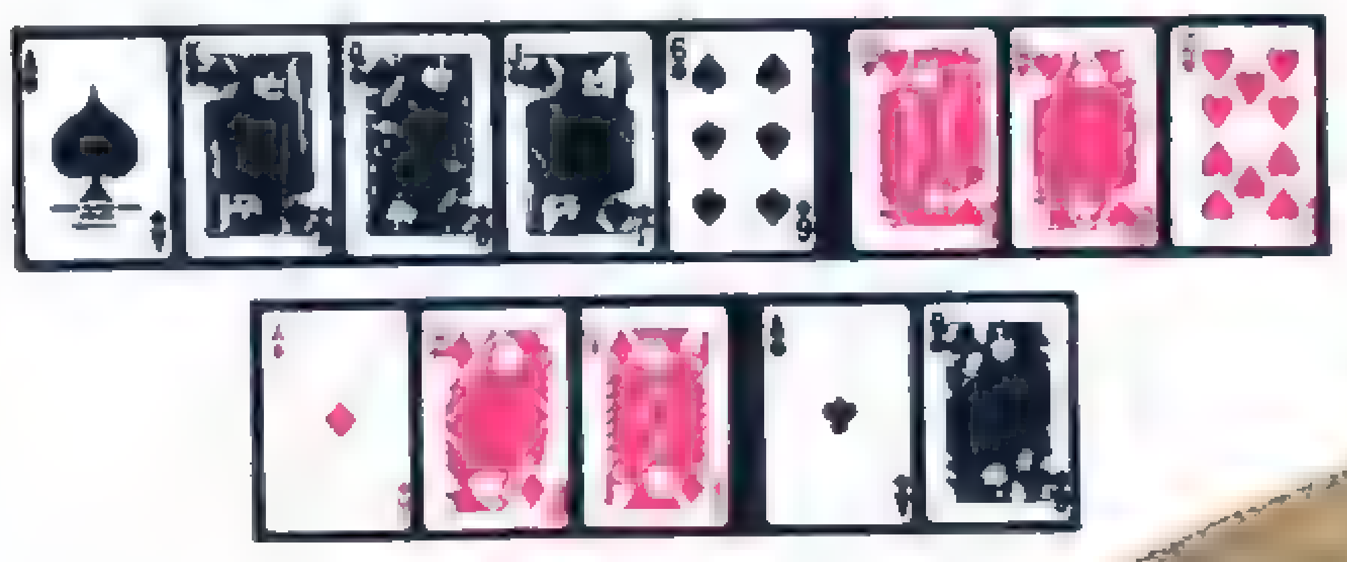


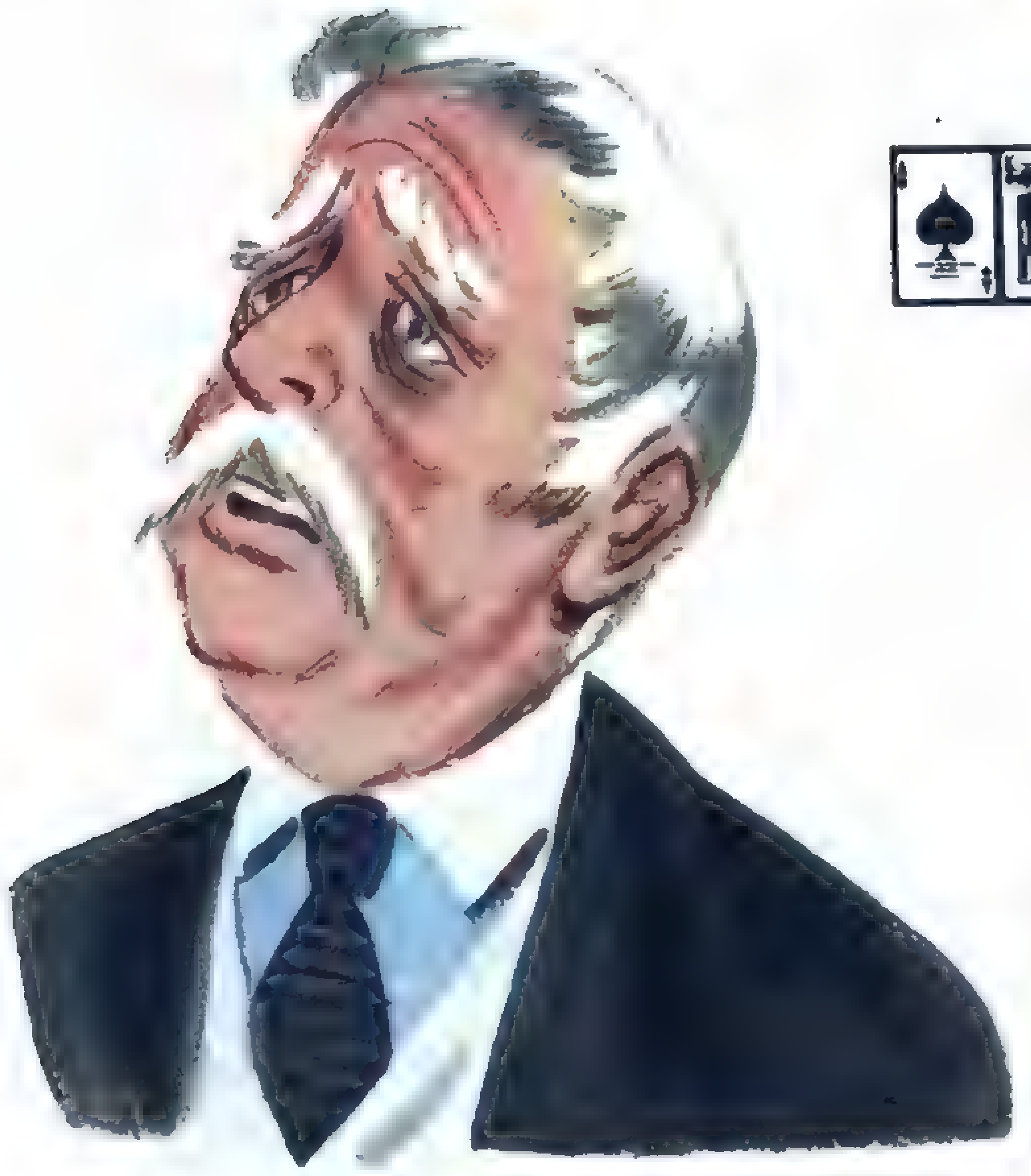
Big Bluff





Powerhouse





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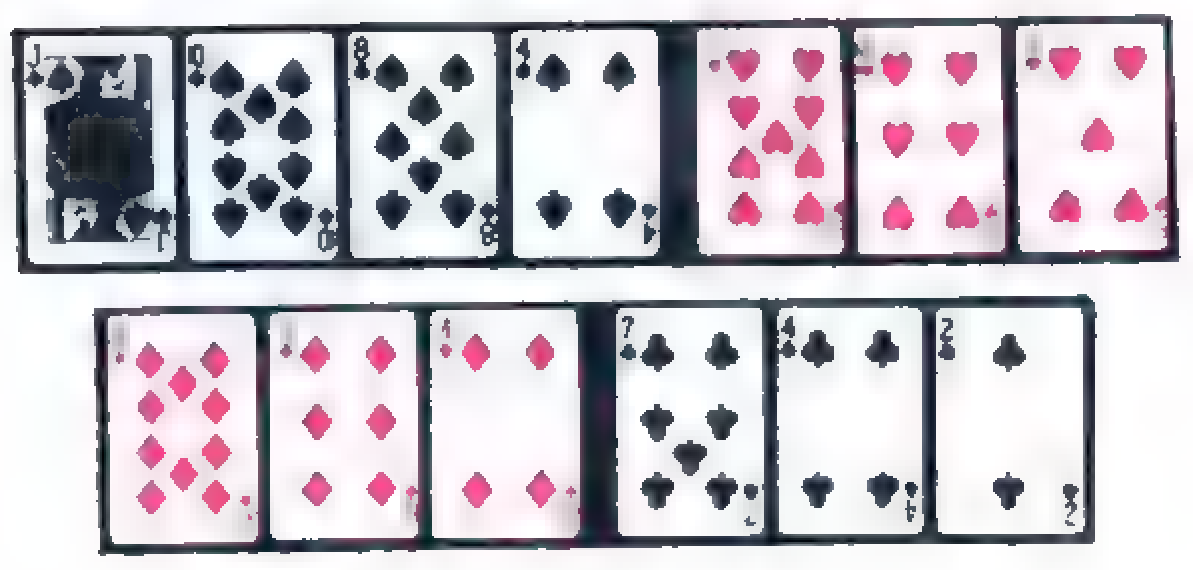
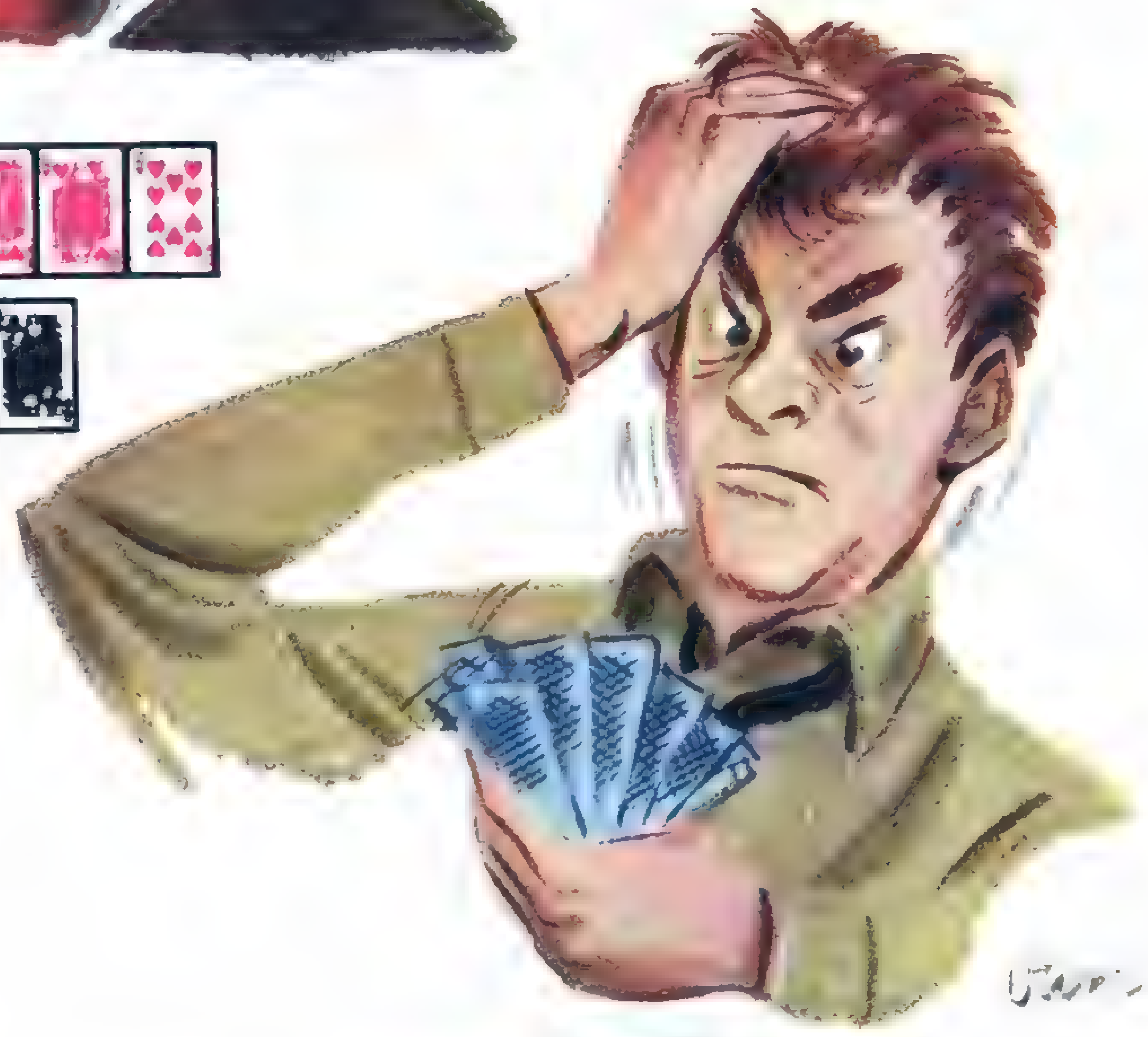
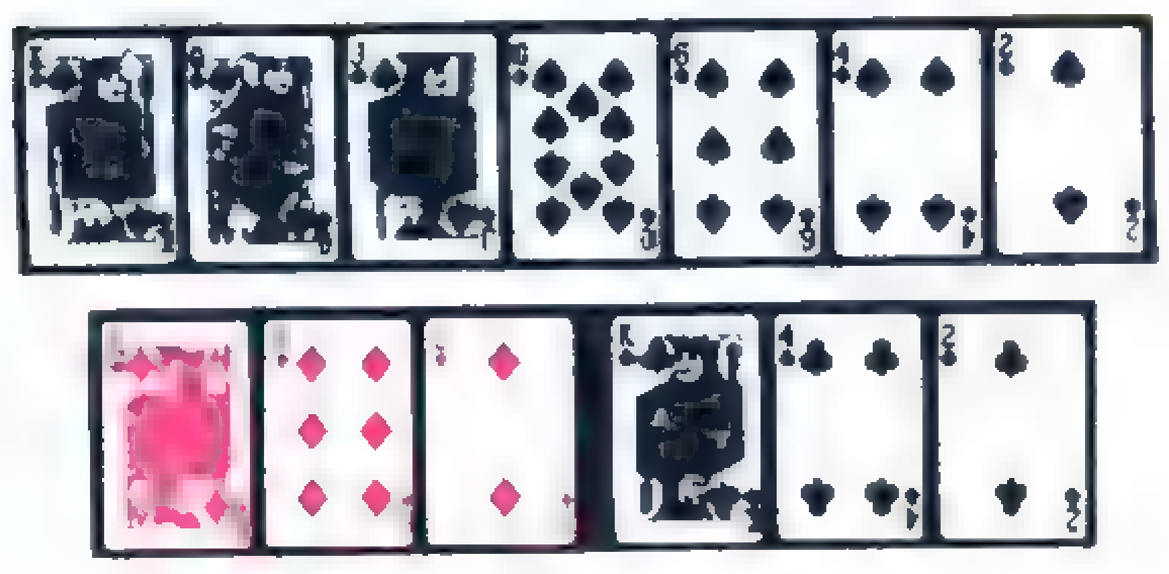




Heavy Plunger



The Art of Coffeehouse Bridge

Let your opponents listen to the words of the experts and worry about conventions; all you need in order to make a killing is a good drama coach and voice control

An Article by

B. B. WILSON

This article is written for those who, occasionally, through no fault of their own, find themselves at the bridge table. Their friends keep assuring them that bridge is fun, until, in a moment of weakness, they say, "Why not?" and their fate is sealed.

Instantly they are deluged with rules for opening, pre-empt, rescue, sign-off, and slam bids, and responses to same. They hear of finesses and squeezes, coups, doubles, and passes. Confusion mounts, and the dubs suffer hypertension and chronic damp palms.

This is unnecessary. The Coffeehouse System, universally employed and easy to learn, requires only a rudimentary knowledge of the cards—the ranking value of suits and requirements for game. Bridge is a partnership game, and all systems have been developed to enable one partner to inform the other about his hand and vice versa, without, however, actually showing his hand. How better to exchange information than by facial expression? A little mirror practice and we can tell our partner all.

The Pass

Most bridge books begin briskly with rules on opening bids, duping beginners who eagerly anticipate hands like this:

♠ A K Q J 10 9 8 7 6 5 ♥ A ♦ A ♣ A

The average hand, exciting as a bowl of tepid oatmeal looks thus:

♠ 9 7 3 ♥ J 4 2 ♦ 8 5 4 3 ♣ Q 3 2

Therefore the basic requirement of bridge is learning to pass.

The expression denoting the *hopeless pass* comes naturally to any player who has held eleven consecutive hands containing nothing higher than a queen. Wearily glance through your cards, utter a deep sigh, and pass in a low tone. This informs partner that no matter what he has, you can't help him.

The *reluctant pass* is employed when you have a few high cards but not enough to bid on. Frown, study your cards carefully, smile ruefully and confess you *have* to pass. Partner then will bid if he has anything.

Use the *determined pass* when partner, ignoring your *hopeless pass*, has bid. Draw yourself up straight in your chair, eye partner sharply, and pass in a ringing tone.

Bidding

Most players worry when they are obliged to bid by ordinary systems and no wonder. For instance, you may bid one spade on a variety of hands, ranging in strength from A, with its twelve possible losers, to Z, which resembles Babe Ruth in his prime.

Hand A ♠ K J x x x ♥ x x x ♦ A Q x ♣ K x
Hand Z ♠ A K Q J x x ♥ K Q x x ♦ K Q ♣ x

With Hand A, look troubled, hesitate, and then bid one spade in an apologetic tone, keeping your eyes cast down. With Hand Z, look partner in the eye, smile, and bid one spade with assurance.

Rarest of all is the *two bid.* So unexpected is a mittful of aces, kings, and queens that joy will break out over your face unconfined. Bid two *out loud.*

The *three bid* is a nuisance bid, which means your hand is lousy, but you have one helluva long suit. Look gay and careless when you bid three.

The *pre-empt bid* is grim. Your hand is a freak, and you fear opponents are long in the suit which you lack entirely. The situation calls for courage; clutch your cards manfully, and bid game. (Probably partner has that missing suit, and you could have made three no-trump instead of being down two, but that's life.)

Responses to Partner's Bids

If partner bids first, and gives you a weak one bid, go easy. If he gives you a strong one bid, you can push him up with very little. Temper your voice to the strength or weakness of your hand.

After partner's opening two bid, glance at your hand as a courtesy to partner before giving your bust response. After three, or pre-empt bids, your pass is automatic.

The *sign-off bid* is used after you have opened with a weak one bid, and partner, the fool, lets fly with a jump shift. To discourage him, lower your shoulders resignedly, rebid your original suit in a resigned tone.

The *cue bid* is rare and fancy. Partner opens and opponent on your right overcalls in a suit in which you have a blank or singleton ace. You also have help in partner's suit, with gravy on the side. Wow! Clear your throat meaningfully, and bid *one more* in opponent's suit in careful accents.

Most unappreciated of all acts of charity is the *rescue bid.* Partner, unassisted by you, has got himself into a four-spade contract, doubled. Your hand is blank, especially in spades, but you have seven clubs to the queen nine. Your sympathy for partner, plus shame for having to expose such a hand to view, tempts you to bid five clubs. Don't do it. Pass, lay down your hand—then go and mix partner a stiff drink.

A short word about *slam bidding*: forget about it. Slams are either bid and not made or made and not bid.

Doubles

The low-level double occurs after partner opens confidently and opponent overcalls tremuloso in your best suit. Double forthwith and loudly.

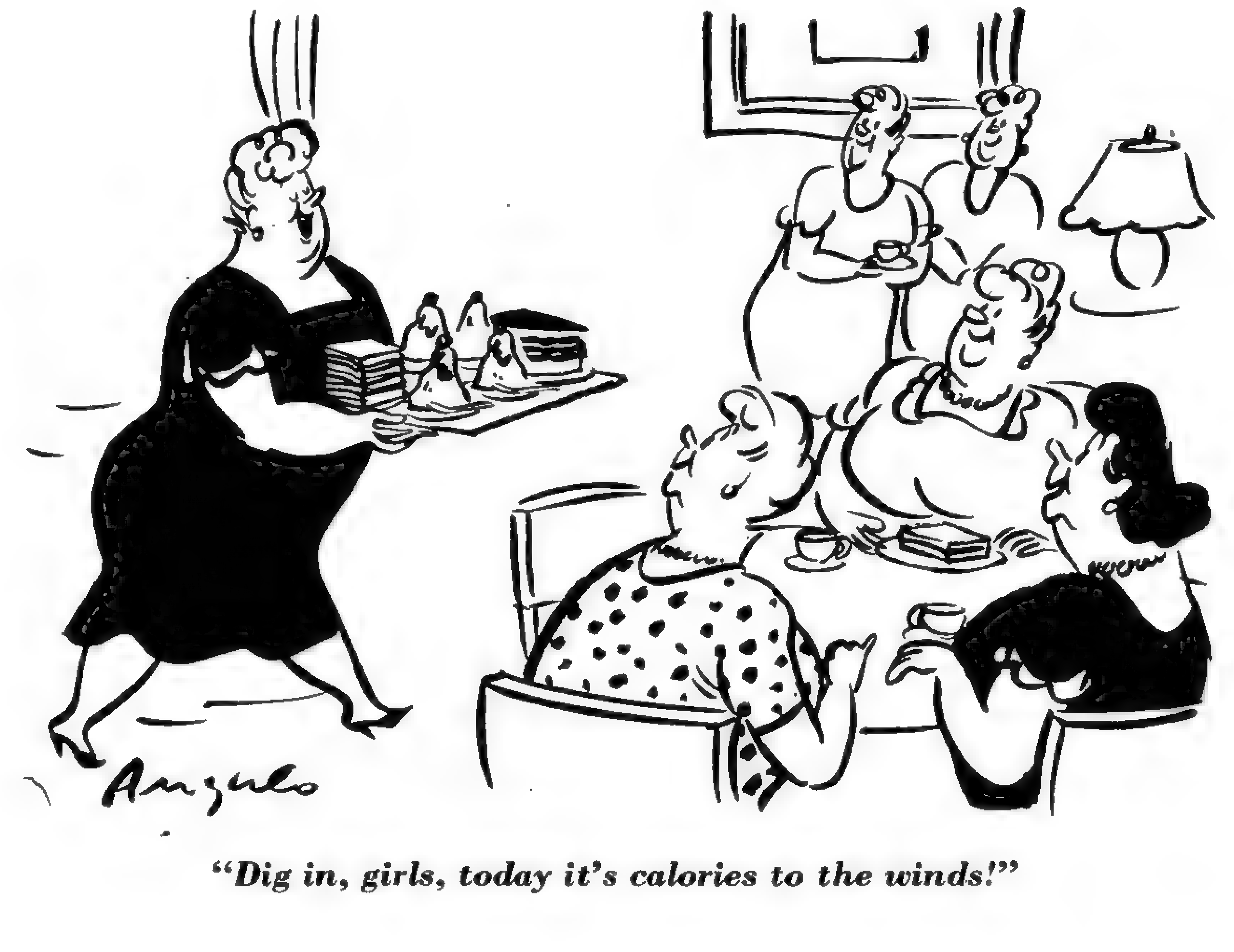
The high-level double is a horse of another color. So-called "free doublers" go to their graves unmourned. Lead-directing doubles usually put partner in such agony of confusion that he makes the only lead that will permit the contract to be made. Such hell has broken loose over doubles that the Coffeehouse System does not recommend any high-level double, except against seven no-trump when one has an ace and the lead.

Leads

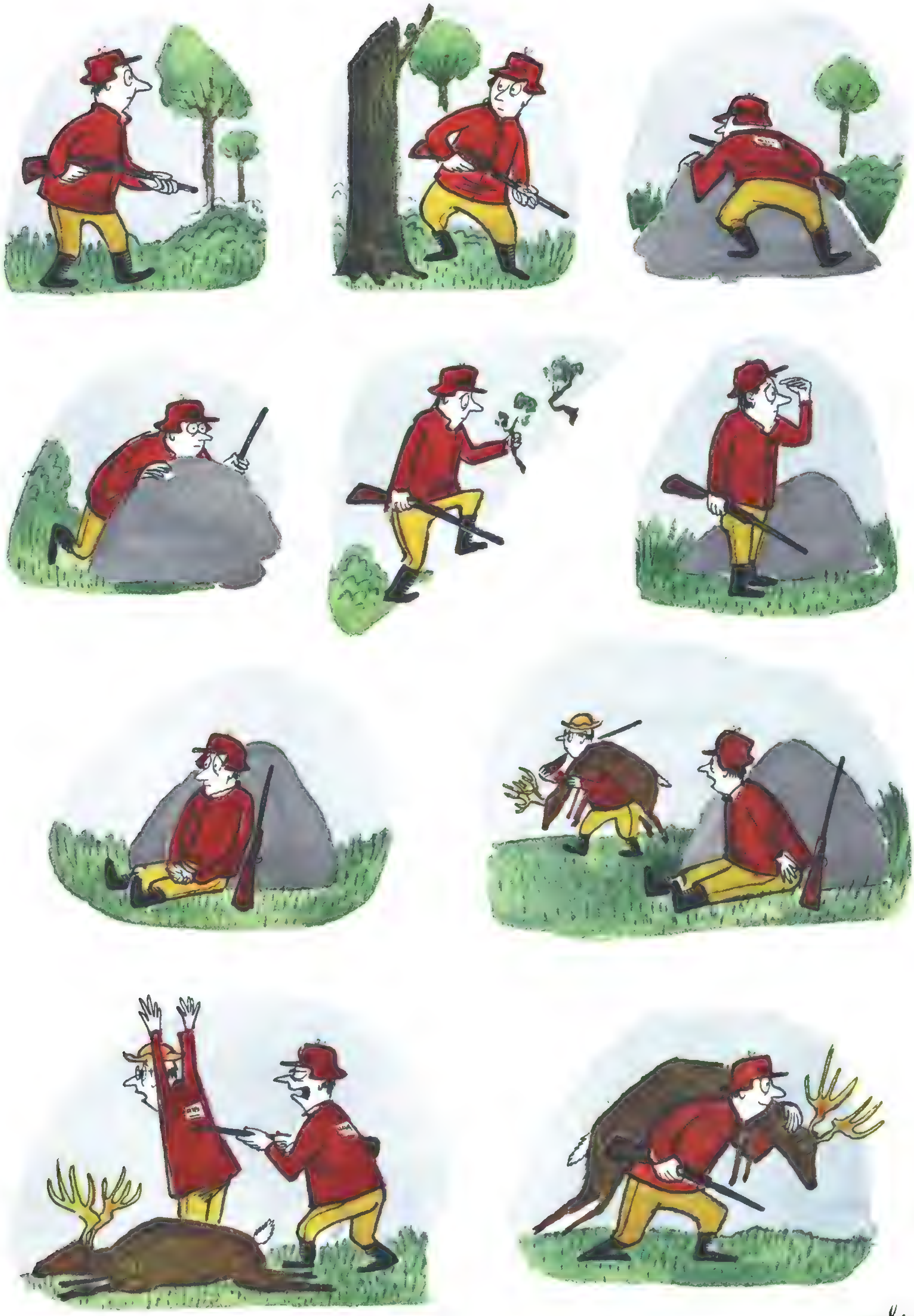
After the bidding is over the main problem is the lead. If it's your lead, don't worry about it. Go ahead and make the wrong one.

If partner leads the wrong suit, however, frown menacingly, groan audibly, switch around in your chair and clutch your forehead. Slam down as low a card as possible on the trick.

When partner leads the right suit, beam encouragingly on him, lean forward, and smack down the highest card you can afford. When employing the high-low come-on, place your cards on the tricks with deliberate precision. In extreme cases, when you have an unusually obtuse partner, catch his eye *first*, and then nod toward the cards. ⌗



"Dig in, girls, today it's calories to the winds!"



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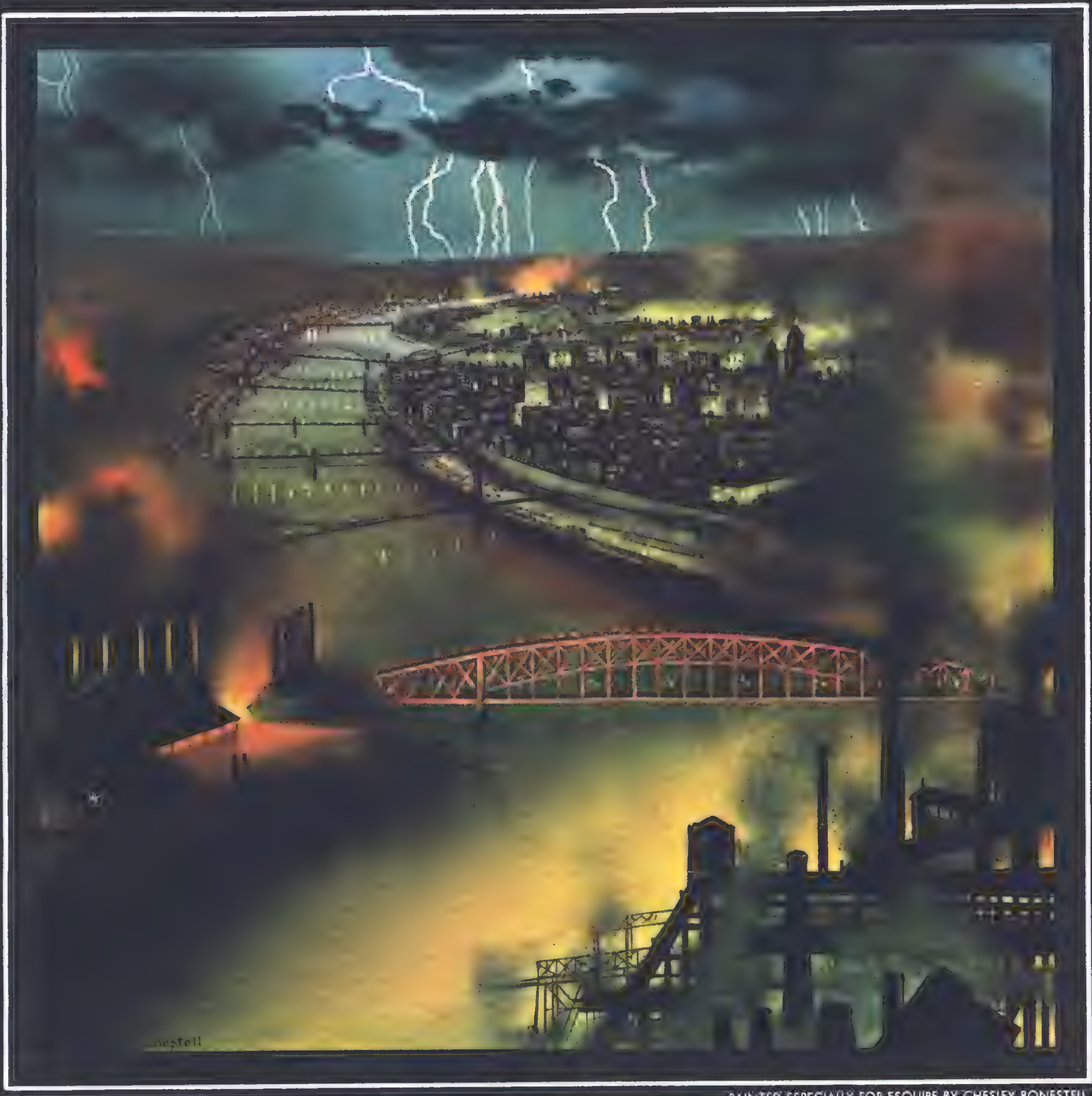


PAINTED ESPECIALLY FOR ESQUIRE BY CHESLEY BONESTELL

Pittsburgh: Fortress City

IN 1748, George II of England granted half a million acres in the upper Ohio region to the group of Virginia and Maryland gentlemen who operated the Ohio Land Company. Part of this grant was a triangle of land between the Monongahela and Allegheny Rivers which attracted the attention of a 21-year-old surveyor, George Washington by name. In Washington's opinion, after spending some time viewing the site, the land was "extremely well-situated for a fort as it has command of both rivers." This piece of land, of course, became Fort Pitt and then Pittsburgh, and the virgin forest sloping down to the shores of the placid rivers has become the phantasmagoria of flame and smoke pictured above by artist Chesley Bonestell. To describe Pittsburgh is practically impossible, which is probably the reason so many people have tried to do it. On the whole, the artist comes off better than the writer. To tell of the city in words requires a sort of stuttering, Gertrude Stein kind of technique. Pittsburgh (you find yourself saying) is steel is coal is railroads is Mellon is Frick and so on. There is no way of capturing in one swift phrase the essence of the city as Bonestell has managed to do in this panoramic view painted from a bridge in the huge Jones and Laughlin Steel plant which looms in the foreground of the painting. The Monongahela winds its glittering way to the apex of the triangle, where it meets its sister river the Allegheny and both join the Ohio. Hugging the north shore of the Monongahela is the famed Boulevard of the Allies, a traffic-choked main artery serving as a link between the business and shopping centers and the residential areas out to the east. The two skyscrapers standing like sentinels in the downtown area are the Grant Building on the left and the Gulf Building, tallest in Pittsburgh—42 stories—to the far right. Across town, another series of bridges like those pictured in the Bonestell painting span the sluggish waters of the Allegheny. Over that river, on the north side of town, is one of Pittsburgh's show places, the sprawling H. J. Heinz plant, home of the famous 57 varieties. But Pittsburgh is all show places, as befits the greatest industrial city the world has ever known. ⌗

Red Stars Over the Olympics

A Sports Article by
J. ALVIN KUGELMASS

All over Russia muscular Muscovites are flexing their biceps in preparation for the next Olympics. The word from behind the iron curtain, relayed by Esky's inquiring reporter (he got a visa by saying he was a borscht salesman), is that records are being smashed by the Marx muscle benders as rapidly as eggs in a short-order café

The sports world may soon sit back on its collective elbows if records filtering through from the Soviet are any indication. From swimming to soccer and hammer throwing to hurdles, Soviet stars behind the well-known curtain are doing terrible things to hallowed records.

Moreover, the Soviet trend to excel the western world becomes evident whenever Russian athletes do part the curtain and compete with western champs on their own grounds.

Unquestionably the Soviet stands a good chance to run away with the 1948 Olympics.

Foreign ministers won't be the only ones to crimson at Soviet antics—there promises to be many a red face in the stands, and it won't be among the Russian rooters, either.

The English had a foretaste of it. The day before Russia's football pride, the Moscow Dynamos, made its debut in England, the London *Sunday Express* ran a banner: "Don't expect too much from the Russian Dynamos."

Paul Irwin, *Express* expert, wrote: "I say they are not really good enough to play our class professional teams. The Dynamos are simply a set of very earnest amateurs—factory workers who train at night and go through motions on their off-duty. I say this confidentially after watching them play."

The Dynamos promptly proceeded to make borscht out of Mr. Irwin's tête-à-tête with his readers by tying the first division Chelsea team 3-3. Then they washed their mouths out with vodka, and swamped the third division Cardiff team, 10-1.

Then came the Arsenal game, and the Russians protested that the English team was plugged with famous players who had hurriedly been called in from all over the country. In their own fastidious fashion the English fans gave an Oxfordian edition of a Bronz cheer, and that nettled the Russians to the point where they decided to play anyhow, and walloped their opponents, ringers and all, 4-3 on a mist-shrouded soccer field.

Now all this may have been in the interests of peace, but it took the British fanatical sports world a moment to recover its well-bred breath. Then, with typical fairness, the English agreed that the boys in the Baltic blue jerseys and shorts with the broad white hems were indeed stout fellows—and you must remember that soccer in England is as national as the white tie for dinner and roast beef.

Moving up to Scotland, 90,000 persons saw them play the famous Glasgow Rangers to a 2-2 draw. The game featured rough play and brisk tempers as the Rangers kicked yeomanlike to succeed where top English and Welsh teams had failed.

Led by Mikhail Yakushin, "Merited Master of Sports of the USSR," the Dynamos trotted onto the field and presented their adversaries with bouquets, an old Russian custom.

The fans howled with delight and jabbed each other in the ribs jovially. So those were the soccer terrors they'd been warned about. Seemed a bit ladylike to Scottish tastes. Then came the astonishing tie.

Yakushin said at a dinner given them that evening: "Football makes friends? Good. We shall try to make friends here." If running away with honors makes friends on the British Isles, then the Russians are in.

Bob Gallivan

That was only soccer, but it was the tip-off and the curious-minded began to delve.

Irving Jaffee, former world speed-skating champ, who was in the Soviet during the war as a physical instructor, revealed some startling statistics.

Nina Dumbadze from Tbilisi, capital of Soviet Georgia, threw the discus 50.5 meters, or, translated into appalling American figures, 165.64 feet, almost seven feet better than the women's world's record.

There is Alexander Pugachevsky who ran 800 meters in one minute, 52.4 seconds; and 1000 meters in two minutes, 25.7 seconds.*[1]

It's a cold recital of facts, chilling enough to raise hackles on American coaches. There is Maria Isakova who skates 500 meters in 50 seconds;*[2] 1000 meters in one minute, 44.2 seconds;*[3] and 5000 meters in three minutes, 0.2 seconds.*[4] The list is endless. There is Constantine Koudryavtsev, who skate-sprints 500 meters in 42 seconds flat.*[5]

Athletics in the Soviet are a mass phenomenon. There are 9,000,000 adults, for example, who are members of sports organizations, and they have taken to western sports with a terrifying zest in their 650 stadiums, 14,000 sport grounds, 5000 skiing stations, 500 pools, and thousands upon thousands of indoor gymnasiums.

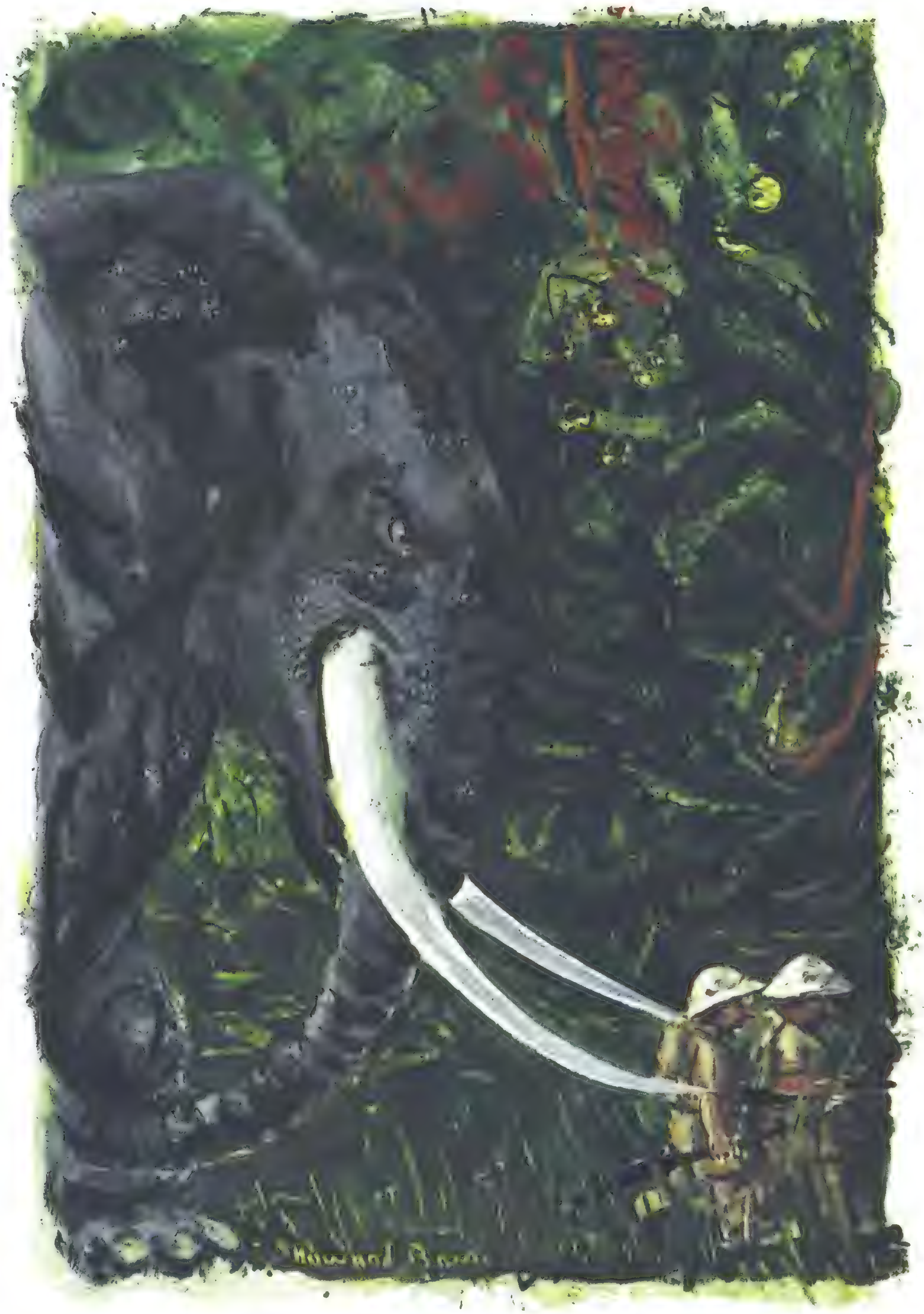
You might say that the western world offers comparable sport facilities. True enough, but no other country approaches sports with such intense seriousness as the Soviets exhibit. It is part of the school curriculum, and school children as well as factory workers are encouraged to belong to sport clubs such as football, track, etc. Even social and debating societies have sports programs which are entered into with a zest reminiscent of the German walking clubs.

Some observers say that the Soviet is hardening its citizens' muscles for war; others maintain that sports are used to modify the intensities of the industrial speed-ups; while still others hopefully imply that the Soviet, in sports at least, is wagging a political tail and trying to make like the western world.

The most favored impression is that the Soviet ego ardently wishes to excel in every area of human conduct. But whatever the causes, the order has unquestionably gone down from on high that the people must take to sports, and must play.

Back in 1917, at the time of the Revolution, Russia severed all connections with the sport world for a

(*Continued on page 118*)


Howard Brown

"I say, Frisby, the sun went down early this evening"

Just One Minute's Rest

Was it really a dream that he had—a dream sharpened by desire—or was his wife actually planning to betray him for the man who had long passed for his best friend

A Story by

BRUCE HENRY

Bergman drew the scant hospital gown closer around his paunch and sat up.

"I want my clothes, Doctor," he said sharply. "I'm not committed here. I came in of my own free will."

The doctor nodded and glanced at the chart in his hand. "Naturally, you can leave any time you want to, now. But I wish you'd take just one more treatment before you go."

Bergman paused. "What is the treatment?"

"We put you to sleep for one minute with a mixture of carbon dioxide and oxygen."

"What the hell good does that do?"

"It's experimental therapy, actually," the doctor admitted. "We think it relaxes certain overtense brain structures and invigorates others that lack normal tension. It sharpens some perceptions, dulls others."

Bergman stabbed out his cigarette. "All right," he said. "But let's get going."

They laid him on the bed, on his back, with his hands folded on his chest.

Bergman grinned at Addison as the mask came down. "One minute only," he warned.

Bergman had a flash of panic before sleep came. Familiar bells clanged in his ears.

"There we are," the doctor's voice said cheerfully. The ringing subsided.

"You mean, that's all there is to it?"

Addison smiled. "Try sitting up."

"Of course." Bergman swung his legs over the side of the bed.

"They're bringing your clothes." The doctor folded his stethoscope and stuffed it in his jacket. "Now take it easy for a few days. No conflicts if you can avoid them."

As he dressed he noted his image in the glass looked younger, fresher than it had in years. He'd lost some weight, so that he felt lighter and full of energy. Now let Edna complain of his middle-age lassitude!

Thinking about Edna, wanting her with a sharp desire he hadn't known in years, he nearly forgot to stop at the main desk.

Miss Gerhart, the supervisor, was a bitter-lipped automaton but now she seemed softer, with traces of her wasted womanhood shining through the professional patina.

"Why, Mr. Bergman," she said, taking the envelope he held out, "you didn't have to do this. But I know the girls will be pleased."

Bergman picked up his overnight bag, smiling. "You treated me very well. I'm grateful."

Miss Gerhart's lips did not move, but he heard her plainly. "*You should be, you nasty old goat. D'you think it's fun waiting on a stinking heap of decayed flesh. Emptying your bedpans! Hearing you curse and rave. If I had my way, they'd put you money-rotten neurotics away for good!*"

"What?" Bergman stammered, shocked. "What . . . Miss Gerhart?"

"I said it's very kind of you. Now do take care of yourself."

"Yes . . ." Bergman managed, turning away. "Yes, of course I will."

He stood on the hospital steps, blinking in the intense sunlight. The woman's outburst had left him stunned. For a moment he considered going back in, reporting the old harridan to Dr. Addison, raising a row.

Then the instinct of self-preservation warned him against it. No conflicts, if he was to keep well. A scene now, a violent argument might set him back for days. Perhaps at some later time he'd write a letter, demanding the woman be discharged.

EXTERMI
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XXX
hoff

"The bigger they are the harder they fall"

He felt the rage within him subside and he smiled. Self-control, that was the thing.

He was even cheerful as he hailed a cab and climbed into it with his little bag. The driver, a nondescript, twisted his head for directions.

"First National Building," said Bergman, "and go by way of the river drive, will you? I've been cooped up so long I've forgotten what a tree looks like."

The driver snapped down the meter flag and started the cab. Bergman leaned back. For all Miss Gerhart's loss of control he still felt fine. Ready for anything. How he'd make things hum at the office! There were probably a lot of loose ends to handle immediately. Wallace was all right in his way, but he lacked imagination. The office, then Edna!

As they turned into the river drive, there was little traffic and Bergman breathed deeply of the clean fresh air. He felt good. He felt like talking to someone.

"Beautiful day," he remarked loudly enough for the driver to hear.

"Sure is," said the driver, without turning his head.

There was a pause.

"*For you, maybe,*" the cab driver went on in a different sort of voice, harsh and strained. "*For you, you rich louse, just out of the high-class nut house. Sure, when you feel bad you can go in and rest in luxury with sixty beautiful babes waitin' on you hand and foot. Sure, you can say, 'Take the river drive, will you?' so you can look at the pretty trees. Well, someday, you bastard, we'll string you and every rich pig like you to those pretty trees and see that real working people get a break. There'll come a time . . .*"

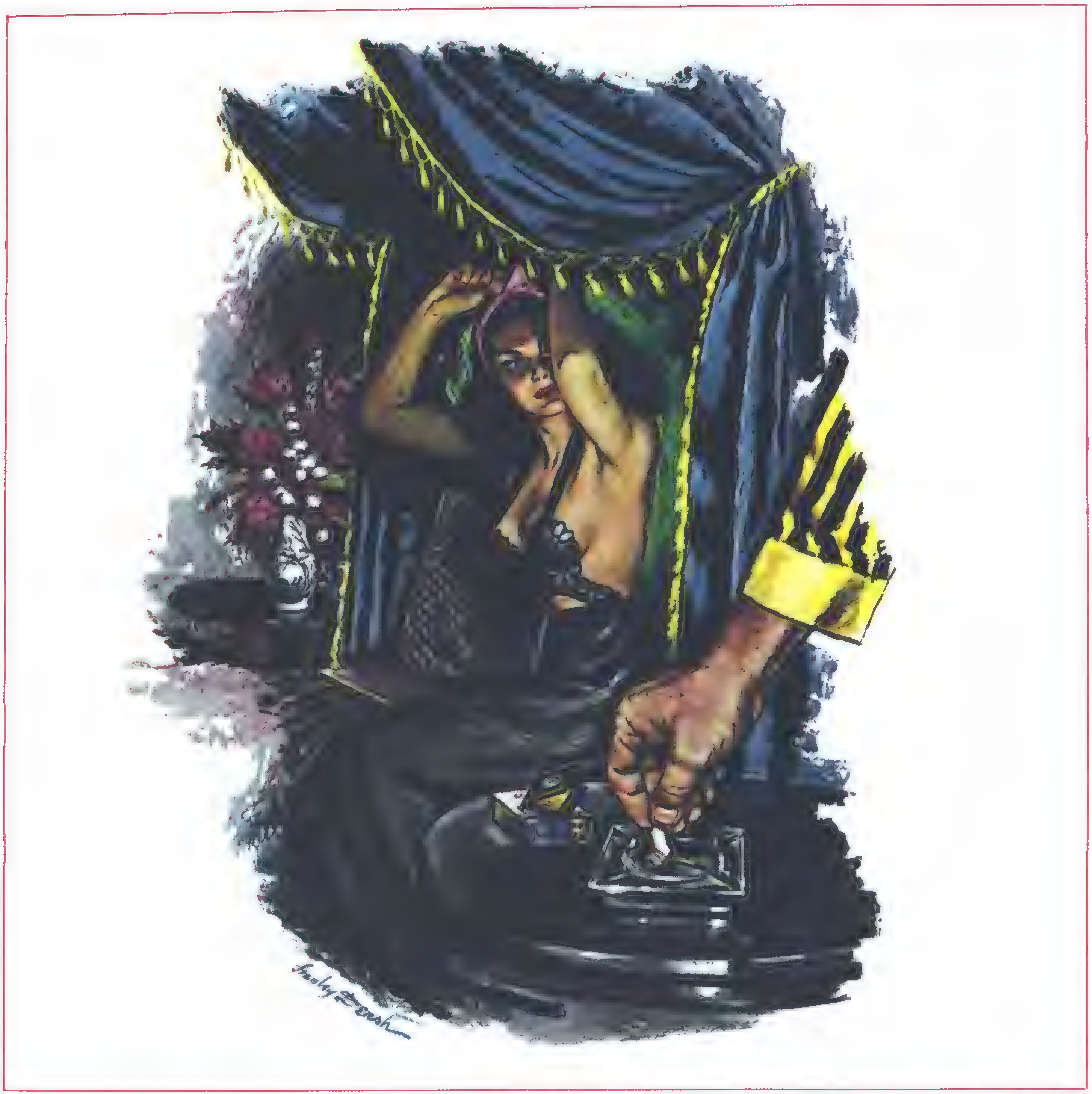
Bergman's whole body shook with a fear worse than he had ever experienced. He opened his mouth to yell, to curse the driver, to threaten prosecution. But no words came and he sat tense, bathed in sweat, until the taxi stopped at a traffic light. Then violently, in panic, he flung open the car door and leaped to the street. As he ran he heard the driver shouting behind him.

The lobby of his office building seemed cold and Bergman shivered as he waited for the elevator. Around him were the usual hurrying people, their voices echoing against the marble pillars, but he shut them out, nursing his anger at a fate which had thrown him in contact with two disgruntled fools at a time like this when he needed to guard against being disturbed in any way. My God, the world was a mad place, full of hating peasants and morons!

But the normalcy of the offices soothed him. The friendly greeting of his receptionist; the long lines of typists working diligently in an aura of muted clickings; the firm handshakes and welcoming platitudes of lesser executives and, finally, the reassuring solidity of his name on the door leading to his own private suite.

He opened it briskly and stepped inside.

"John! For God's sake, we didn't expect you until this evening!" Wallace held out a tanned, strong hand, but Bergman did not



STANLEY DERSH

take it. He was looking at Edna standing in the center of the room, her lovely young face flushed and excited.

"Darling!" she cried, rushing to him. Her lips were sweet and cool on his cheek. "How wonderful! Wally and I were just making plans to welcome you home with a lovely dinner tonight. How do you feel?"

Bergman took her two hands and crushed them hungrily. Then he let them drop and took off his hat.

"Never felt better," he said. He looked straight at Wallace, the keen young business-man, impeccably in condition, impeccably clothed, and when Wallace remained silent, Bergman added in a firm tone, "I'm fine," and waited.

"*Fine, are you!*" Wallace sneered. "*That's what you think, you poor unbalanced fool. Why did you have to sneak in just now. Wasn't the madhouse comfortable enough for you? Well, you didn't see anything, thank God. Our plans are made, the commitment papers will be ready in the morning. Then you'll go into the booby hatch for good, forever! Your wife is mine, your business is mine!*"

Bergman said nothing. It should have been obvious long before this, of course. The many times he'd surprised Edna at the phone when she'd cut the conversation short. The odd look in Wallace's eyes whenever Bergman mentioned how lucky he was to have a young wife to live the golden years with. The insistence on having Wallace join them for week ends, for trips to the Lodge and the Shore. The careful "friend-of-the-family" pose.

He stared at Edna. Edna, with her darkly purple eyes and hair as exquisitely sculptured as a ceramic figurine's.

"I thought I'd find you at home," Bergman said.

She smiled. "We can go home together."

Bergman waited for her next words, watching her luminous eyes, drowning in them.

"*For the last time,*" she said harshly. "*After tonight I'll be rid of you . . . you dried-up mummy of a man! And you'll not have me tonight, either. I'll put you off, as I have before. Tomorrow they'll take you away again, and I can begin to live again . . . live and love as a normal woman should! Oh, you fool, you insane fool, how I hate you!*"

"Yes," said Bergman. He moved past her toward the desk. There was a paperweight there, a heavy metal ox, a gift from her. His fingers closed over it and he turned, screaming, his ears deafened by the violent pounding of blood in his head . . . a clanging, a ringing . . .

"There we are," the doctor's voice said, cheerfully. Bergman opened his eyes. The ringing subsided.

"See," smiled the doctor. "One minute's rest. Nothing to it. Try sitting up."

"Of course." Bergman swung his legs over the side of the bed. "May I have my clothes now?" #

Case of the Nutritious Sadist

An Article by

ALAN HYND

Occasionally the exploits of a real-life murderer make even the wildest fiction boys turn green with envy. Take the case of Bob James, the butchering barber of Hollywood, a "nutritious" guy, as one of his girl friends called him, whose sex aberrations aroused the interest of the police—after a series of particularly revolting murders

For a fellow who had been born on an Alabama cotton patch and who had not worn shoes until he was eleven, Robert S. James was, at the age of thirty-five, doing all right. In the year that is of our immediate concern, 1932, James—a stalwart redhead with shifty champagne-colored eyes in a pasty face—was employed as a master barber in a flossy Los Angeles shop.

When Bob James told fellow barbers that he had what it took with women, he was stating a fact. One little nymph told him that he was the most nutritious man she had ever known. The girl may not have merited a job with a dictionary publisher, but, everything considered, she seems to have somehow described the James appeal.

It was in 1932 that Bob James, already twice divorced, took unto himself a third bride, one Winona Wallace, who learned that one of her duties was to lash her spouse with the small whip he supplied for the purpose. When the bride lashed Bob, he would emit sounds considered odd even in a Los Angeles bungalow court.

Bob was a great believer in insurance. He took out seven thousand dollars' worth of insurance on Winona, with double indemnity in case of accidental death—and thereupon set out with Winona for a motor tour to Pike's Peak.

On a beautiful October evening, when the pair were driving toward Colorado Springs, Bob shouted, "Look out, darling!" A little later, Bob, shaken with grief, reported an accident to the highway authorities. His wife, who had been at the wheel of their car, had, he said, driven off the road and plunged to her death.

A hard-bitten highway official removed a cigar from his mouth to inquire, "How is it that you didn't get killed in the plunge?"

"I jumped clear," said Bob, a nimble fellow.

An odd thing, as it turned out, had happened. Just short of the point where it would have plunged several thousand feet, the automobile had been stopped by a gigantic boulder. Winona James was in the car, alive, and unconscious from a severe blow on the back of the head—an injury that could have been received after the car had gone out of control because of a defect in the steering apparatus.

When Winona James regained consciousness in a hospital in Colorado Springs, she could not recall exactly what had happened. Bob had screamed a warning, then everything had gone black.

While she was in the hospital, Bob lived in a little rented cottage at Manitou. Pending Winona's recovery, he was taking up the slack with a young lady he had picked up in Colorado Springs. The young lady was not only enthusiastic about lashing Bob with the whip; she was fond of building little bonfires in the bathtub of the cottage.

Speaking of the bathtub—Bob forbade Winona to get into it when she joined him at the cottage for what she supposed would be her recuperation. "You may suffer a dizzy spell, darling," Bob told Winona, "and drown yourself in the bath. And what would I do then?" The question, as it was to develop, was not an entirely academic one.

There was a little grocery store near their cottage and Bob used to stop by and ask the delivery boy to look in on Mrs. James during the day if he was passing the cottage. "She's so dizzy she's falling all over the place," Bob would explain.

One evening Bob appeared at the grocery store. His car, he said, had broken down after an all-day drive, and he was anxious to get back to his wife because she had been dizzier than usual lately. Bob bought some bread and asked the delivery boy to drive him home. "Come on in for a minute," said Bob. "I want to give you a tip."

Bob went around the cottage, looking for his wife, while the boy waited for the tip. He called to the boy. The boy found him in the bathroom. In the bathtub—partially in it rather—was the nude form of Winona James. Her head was under a couple of feet of water, but her legs were not in the tub. "Must have had a dizzy spell," said Bob to the boy. The water in the tub, Bob pointed out, was still warm. "Must have happened only a little while ago," he said.

The insurance companies paid Bob $14,000 on his claim that his wife had accidentally drowned herself.

James returned to Los Angeles and bought a Pierce-Arrow convertible, twenty new suits, and a handsomely equipped barbershop in the downtown district.

Bob liked a drink. He could be higher than a kite and give the appearance of having had only a couple of beers. After one excursion among the watering holes in 1934—two years after the death of his third wife—he woke up in a tourist cabin, conscious of the fact that a lady was beside him. She turned out to be his fourth wife. Over a period of four days they had met, gone through the premarital formalities and become united in holy matrimony, and he didn't remember a single minute of it.

Bob found that his newest wife didn't believe in insurance. This caused an immediate rift in the marital lute and he instituted proceedings for an annulment.

Some people have an affinity for misfortune. An easygoing, slow-witted nephew of Bob's by the name of Cornelius Wright was such a character. Wright, a sailor for the United States Navy, had been struck by automobiles on shore, and had fallen into excavations while watching construction work. And now, as his ship lay at anchor in Los Angeles Harbor, Conny Wright decided to look up Uncle Bob, whom he hadn't seen in years.

Uncle Bob's first (*Continued on page 145*)

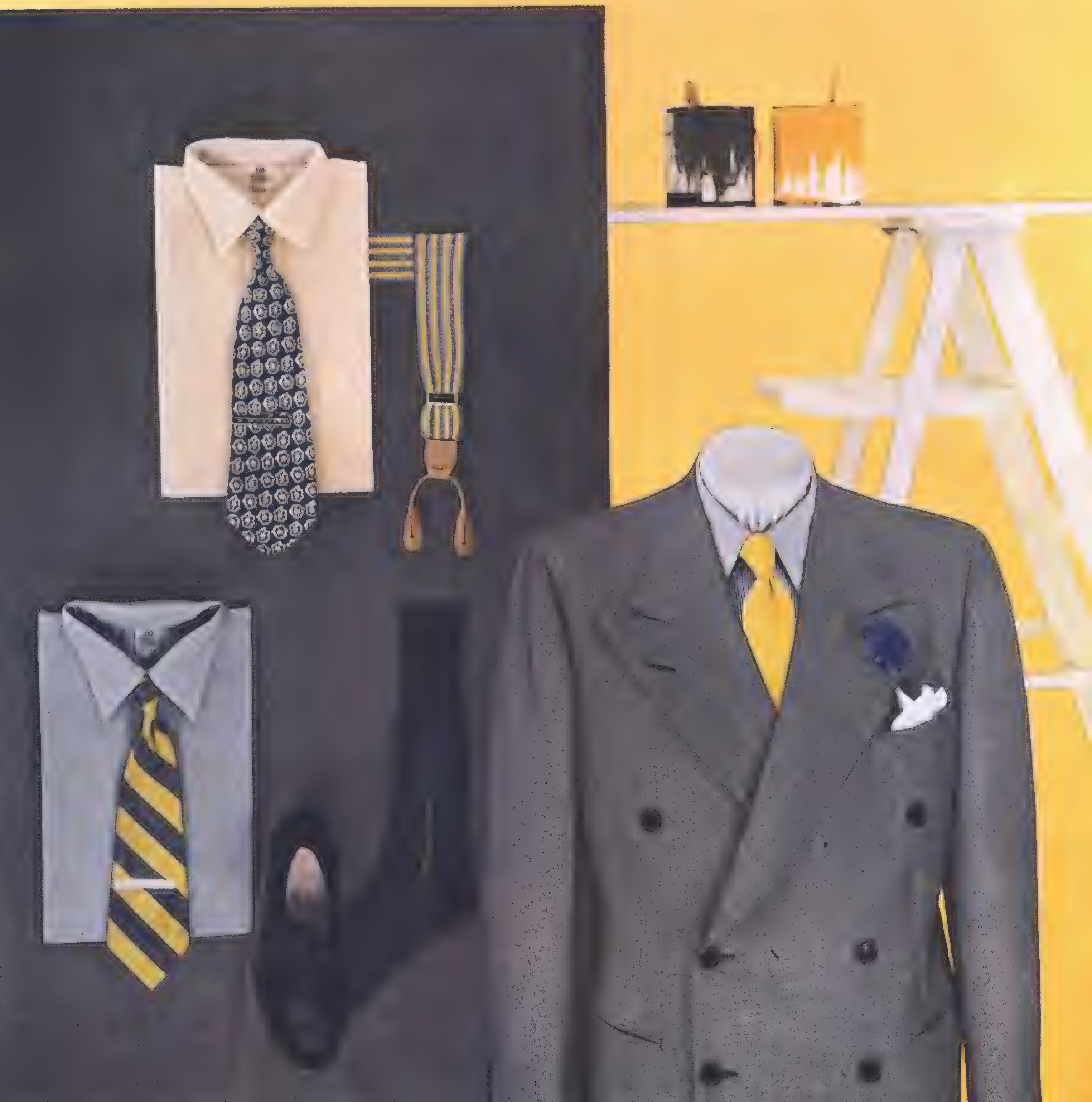
"He says he can fly better with that tail gadget"

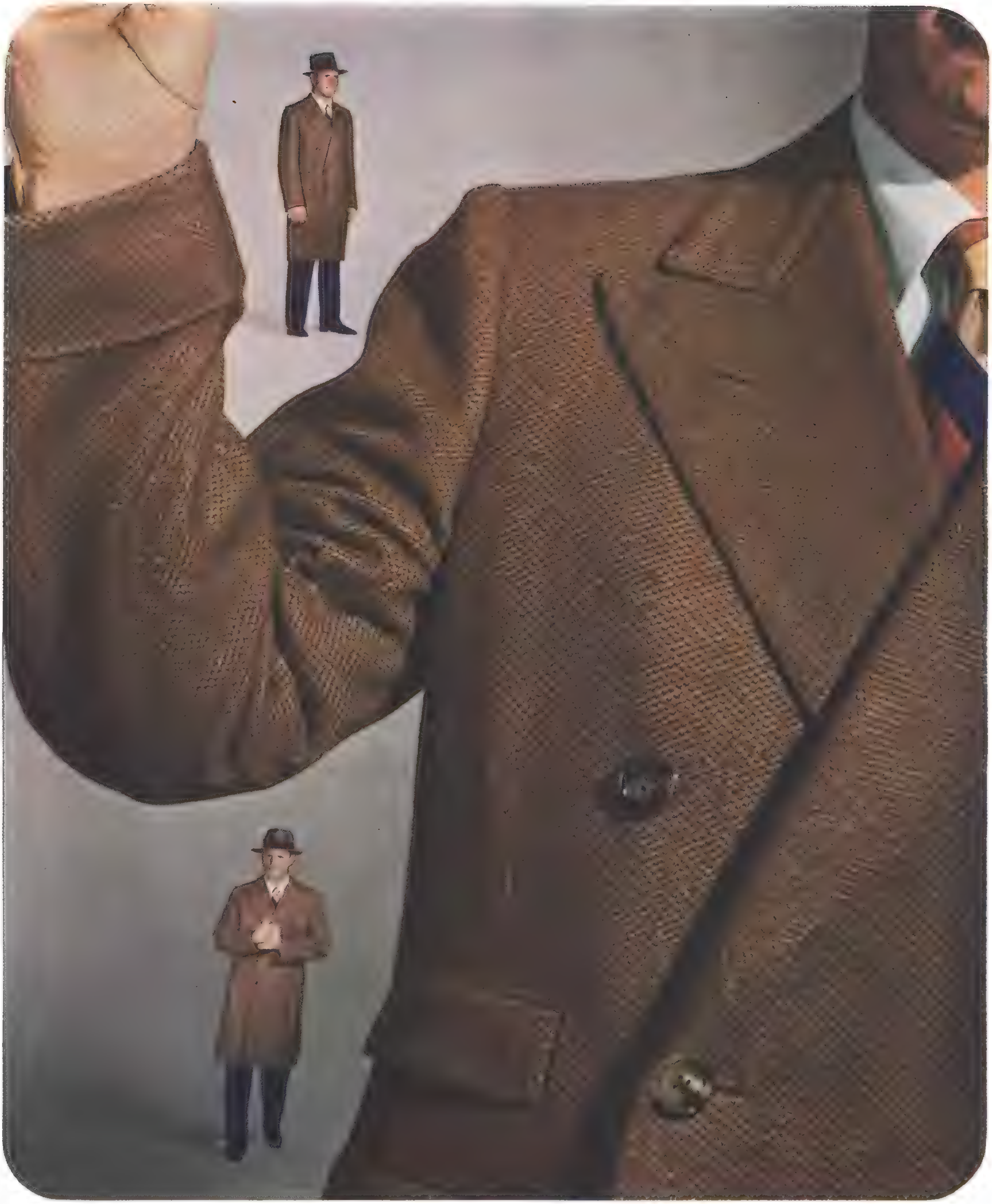
presenting spring's newest color team

yellow
and
grey

Since spring is but a calendar page away, it's high time to think about a bit of wardrobe refreshment. We've scouted the oncoming season's panoply of color and teamed Yellow and Grey as the two colors most likely to give you the demeanor demanded by the very nature of things. That grey sharkskin worsted suit, while doing nicely on its own, is considerably indebted to the plain yellow foulard tie, resting on a grey and white striped shirt, for a new élan in masculine dress. Grey and yellow in the assembled accessories show how to make the most of this new color team in spring's line-up.

KODACHROME BY ARNOLD GLANTZ

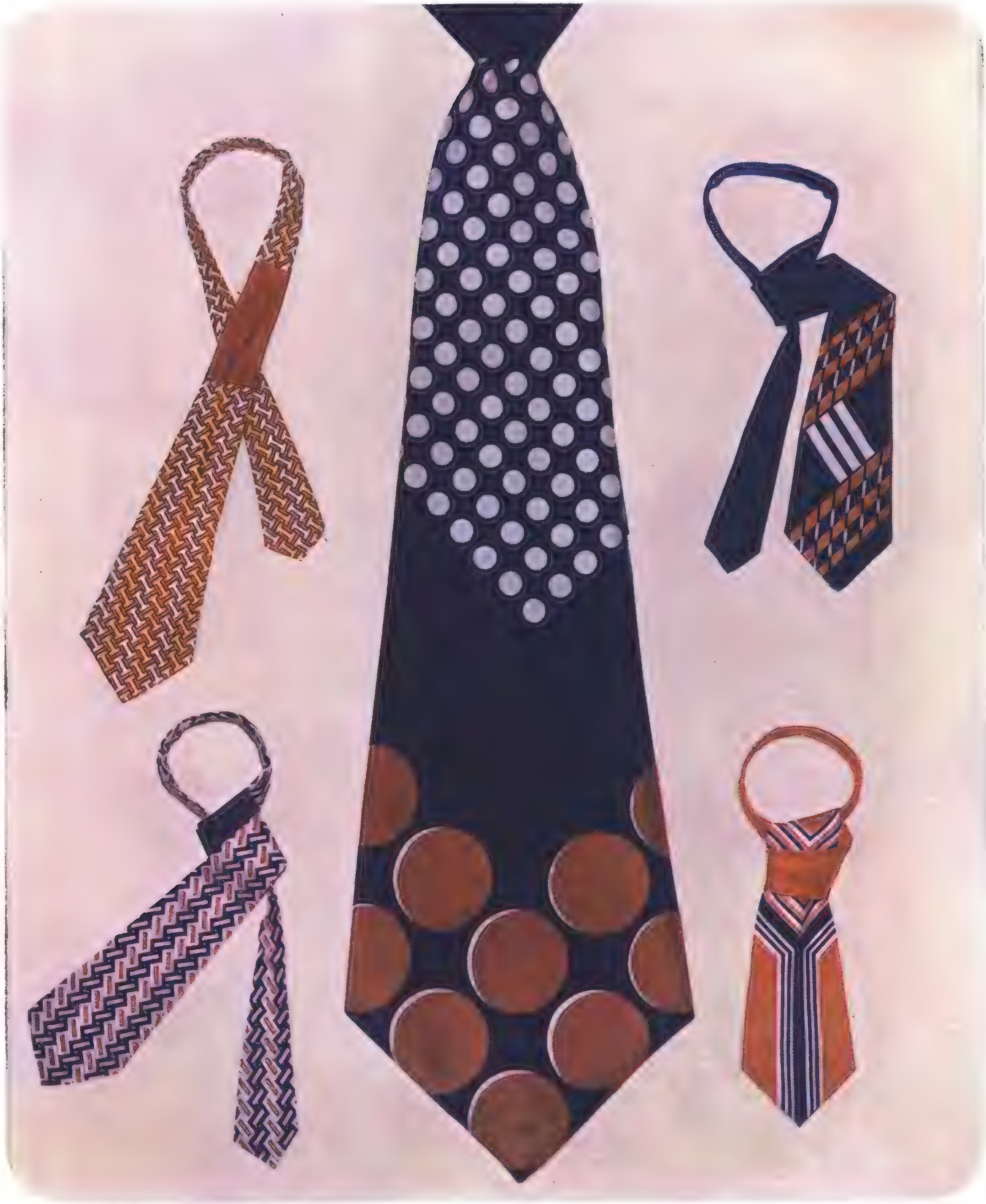




THE SHADE OF THINGS TO COME

Kodachrome by William Stone

Other than an occasional nuance of tonal difference, there's been little to distinguish one year's crop of camel's-hair coats from another. Toss a few kind words then to those enterprising weavers who have developed a honey of a honeycomb weave in camel's hair, giving the all-too-familiar plain shade a wholly new and decidedly lush look. The blending of brown and golden tan gives this new weave a patina that approaches perfection in coats, and the double-breasted model illustrated here is a fine example of what can be done with camel's hair from here on in. This three-button affair with turn-back cuffs and change pocket, incidentally, is a made-to-measure model, so don't belabor your favorite shop if they have none on hand now.

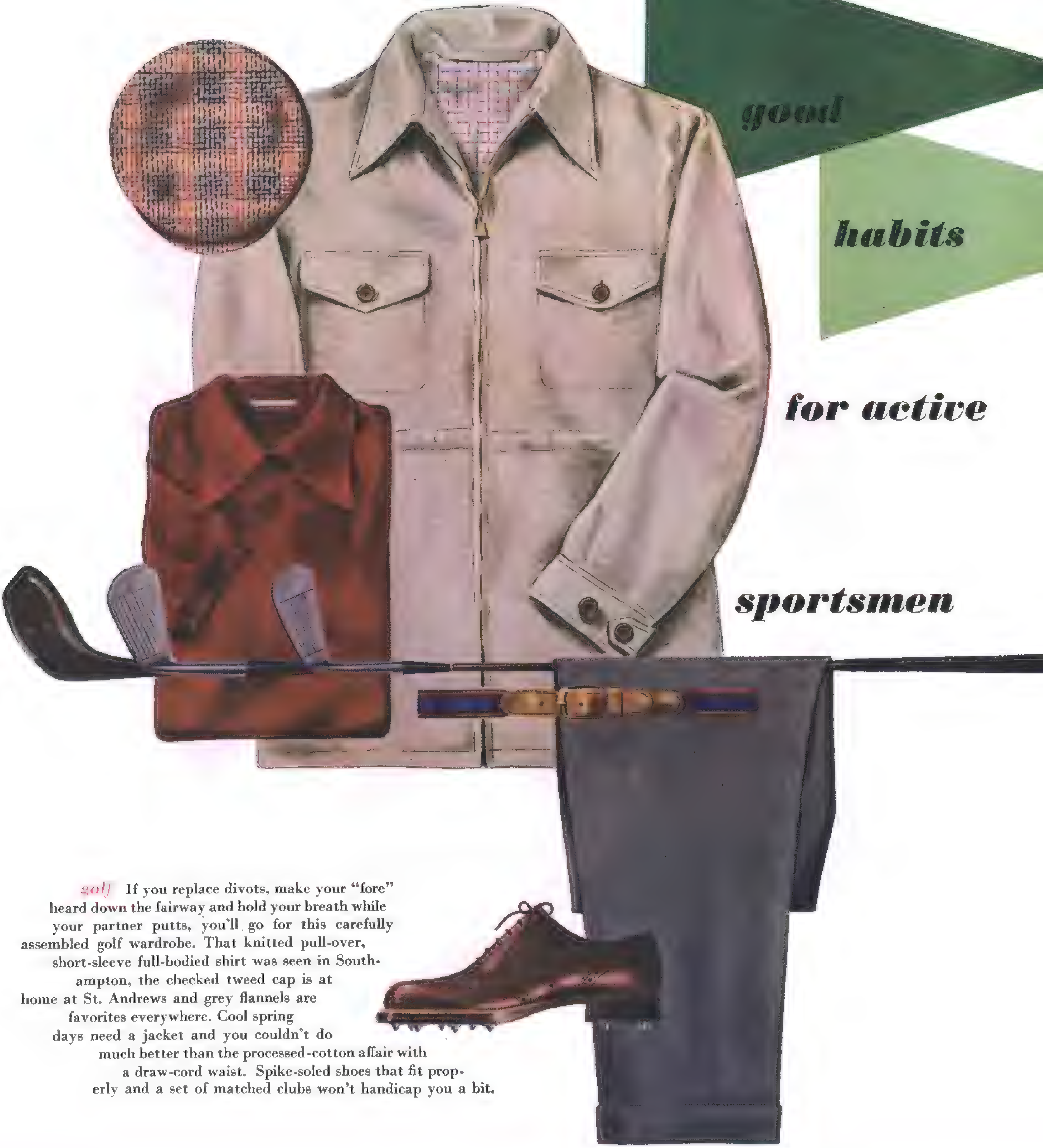


TIED UP IN KNOTS

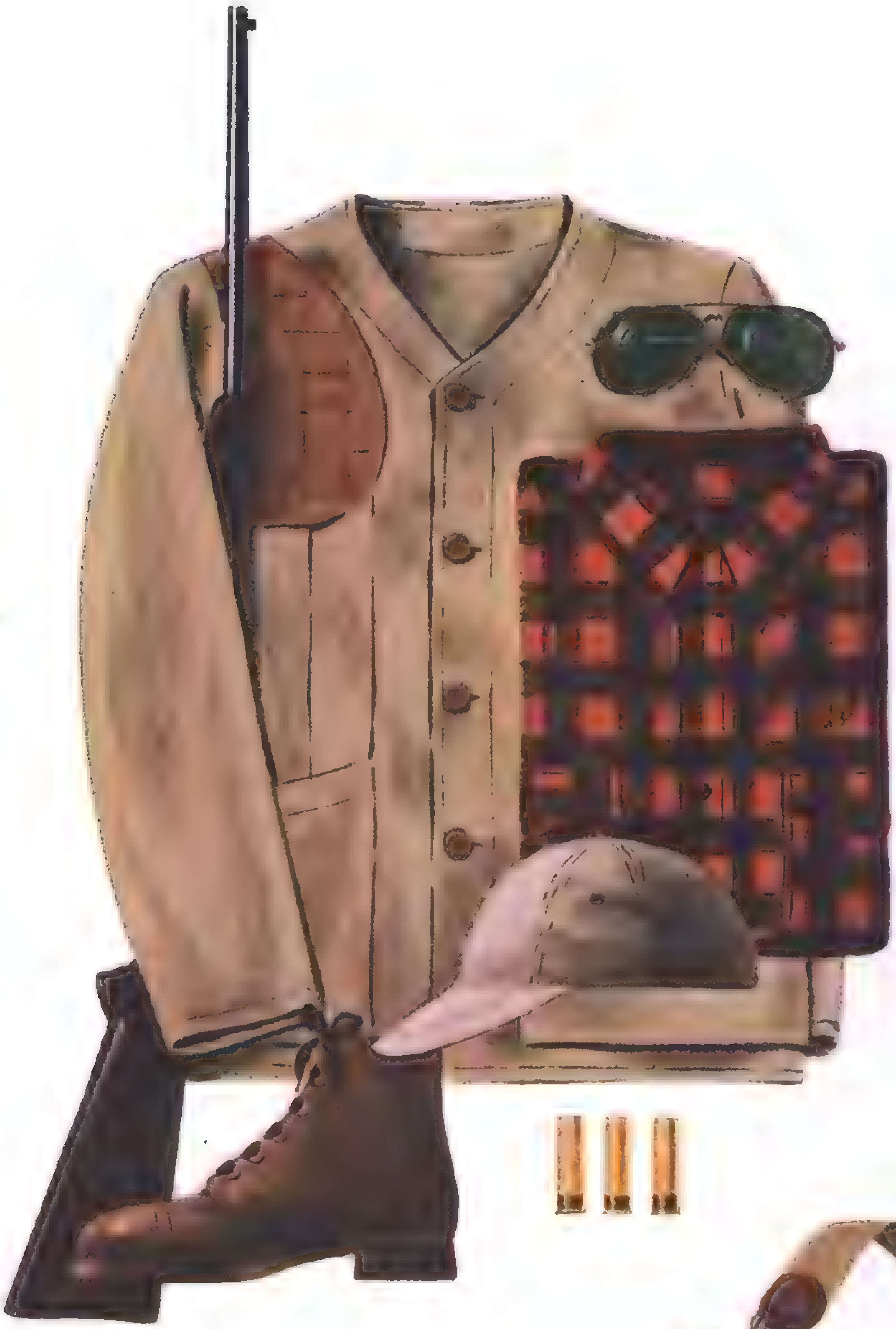
Kodachrome by Arnold Glantz

Spring necktie ideas are getting a good going over and the knot is the nub of a number of new ones. As you see on the illustrated combination-dot pattern, the knot manages to wind up with a solid color and the remainder of the tie carries the design. As you would suspect, this tie idea is called "under-the-knot" and it makes sense since there's rarely room on a knot for design anyway. Solid-color shirts make admirable backgrounds for these ties, particularly if the shirt color and tie background color either contrast or harmonize. Those four other tie designs follow along with the same "under-the-knot" angle, and if you follow from top left to right then bottom left to right, you'll know the ins and outs of winding up with a proper knot.

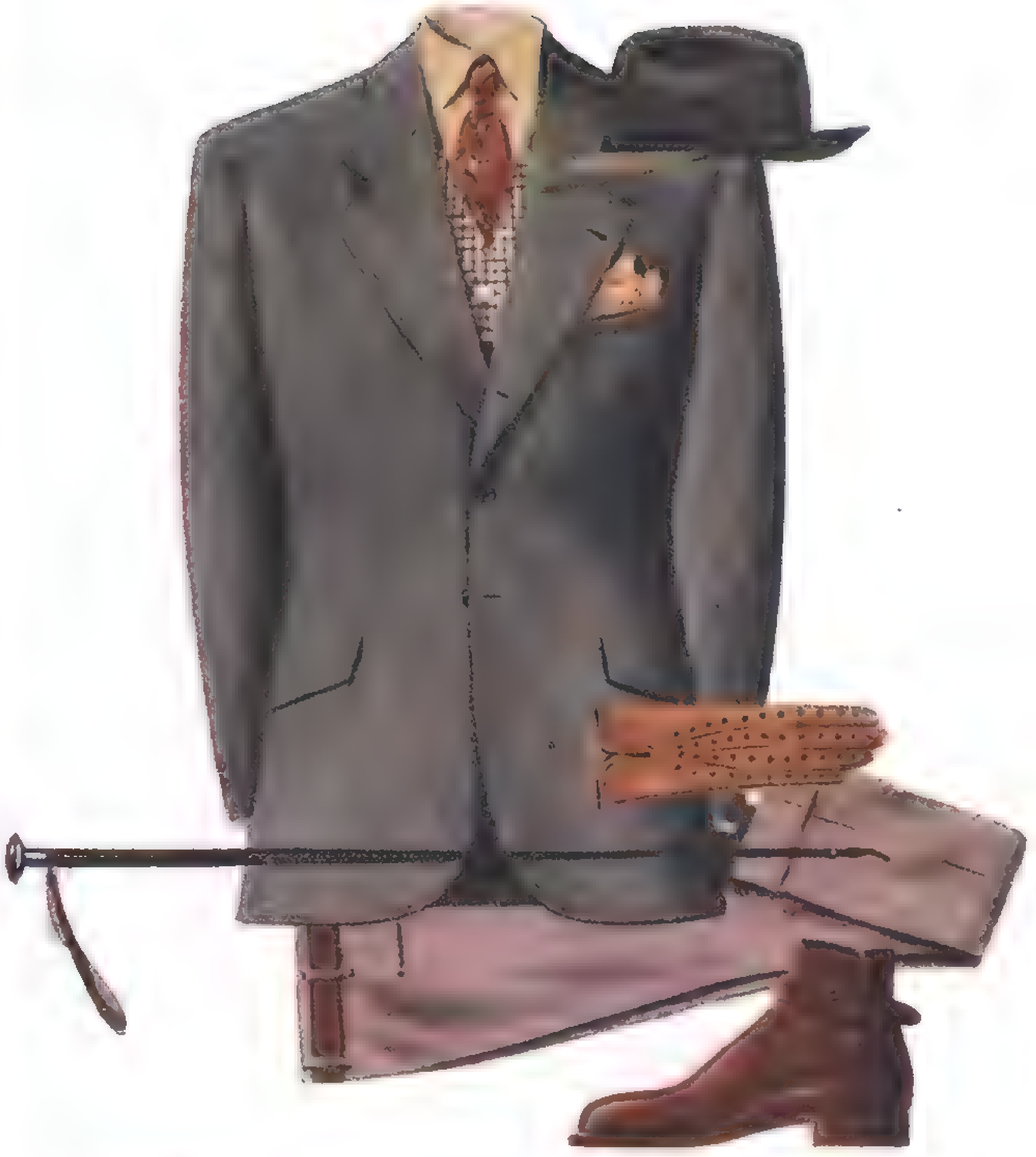
good habits for active sportsmen



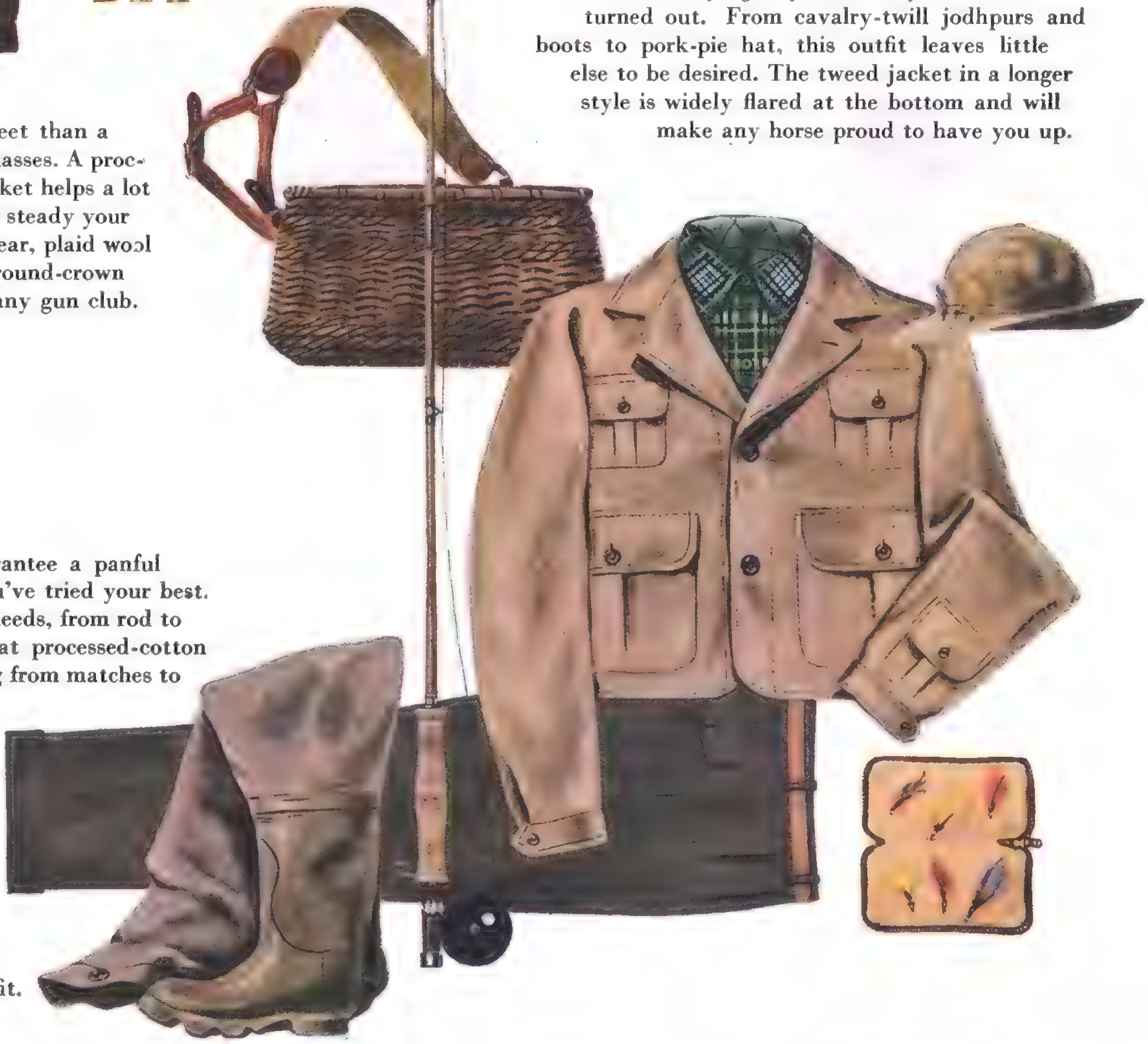
golf If you replace divots, make your "fore" heard down the fairway and hold your breath while your partner putts, you'll go for this carefully assembled golf wardrobe. That knitted pull-over, short-sleeve full-bodied shirt was seen in Southampton, the checked tweed cap is at home at St. Andrews and grey flannels are favorites everywhere. Cool spring days need a jacket and you couldn't do much better than the processed-cotton affair with a draw-cord waist. Spike-soled shoes that fit properly and a set of matched clubs won't handicap you a bit.



skeet There's more to skeet than a good gun and optically correct glasses. A processed-cotton shoulder-pad jacket helps a lot and thick-sole country shoes will steady your shots. As for shirts and headgear, plaid wool for the former and a long visor round-crown Canuck cap make sense at any gun club.

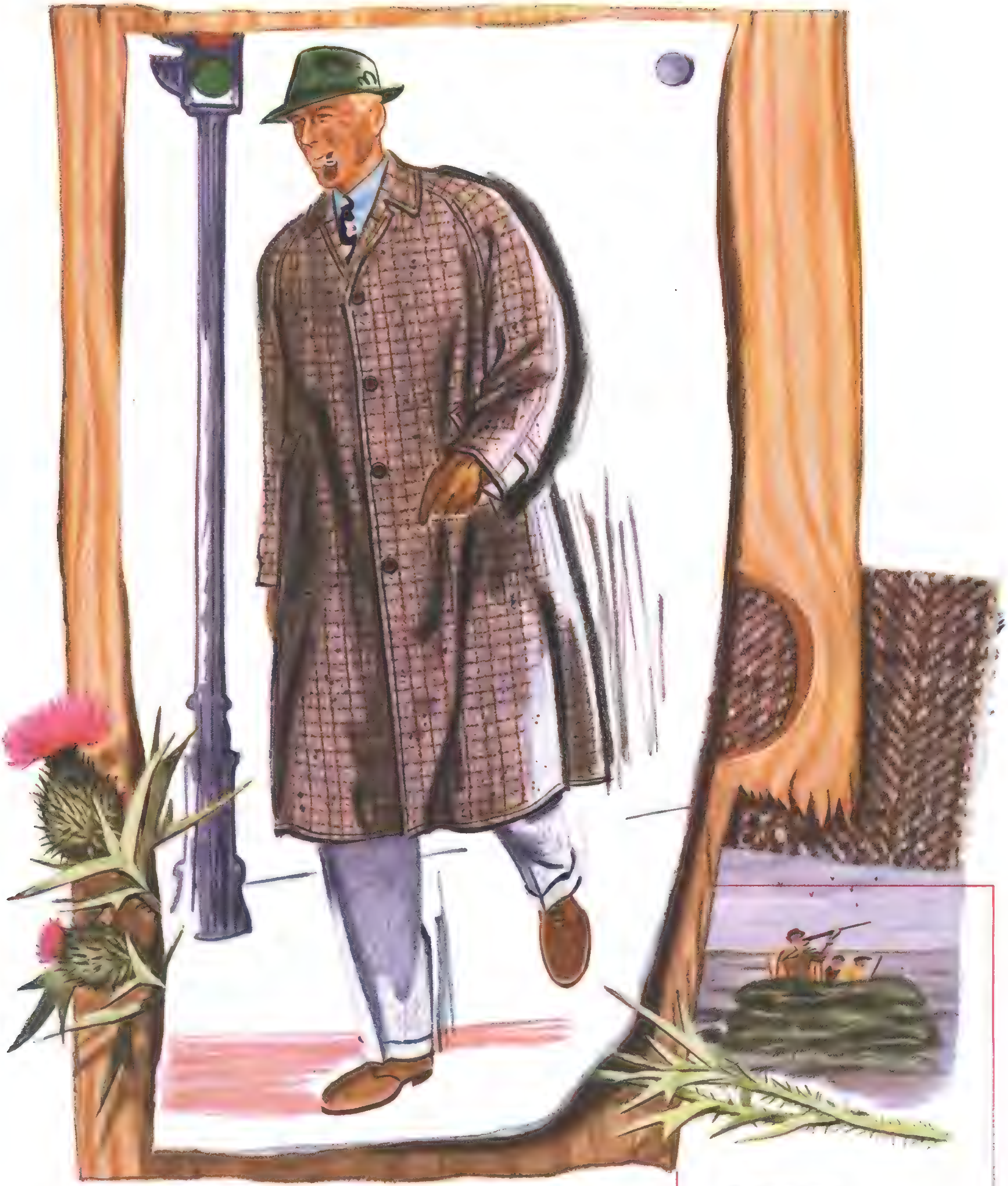


riding At home in the saddle can be a lot more satisfying if you know you're well turned out. From cavalry-twill jodhpurs and boots to pork-pie hat, this outfit leaves little else to be desired. The tweed jacket in a longer style is widely flared at the bottom and will make any horse proud to have you up.



fishing While we can't guarantee a panful of rainbows, you'll know you've tried your best. Here are the complete angler's needs, from rod to reel to creel and clad in that processed-cotton jacket (with pockets for everything from matches to money), cotton hat, wool shirt and waders, you're set to tackle the wiliest in the water. This gear, incidentally, was seen on many of the fishermen pitting their skills against those of the denizens in the Yellowstone Park streams, as fine an indorsement as any. But no matter the locale, you'll have good sport with this outfit.

PAINTINGS BY MERRILL HARVEY

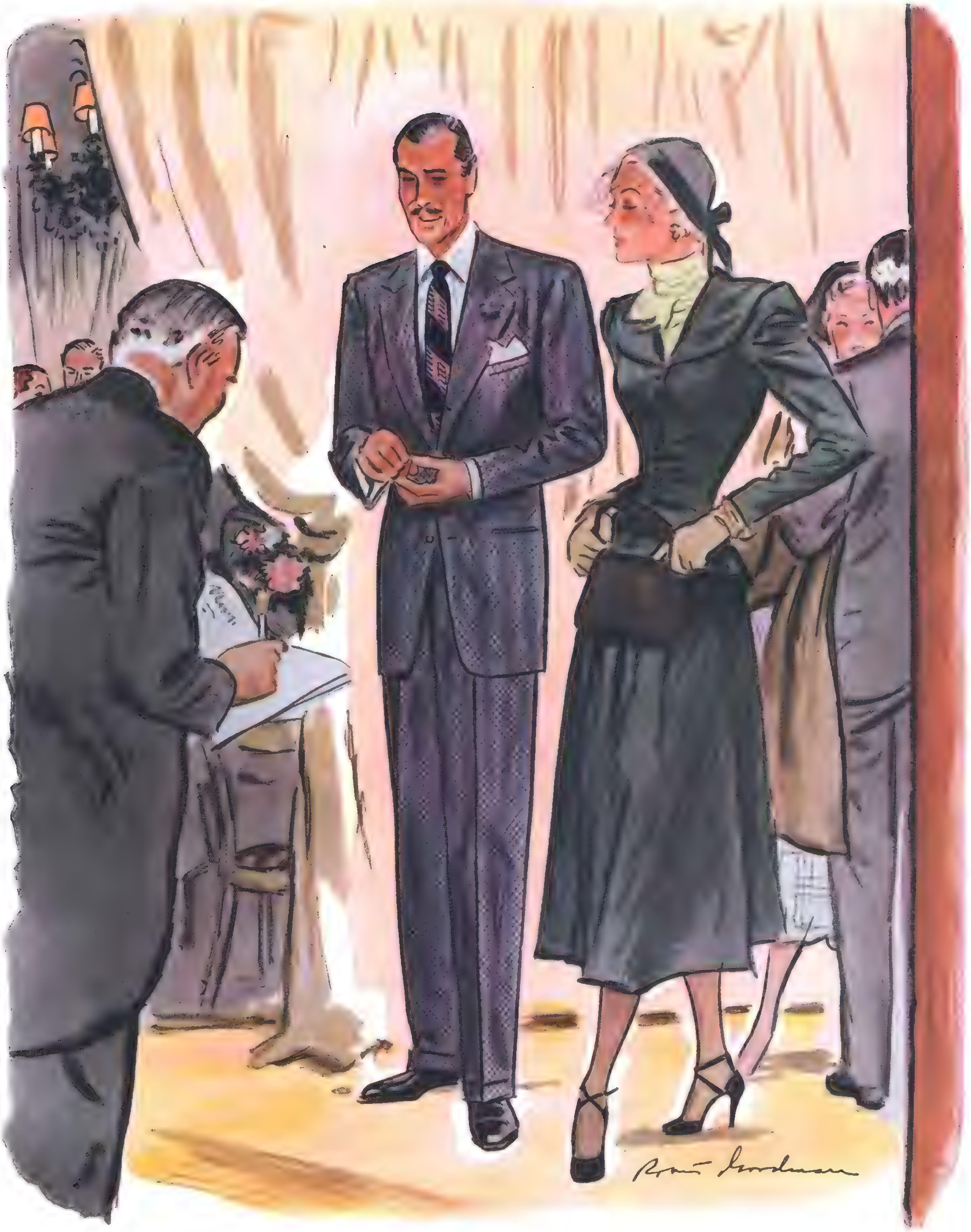


CANNILY COATED—*Drawing by Karl Milroy*

Direct descendant of the Scottish cape is the military-collar coat with full raglan sleeves and sweeping lines. It's eminently wearable in town or country and fits into that all-inclusive wardrobe category which we've come to know as semisports. The chap here chose a multicolored tweed version flecked with blue and rust tones, allowing him a wide range of choice in accompanying suits and accessories. This particular day seemed right for a small-patterned tweed suit in soft grey, and you can see he made good choice of a green Tyrolean hat too. Blue Oxford shirt, foulard tie, brown shoes and what other manner of dress would be so pipe perfect?

Balmacaan Background

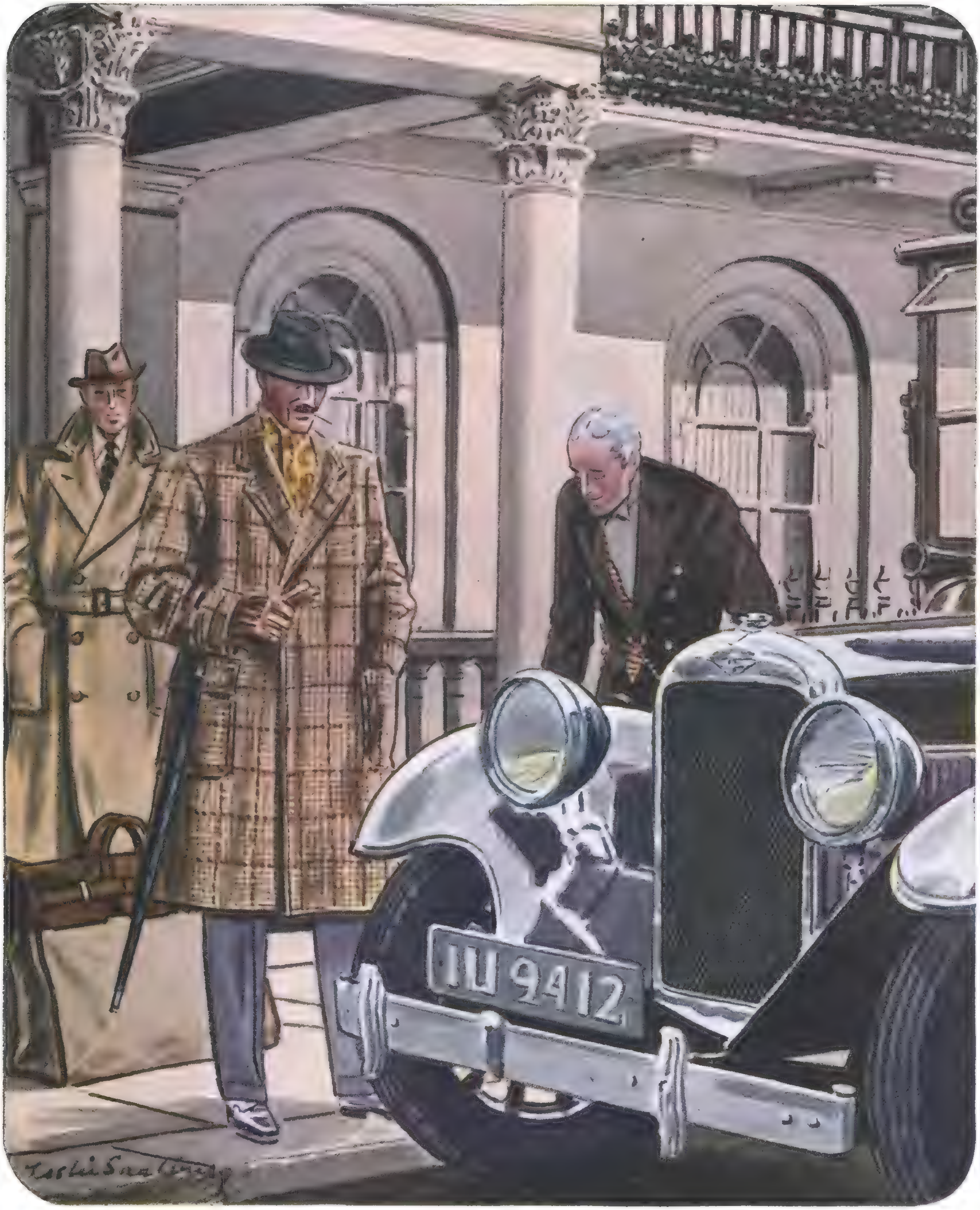
Shooting birds from a box in the Scottish moors called for more than 100-proof protection from the elements. Even full-flowing capes didn't stop blasts of wind and rain from the body. So sleeves were added to cape and the raglan-shouldered balmacaan was born.



NICELY SUITED FOR EACH OTHER

Drawing by Robert Goodman

Headwaiters, you may have noticed, have resumed the pleasant practice of bowing patrons into their domains. Even if that Gravel Grey sharkskin-suited fellow forgot to ring for dinner reservations this well-turned-out pair would wind up at the best table in the house. The pleasant blue striping in his suit could have a bit to do with that, but the odds favor his companion, for her "after five" suit of rustling taffeta would prompt many a Park Avenue whistle. But back to him. His shirt is white, has a modified collar spread with shorter points. Silk rep tie, black straight-tip shoes and boutonnière were judiciously chosen. And if you've wondered what to do about buttoning a three-button suit, follow his lead. Just put the middle button to work.



PAINTED IN LONDON, ENGLAND, ESPECIALLY FOR ESQUIRE

FASHION CHECKS IN

Drawing by Leslie Saalburg

Fellow fumbling for a florin (four bits, American) is digging in a patch pocket large enough to hold a pound. That's a handy feature in the brown-and-tan checked Harris tweed topcoat embellished with a brown overplaid. And if you have an eye for detail, you'll notice that it's a fly-front affair, broadly shouldered and generously cut. His green rough-felt hat hews to the semisports line set by the coat, and the Paisley foulard pleasantly follows through. A suit of grey flannel, black shoes and capeskin gloves complete his touring wardrobe. Behind him is a belted tan camel's-hair coat which is worn with an up-all-around lightweight felt hat, and in front you see a close-up of one of Britain's stronger links with its past—a London taxi.

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.)

Parlor, Bedroom and Wrath

If Pussywillow and certain other screwballs desire to communicate—by mail—with Savo, they will be able to learn something that will be to their disadvantage

An Article by

JIMMY SAVO

It started across the table in a night club in Chicago in the early-morning hours when everybody was a little gay. The lawyer with us offered a drink to a man and his wife sitting at the next table. Soon we all were introducing each other and there was an exchange of drinks. The lawyer had a whiskey and soda, the man at the next table took bourbon, his wife had rye, I had Scotch, and Nina, who drinks only *crème de menthe verte frappée*, had one of those.

Next we joined tables. The wife was a kind of blonde, not so young as April. The husband was a junior tycoon who called her his Pussywillow. They were leaving the next day for New York to stay a couple of days before flying off to France.

Nina said impulsively, "We have a small apartment on Central Park South. If you find nothing else you might stay there."

The minor tycoon and his wife accepted immediately. We sent a wire to our superintendent announcing the arrival of our guests.

A couple of weeks passed, and we found ourselves back in New York. The superintendent met us at the door.

"Your guest is in your apartment," he said, "and won't open the door. She has been locked in for three days. I gave her my keys, so I can't get in. I was about to call the police."

"What guest?" Nina asked, and the superintendent described her.

"Oh, but they were to be here for only two days!" said Nina.

"He flew away," said the superintendent, "but she could not get her visa in time."

"Next time drink milk!" I said to Nina.

We went upstairs, and opened the door, and there on the living-room couch was the junior tycoon's lady. She opened her eyes dimly and struggled into consciousness, then fell back again contentedly. By her side was a bottle of rye.

The couch in the living room is in the most prominent spot in the apartment. We could not have the tycoon's wife, or anybody's wife for that matter, lying in so conspicuous a place. Guests often drop in unannounced. We moved the couch and the lady and the bottle into a corner and hung a bed sheet in front of it to give her privacy.

Next day Pussywillow revived.

"Oh! Mr. Savo!" she said. "And Mrs. Savo! How nice to see you again!"

It seemed proper to toast one another in port wine. We did not ask her how long she would be with us, but she volunteered the information that her husband would be staying in Paris for a short time.

The next day the mail brought no news from the husband. At night the bottle of port lay empty under the edge of the bed sheet and heavy breathing came from behind it.

Days passed during which from time to time she woke up to ask for her mail, and replenish herself with whiskey. Rumors reached her that her husband had been seen with a girl in a Montmartre café and all over the rest of Paris. Bottles accumulated even more rapidly now, behind the bed sheet.

At first always came sleep and oblivion. Then baby talk, followed by insults to her hosts, trailing off to a forty-eight-hour collapse. When alcohol began to rest uneasily on Pussywillow's stomach and the stomach retaliated in its forthright way, Nina said that was not at all what she had expected when she extended the invitation in Chicago.

Nina suffered in silence, but began to ask Pussywillow's friends if they would take her over. Search for hotel rooms had proved fruitless. The friends turned out all to be waiting for other guests. To make matters worse, the tycoon wrote that things were extremely complex in Paris and he could not return as soon as he had planned . . .

In dismay we thought of leaving New York and I accepted a road tour.

News that we were going thrilled her. She would give us a farewell party!

She had heard that Leon and Eddie's was the place where the elite of New York gathered and went to see the boys.

"They know you," she said to me afterward, and her opinion of my prestige expanded.

When she arrived at the party she had already had a few and the gayest stage had unfortunately passed. Sometime later Leon and Eddie announced that I was there and there was applause and a spotlight on our table. A kind voice from the audience called it would give $200 to the Red Cross if I would sing *One Meat Ball*. I obliged gladly. When I came back to the table Pussywillow got up and went to the stage. The audience watched with interest. She was gay again. She took off her hat and started to auction it for the Red Cross. She got more applause and cheers than I had. Leon and Eddie waltzed her back to our table and in a few minutes she had wandered off to the Powder Room. There Nina found her on a couch, completely gone. To revive her required several hours, leaving me standing in a corner, with everybody cheerfully inquiring about our companion.

Finally it became possible to gather her up into a taxi and transport her to her corner behind the bed sheet.

Could we go off and leave her here alone? Nina thought she might set fire to the house. I wondered if there were someone who could stay with her, some other homeless soul who also needed an apartment, but had, perhaps, a less insistent thirst.

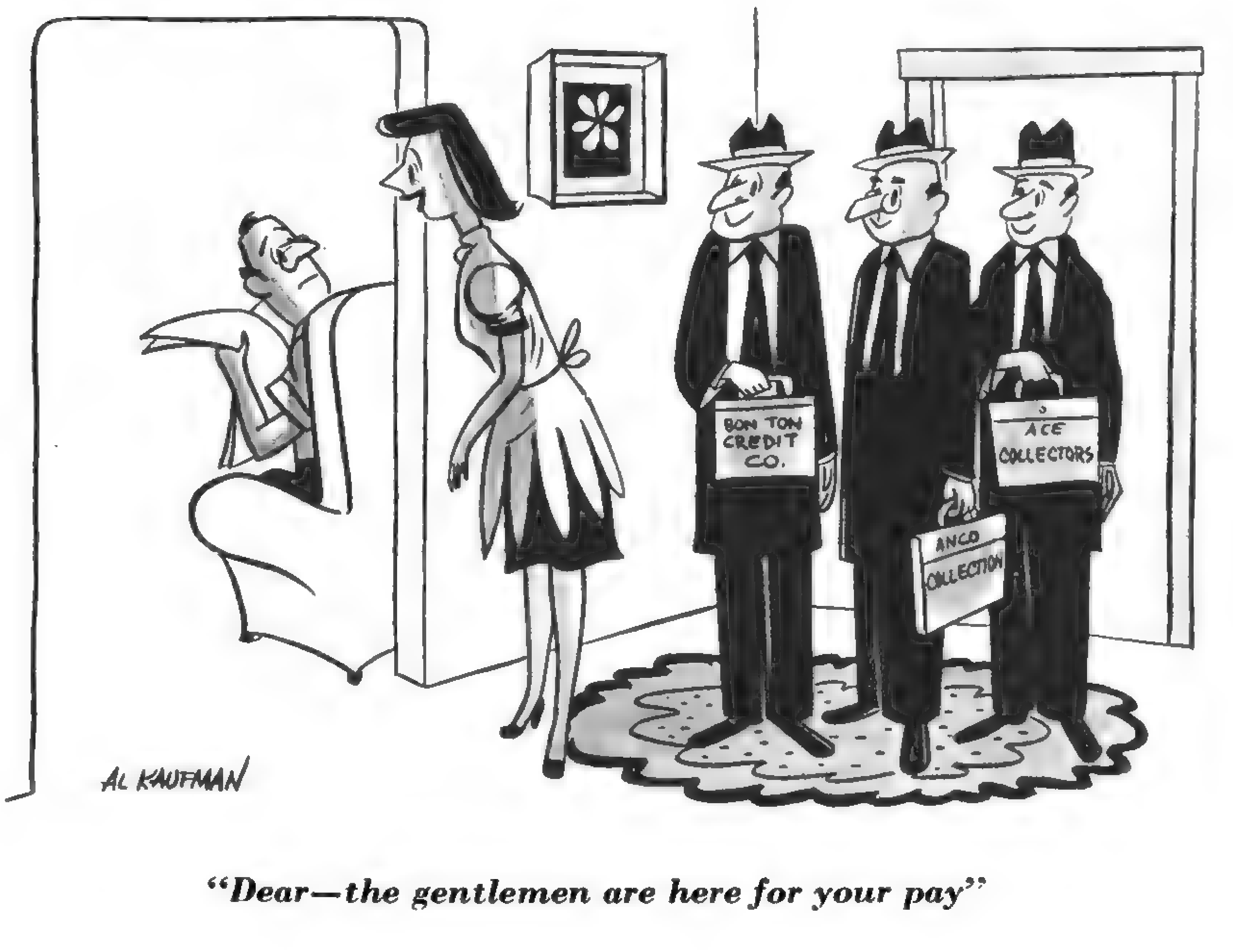
We had only to mention our predicament to a friend. It just happened that he knew a girl, a writer, who lived out of town and was eager to come to New York for some interviews with publishers. He got in touch with her. She was delighted. She would give our guest a tender sister's care. Barbara, that was her name, was a lovely girl. We had no need now to worry about anything.

All this trouble we need not have taken. We had been away only a few days when the superintendent wrote that our Pussywillow had got herself a visa and flown to Paris to search the wilds of Montmartre for her missing mate. We had a carefree week.

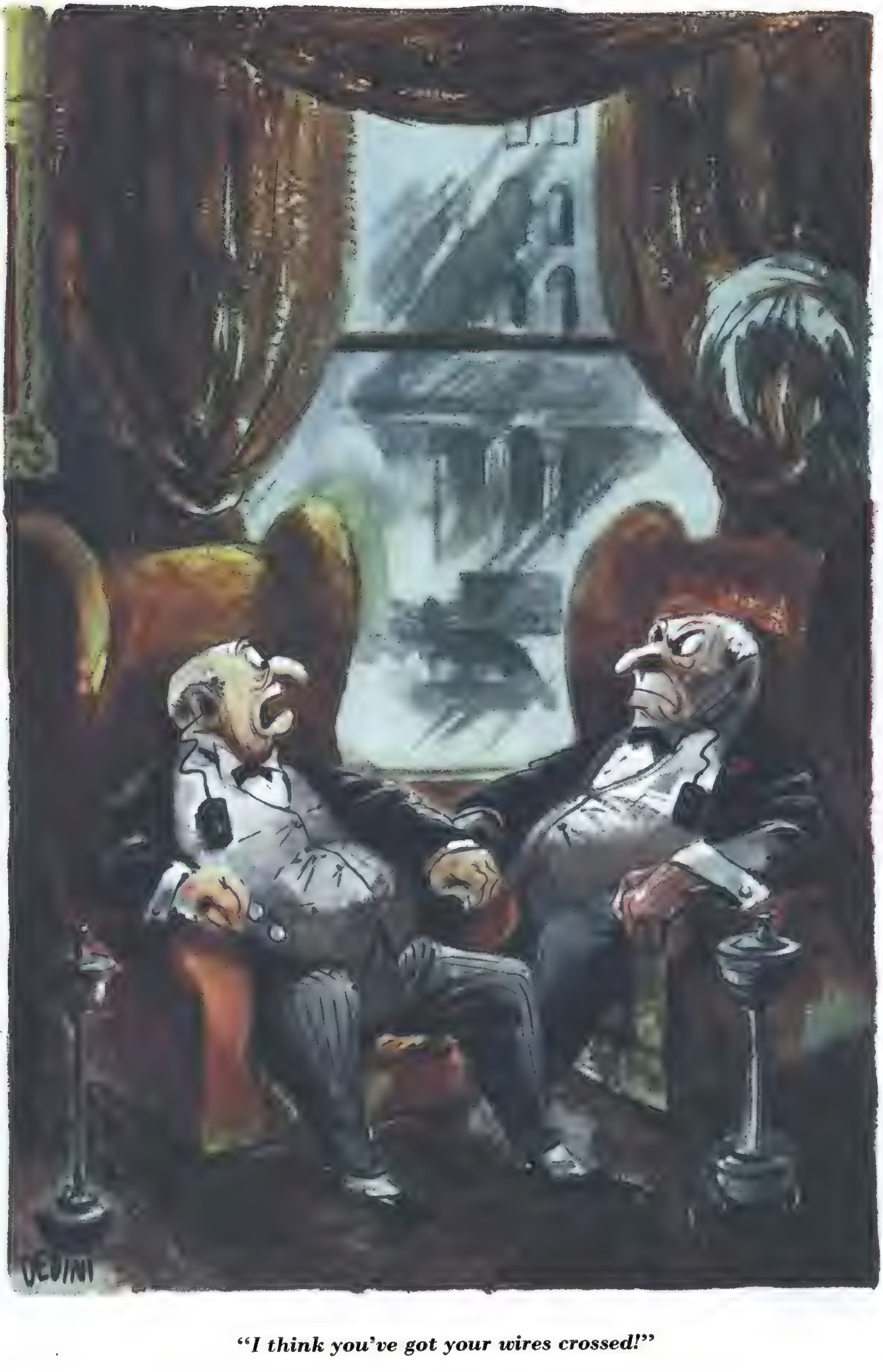
At its end came another letter.

"When your first guest left," it said, "the husband of your second guest arrived from Hollywood. I don't know if you knew that she had a husband, nor if you wanted him to live here, but he is in your apartment now.

"Last night at 2 o'clock I was awakened by the doorbell ringing. A policeman announced himself, so (*Continued on page 134*)



"Dear—the gentlemen are here for your pay"



"*I think you've got your wires crossed!*"

They Are Taking Her Away

With the threat of the scrap heap staring her right in the face, it certainly looked as though the old brass-bound locomotive had gone and committed suicide

A Story by

ALLEN MARPLE

NEW brooms sweep clean, if only to raise a screen of dust, and when Harry Beger moved in as superintendent at Midwest Iron a lot of standard practices and familiar faces went out in a cloud of it. Efficiency is all right and most of the guys were ripe to be pensioned off, but you couldn't pension Old Nellie.

Nellie had about as much style as General Grant, she went snuffling about the plant like an elephant with the heaves, and she was crankier than any old woman has a right to be. Still she had seniority, she was always good for a laugh, and the guys were sort of attached to her. Especially Pop Doane.

He tried to keep her out of sight, up by the Pennsy tracks, but there was nothing around the plant Harry Beger didn't nose into. The first time he saw her he stopped dead in those 5AA shoes of his—Harry was a little guy with black hair full of static and eyes made of carborundum—like he'd seen a ghost.

"Good God," he said, "what do you call that?"

Pop Doane was standing alongside her with his brass oilcan, hunched over like a starving stork, and at first he just looked down that needle nose with those faded eyes.

Then he said: "That's Nellie."

"Yeah," Harry was jumpy like always. "But what is it?"

"A locomotive."

"Oh." Even Harry's jokes were raspy. "I thought maybe we were collecting antiques for a History of Transportation."

"She shunts cars," Pop said, very quiet, "from the main line down along the river to the rolling mill."

Harry shook his head and walked away. As he went he made talk to the Chief Clerk who was always tagging after. "That relic's apt to explode and kill somebody. Scrap it. Order a new Diesel switcher."

You couldn't blame Harry Beger. He was modern as tomorrow morning's paper and if Old Nellie didn't date back to Robert Fulton, sure as shooting she had fought the Civil War. Originally she was a woodburner, and she still had her old bird-cage smokestack to catch sparks and her headlight was as big as the top of a grandfather's clock. She had more brass to her than a new fire engine and Pop kept it shining, but with that high cab and those tall drivers she looked all waddly and bunched up like Queen Victoria and I had to grin.

Pop said: "What's so funny?" And when I'd straightened my face, he added, "Scrap. It's a shame."

I said: "Sure, Pop—but she's seen her day."

He went over and ran his greasy glove over her steam box. "Yeah," he said. "But imagine! Busting her up and sending her back here to the furnaces."

The way he said it made it sound like murder and cremation, and I took a quick look at Old Nellie to make sure she was just an engine.

He said: "Nellie won't stand for that kind of treatment. At her age she won't stand for it at all."

He climbed aboard her then and blew a blast on her whistle that sounded like a cow caught on barbwire, and the two of them went chuffing off down our spur track toward the mill. I felt kind of sad watching them go, because I figured they were both done for.

Nobody in his right mind would try to buck Harry Beger, but it looked like grief or something had addled Pop Doane's brains in his head. The way he talked around the plant you'd have thought Nellie was Little Eva and Harry was Simon Legree.

Let a bunch of guys gang together with their lunch boxes and there would come Pop, telling how Nellie saved the Union pulling troops to the Battle of Chickamauga, saying it was enough of a disgrace she should spend her declining days butting freight cars when she pined to point her nose down the main line, much less end up on the scrap pile. It got so you couldn't put down a tool, or step outside for a breather, but what Pop was there crying about Old Nellie. Harry Beger must have heard about it, but nothing happened till Pop got up this petition.

It was a cockeyed idea he dreamed up, something about putting Old Nellie out to pasture like a horse—as if Harry hadn't figured to a penny how much she was worth for scrap—and he had it all done up in curly handwriting on a long piece of legal paper. A lot of us signed it, just to shut him up, and then forgot it. I was checking a bill of lading with Pop when the roof blew off.

Harry Beger came hotfooting it around the coke shed with some papers in his hand and the minute he saw Pop he let out a yell: "Doane. Come here."

Pop just waited, wiping his hands with an oily rag and looking as if he'd expected something and wasn't surprised. He just stood there, leaning against Old Nellie, till Harry came up.

Then he said: "Yes, Mr. Beger?"

Harry looked at him for a minute, getting back his breath, then he looked down at the papers like they were blasting powder with the fuse lit. He waggled them under Pop's nose and yelled: "You sent this—this thing to New York? To the President of the Company?"

Pop said: "I did."

"Why, you—" Harry didn't have the right words handy, so he pushed the papers at me. "Look what the big galoot pulled on me!"

I could see no sense in admitting I'd seen that petition before Harry found my name on it, so I read it word for word. Then I turned back a piece of paper folded over the top. It was from the President.

Dear Harry:

I don't know what this is all about and I don't care. I should think you'd be able to handle such matters on the spot. Please take care of it.

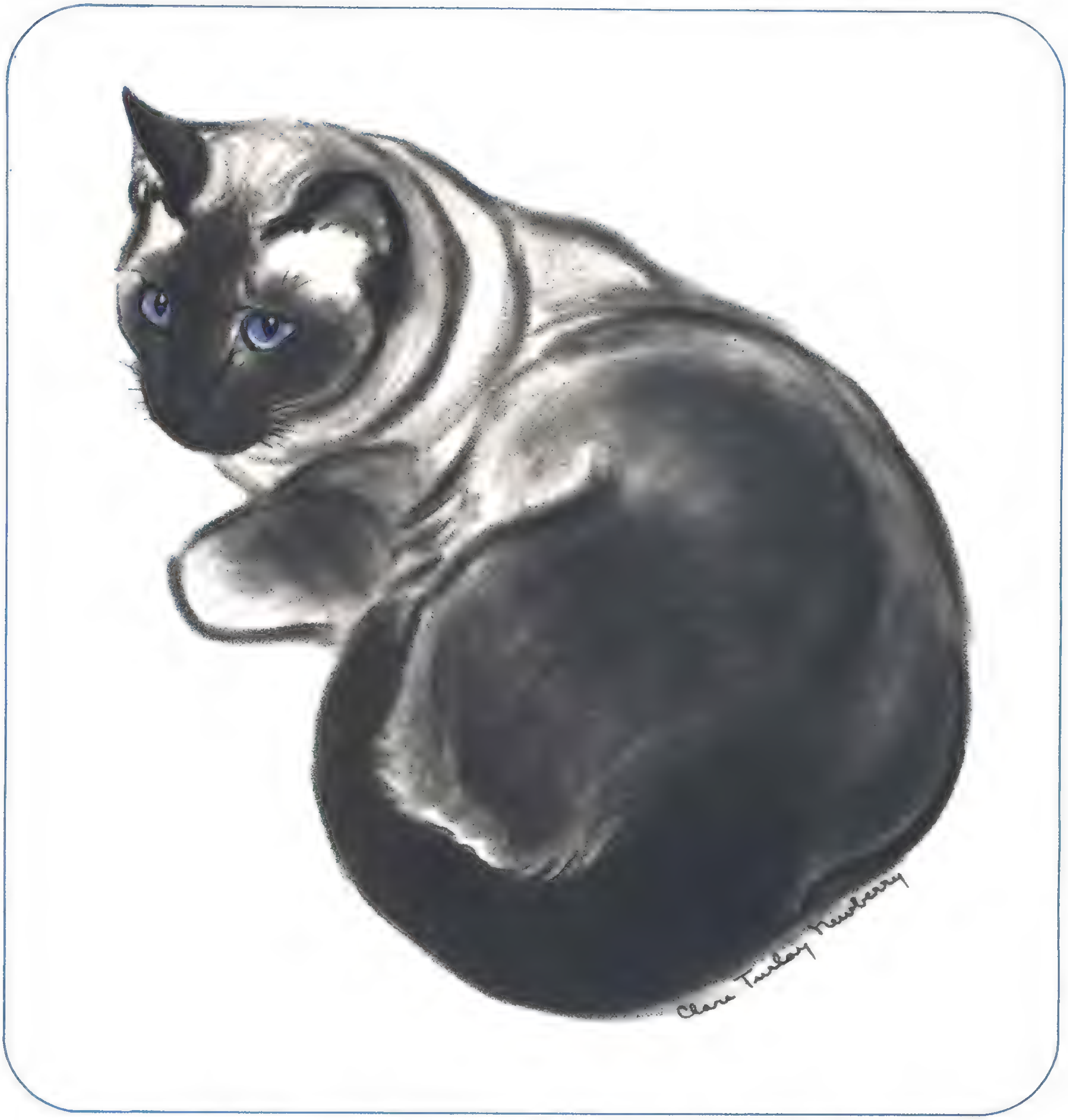
Sincerely,

J. B.

I looked up at Harry and said: "Well, what do you know."

He grabbed the papers back and glared up at Pop. When the glare sank in he said: "I'm running this plant, Doane, and that pile of junk goes. And when it goes, you go too." He snarled over his shoulder at the Chief Clerk,

(*Continued in center of page 137*)



Gentlemen Prefer Cats

by JAMES MASON

SKETCHES BY CLARE TURLAY NEWBERRY

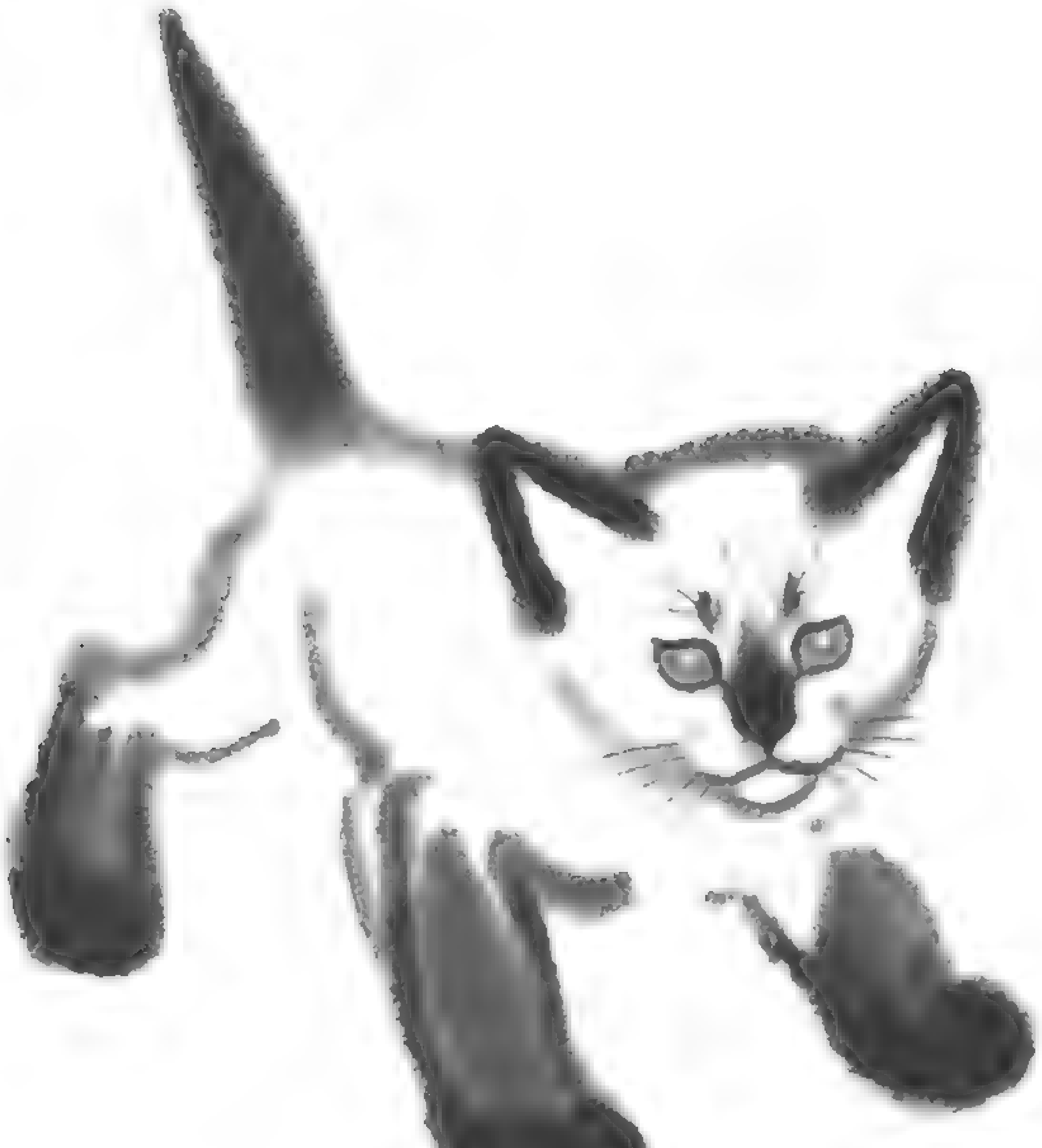
There is nothing kittenish about a cat. Nothing coy or clinging. It is the perfect roommate for the self-reliant man. If it's a tom he has a splendid Hemingwayesque spirit and is usually out on business of his own. If it's a female her only demands are for occupancy of the best chair and congratulations when she has brought off one of her periodical eugenic triumphs.

Even kittens are not kittenish as the term is applied to women. They are quite capable of playing their own games without human participation; they are not conscious of being pretty little balls of fluff and they have no desire to be picked up and cuddled.

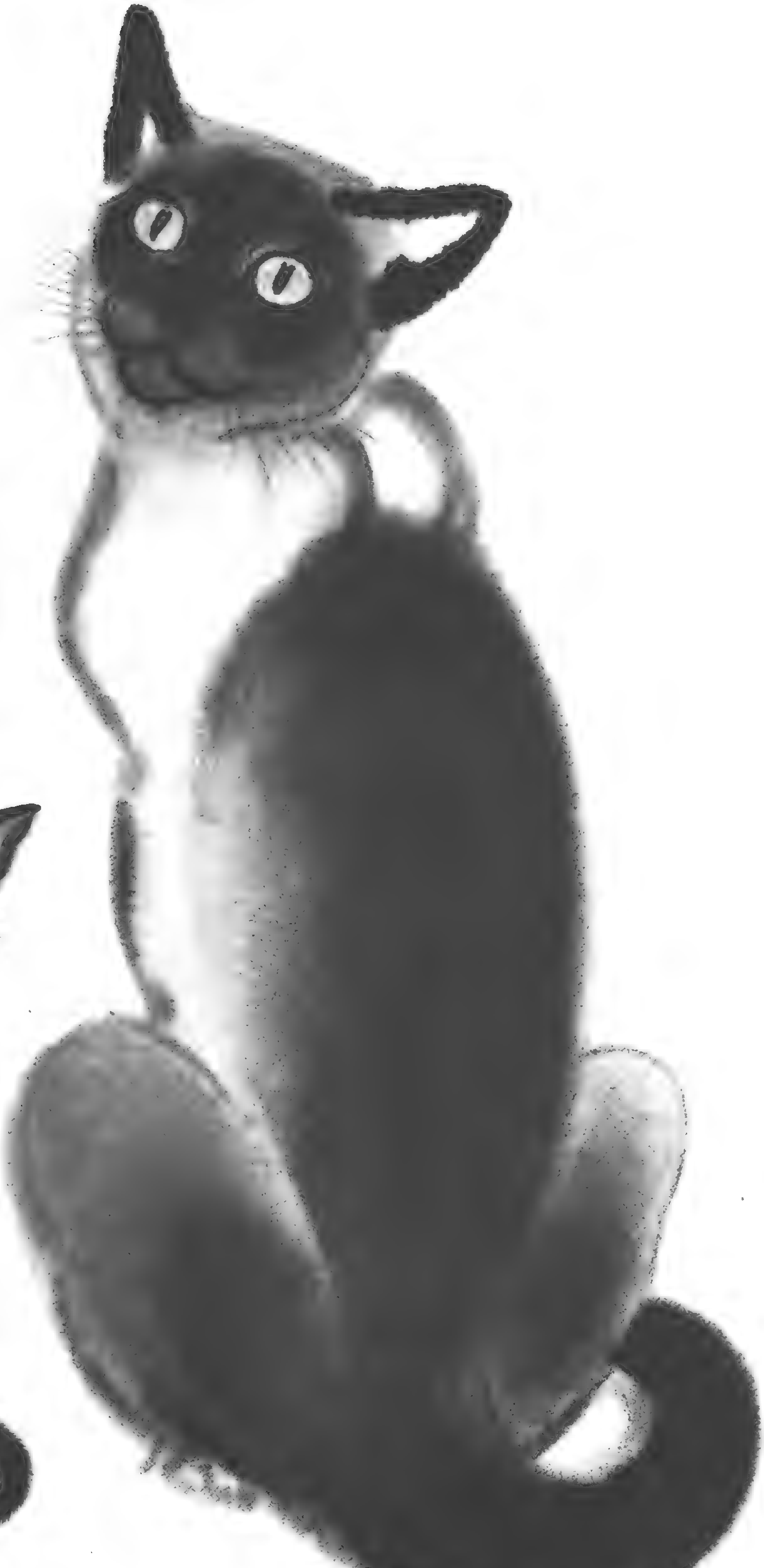
Cats are better understood by men than by women. Men of letters throughout history have shared the privacy of their studies only with their favorite cats, the friends best adjusted to the scratching of pen or the pounding of typewriter keys.

The only women who appreciate cats are the strictly domesticated. The calm, well-balanced life of a cat shows up paltry skirmishes of career women and glamour girls. It irks women that the cat is no push-over. No halfhearted necking at all seasons; the full orgy at certain times of the year and meantime all friendship is platonic.

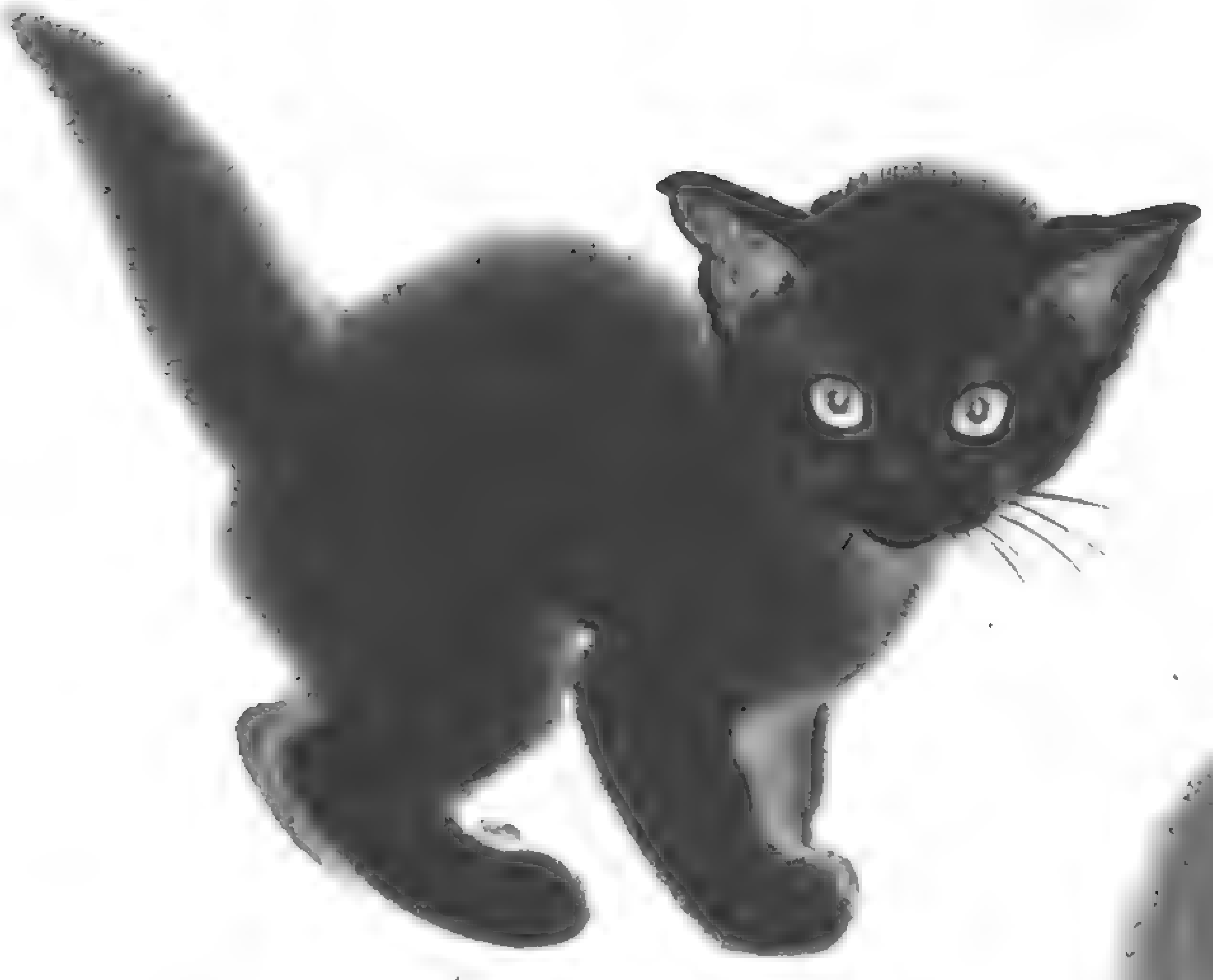
Don't underestimate the cat. Man may blow himself to smithereens, but the cat is here to stay. #



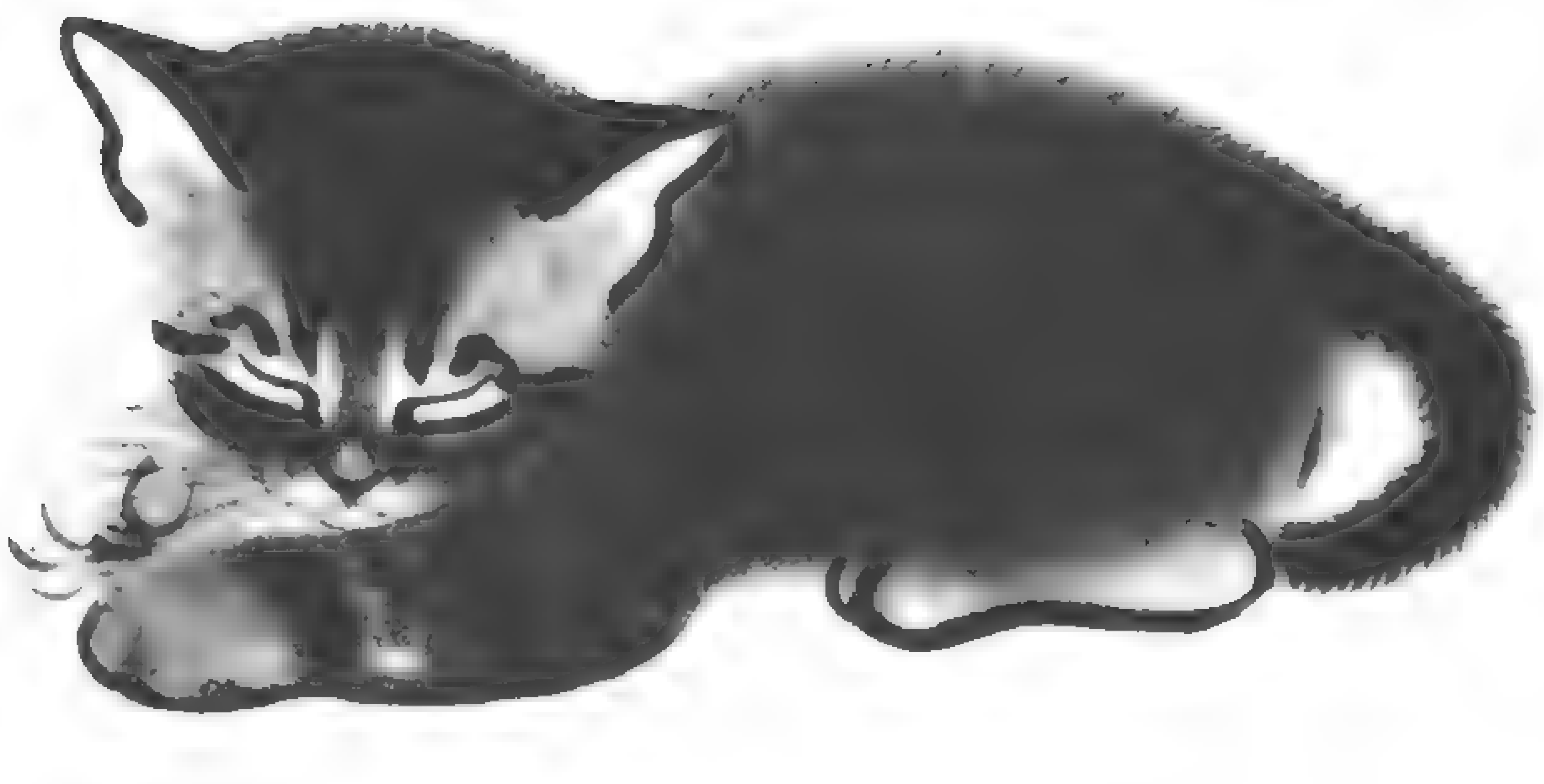
Chatterbox



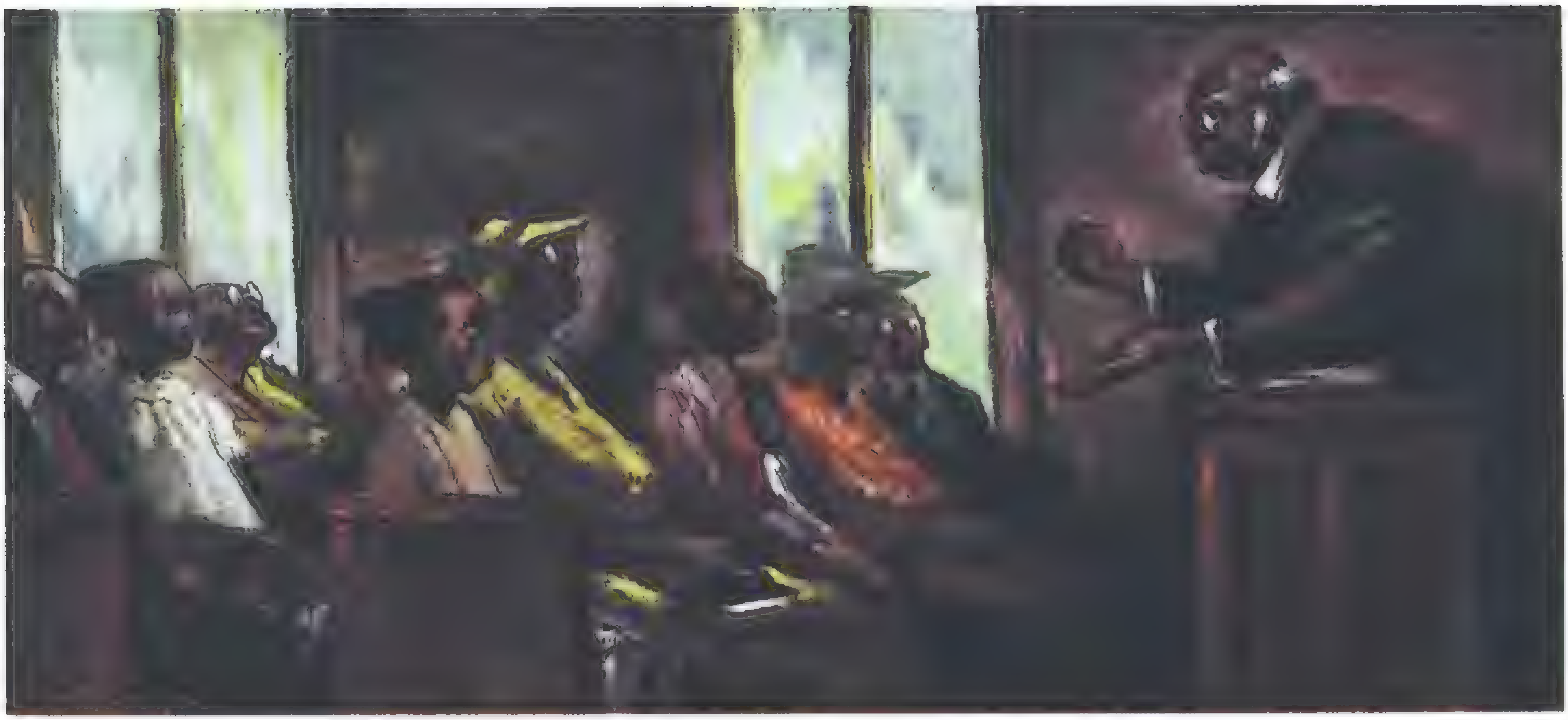
In every cat—the Sphinx



Cricket



Sleeping Tom



GUSTAV REHBERGER

The Tangled Land

A Poem by **ROARK BRADFORD**

Pastor of Junner Gou'd True Vine
Members, friends, and likewise:
I be's right proud to dedicate
Dis brand-new Church buildin',
To spread de Holy Word about,
And reek hit up wid Glory.

* *

Amen.

* *

I knows de work and de money hit took
To git dis meetin' house ready.
I painted Old Sunlight church,
And, friends, hit might' nigh broke me!
Hit was money for dis and money for dat,
Always money, money, money.

* *

I ain't jokin'.
I sweat myself down, takin' up collections!

* *

So now, yo' church is done got built
And hyar you sets, you members,
De co-workers on de Welcome Bench
And de urshers in de A-men cornder.
You feel mighty pleasant 'bout what you done?
You's restin' from yo' weary labors?

* *

Wait!
I ain't even spoke my text,
And likewise not my subjeck.

* *

So lean back, all, and git yo' wind—
Git set to hyar my sermon.—
Elder, you better go lock de door
And den take up collection,
'Cause when I pitches in I'll make 'em mad
And dey won't give you a nickel!

* *

I'm tellin' you!
You gonter hyar hit, but you ain't gonter like hit!
My text gonter come from Pharaoh's time,
When he was fightin' de Hebrews.
For fawty years, come rain or shine,
He kept dem Chilluns hompin',
Runnin' through de woods, wadin' through de swamps—
Oh, yes! He kept 'em travelin'!

* *

Den Old Pharaoh' said:

* *

Dey are entangle in de land: de wilderness hath shet dem in.

* *

Dat's my text, souls. Amen?

* *

Entangle in de land!

* *

Dat's my subjeck, chilluns.

* *

Entangle in de land.

* *

Hit's in de Bible, Exodus, chapter and verse. Amen?

* *

In my mind's eye, I can see 'em now,
Weary and heavy burdened,
Trompin' along de bayou bank—
Didn't had no time to go fishin'—
Dey had to follow dat cloud by day,
And de Pillar er Fire by nighttime.

* *

Hit's say so in de Book, souls. Amen?
Amen.

* *

De mens would grunt and de ladies would groan,
And de chilluns would bust out cryin',
Livin' on de nuts from de p-saltress—
Maybe dey'd pick up a chicken,
Specially ef Moses was gonter drap around
And visit for Sunday dinner.

* *

But hit was hard times, my friends.
Fawty years! Lawd, Lawd!

* *

Old Kaing Pharaoh was on dey heels,
Jest a whoopin' and a yellin',
Temptin' 'em back wid flesh in de pot,
Cryin', "Come on back to de brickyard.
I'll give you some straw to put in dem bricks,
And likewise, I'll raise yo' wages."

* *

Run, little Chilluns!
Don't let dat scound'el ketch you!
De Hebrews wan't runnin' *from* nothin' a-tall;
Dey was runnin' *for* somethin'.
Dey wan't runnin' from Old Pharaoh;
Dey was runnin' for de land er Canaan,
Whar milk and honey flowed so free—
Jest as free as yo' soul's salvation.

* *

Git de motion, members?
Don't run *from* nothin'. Run *for* somethin'.

* *

Well, dey homped hit along for fawty years,
And finally dey come to de Jordan!
Dey swarmed about and sung new songs.
Den Moses climned up de levee
And tuck a peep at de Promise Land!

He said, "Lawd, hit's mighty purty!"

* *

Hit was purty, too.
Jest like dis purty church y'all built.

* *

Dis church didn't take y'all fawty years,
But hit took many a fawty dollars.
Dem big j'ists don't come so cheap,
Nor dis hard pine floor, and de plaster.
And dat picture er de Angel er Death—
Friends, hit costs sixteen dollars!
I aimed to buy hit for my own church
But I didn't had de change in my pocket.

* *

Now, y'all think you's settin' in yo' church,
Listenin' at my sermon?
But naw. You's out on Jordan's bank,
Jest a peepin' into Canaan.
You spent yo' money and you spent yo' time,
And you's peepin' at de milk and honey?

* *

Aw, naw, my friends!
Ef dat's what you think, you's wrong to de ground.

* *

Gawd gave de Chillun de Promise Land,
And Moses led 'em to hit.
But de Philistines didn't hyared de news
Ontwell Joshua crossed de river!
He tried to tell dem sinful folks
What Gawd had promised Moses.

* *

Dem Philistines tawked a different language!
Dey couldn't parley-voo a lick!
Dem sinners didn't want to onderstand!

* *

Hit puts me in mind er de yuther war,
When I was a corp'al in de army.
De Franch, de Belgiums, de Senny-ga-lee,
And some er us regular soldiers,
Would git loaded up on cony-yack
And den set down to argy.—
I was young and a sinner, den—
Well, we always wound up, fightin'!

* *

You can't argy wid a man when he don't know what you's argyin' about.

* *

When de argyment fail, de fightin' start,
And dat's jest what happened in Canaan
For a thousand years, under judges and kaings,
Dem Hebrews waged and battled—
Samuel, Solomon, David, Saul—
Hit was turmoil and confusions.

* *

But dey held on.
Dey didn't quit ontwell dey fulfilled de Scriptures. Amen?

* *

Well, Uncle Sam jest won a war—
Fawty years in de wilderness—
But he didn't quit and come back home
And start eatin' milk and honey.
Gen'l MacArthur is in Japan,
Hit's a million mens in Germany,
And de folkds at home got to knucle down
And work out dis confusions.

* *

You gittin' de messhy, souls?

* *

I stand right hyar in yo' brand-new church
And I can hyar old Pharaoh laughin':
"Entangle in de land!—haw, haw, haw!"
Or maybe hit's old Satan—
Leastways, dat's what de Hebrews heard
When dey finally got to Jordan.

* *

Entangle in de land!
Hebrews, after fawty years in de wilderness, you's entangle in de land!
Eisenhower, you whupped all Yurrop, and you's entangle in de land!
MacArthur, you made Japan cry, "calf rope," and you's entangle in de land!
Uncle Sam, you won de biggest war ever fit, and you's entangle in de land!
You's entangle in de land; de wilderness hath shet you in!
I can hyar old Pharaoh laughin': Haw, haw, haw, haw, haw, haw!

* *

You True Viners done built dis church,
But friends, you ain't done nothin'.
Jest a measly little house outn boards and paint
And nails and a few dabs er plaster.
All you raley got is entangle in de land
Wid a place to start yo' labors.

* *

You ain't done nothin', yit.
You don't like dat kind er tawk?
Listen:

* *

De Hebrews struggled for a thousand years,
And den, one frosty mawnin'
In de little town er Bethlehem
Gawd fulfilled de Scriptures!
Milk and honey dey never found,
But look what was in de Manger!

* *

You hyar me!
You ain't blind!

* *

Listen, you members dat built dis church
And is all set for milk and honey,
Jest put dat notion outn yo' mind.
Do good. Help out all mankind.
Care for de sick and lead de blind.
Efn you can't lead, follow close behind.
And while you's servin', keep dis in mind:
Yo pastor gonter need some money!

Of Genial Hours and Gin

The Dutch invented it, the English abused it, and the Yanks glamourized it. Gin has come a long way since the days when an English gin mill advertised, "Drunk for a penny, dead drunk for twopence, clean straw for nothing"—come all the way to a chateau in France where a recently abdicated king honored his bride by christening a gin drink—Wallis Blue

An Article by

SCOTT HART

When the esoteric question once arose of why some women are so inordinately fond of gin, a student of human appetites ventured that one of its ingredients is also a part of Lydia E. Pinkham's wonderful and popular compound.

But to put physiology aside for the more engaging matter of appetites and tastes, many men and women alike would simply say that gin is the smoothest invention since the juniper berry, gin's main flavoring agent, and let things go at that. They are content to rush for the clubhouse after the 18th hole and automatically yell: "Tom Collins, please!"

Gin is a strictly man-made drink; in all the others Nature collaborates to produce mellowness through aging and taste and bouquet, through natural and pleasantly mysterious reactions. Gin, to say it simply, is a distillation of alcohol with juniper berries and such other things as cassia bark, coriander seed, angelica root, anise seed, sweet and bitter orange peel, bitter almonds, fennel, orris root, licorice and the like. Aging isn't necessary to get mellowness and flavor. The result is immediate and the cook is accountable. And on the whole they do marvelously well without Nature.

Certainly they have the triumphant basic blending agent among all the potables. In that quiet masterpiece, the Ramos Gin Fizz of New Orleans, the gin brings the soft creeping sensations that occur after the second or third swallow. Men of sensitive character approach this drink with uncovered heads as they would a rare old wine; and some men swear that to drink one is like lingering in a well-shadowed garden after long absence. Indeed, one New Orleans authority reports hearing a gentleman once exclaim: "It's like drinking a flower!"

Gin pleasantly lurks today in many cocktails, the first of which was produced in Betsy Flanagan's tavern near Yorktown where Colonial and French officers hung out for cheer and rest. Betsy, legend says, served a mixture of liquors and called it a bracer. Once her patrons began teasing about the superior quality of some chickens owned by her daughter, a Tory. Betsy rushed out and stole some hens and fed them to the officers. In this triumph over enemy Tory and aggravating jesters she attached a feather to each bottle of bracer. A Frenchman sprang to his feet with a toast: "*Vive le cocktail!*" he cried.

And this American concoction in the ensuing century and a half has become a world institution as required at any social function or convivial gathering as a clean face and good manners. In enormous popular acceptance is the Martini, where gin is an element in the subtle weaving of ingredients. Likewise, it is gently insinuated in the Alexander, a strengthening and spirit-enobling mixture of gin, crême de cacao and heavy cream. It appears in the Bronx cocktail in combination with dry vermouth and sweet vermouth and brings a cheer. The between-the-sheets cocktail finds gin in company with triple sec and cognac. And the smooth 1915 cocktail, smooth like a summer cloud with a lightning flash behind it, was given to the ready world as a toast to the new year and the final invention of the wonderful old Waldorf Bar. Used: a third each of gin, cream, curaçao.

Around that fabulous place of quiet mirth there once moved "Colonel" Jim Rickey, a gentleman of grace and flowing charm who wore a black slouch hat above a drooping grey mustache. People thought that he looked like Mark Twain. But that wasn't his attraction. Rather he was renowned for his amazing knowledge—sensitivity to good drinks of all sorts; and often while lobbying for something or another in Washington he guided Congressmen to the better bars and educated them in drinking properly.

Consequently when he walked into any bar a *man* had entered. And he was honored always. Once at the Shoemaker Bar he was handed a drink which for some time had been under experiment. What did the Colonel think of it? A slight reaction in his eyes, the revealing quiver of a lip, could make or break anything in a glass. They watched him closely. And now what he touched to lip was the juice and rind of one lime, a lump of ice, a slug of gin proportioned to the known requirement of the patron and a charge of water. The excited reports which soon swept the drinking world said the "Colonel" flung it down his throat after a taste and ordered another. Overcome with triumphant emotion, the barman named the drink the Gin Rickey. Overcome by a sudden possibility, "Colonel" Rickey entered the lime-importing game.

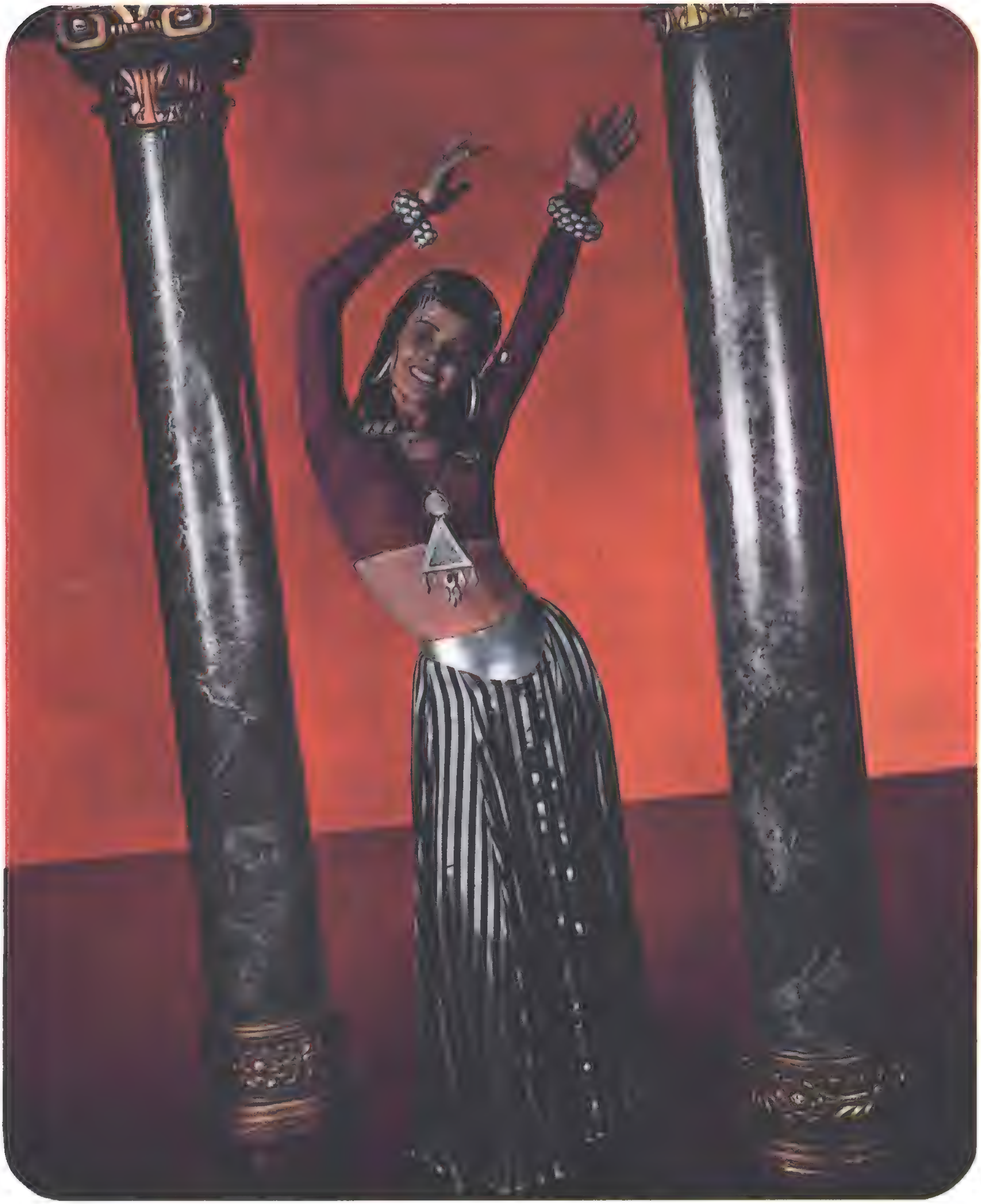
There were dreamier drinkers of gin, of course, and among these was William Butler Yeats, the poet ("I will arise and go now, and go to Innisfree"). Once when he came to America with the Abbey Players he was rushed by admirers to a Waldorf dining room, hard by the famous Bar. Drinks were ordered and the Bar's head factotum would bring something new to the bard. It would be the great Clover Club cocktail, a then recent importation from Philadelphia and unknown, of course, across the sea.

In it was the juice of half a lemon, a half spoonful of sugar, a quarter pony white of egg, a half pony raspberry and a stout jigger of gin. They shook it and strained it, but Yeats didn't like the creamy pinkish look. The others just started gulping. Finally the bard sipped. Other sips followed; then other Clover Clubs were ordered and far into the evening. Some say now that Yeats showed a restrained distress that this drink should have been hurled down throats by some in his presence. Others merely remembered it was a great day for Ireland.

Gin had a place in (*Continued on page 135*)

FRUITS & VEGETABLES
BUS
McKAY

"Pull over to the curb!"



CHI-BA-BA MILADA

Photograph by Hommel

Milada Mladova is currently to be seen in *Atlantis*, a Seymour Nebenzal production. Star of the film is Maria Montez, whose role is Queen of the lost continent of Atlantis. Milada is her handmaiden. The story is remarkable, but since a press release uses "incredulous story" to describe some of the goings-on, we won't try to tell you about it. Milada's remarkable, too. A ballet dancer from Oklahoma, she was born Milada Mraz and spent a good many years with the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo before graduating to pictures, in one of which she danced a ballet that would be our favorite if we had ever seen it. Its theme was the dilemma of Errol Flynn torn between love for two (only two) handsome girls. We don't know what Errol did about it.

The Deadline Was Midnight

What would you do if you happened to be a reporter and the friend who had saved your life during that other fighting turned out to be a ruthless killer?

A Story by

GEORGE T. ROBOZ

THE traffic lights were against him all the way and, when the light on the corner turned red, he decided to get out and walk. He wanted time to think. He tipped the driver and, pulling his hatbrim down over his eyes to shield his glasses from the rain, stepped from the cab. He hoped O'Hara was still on duty.

His steps lagged as he neared the police station. Was he doing the right thing? He shrugged his shoulders and went up the steps. Michaels was on the desk and he nodded:

"Is O'Hara still here?"

Michaels looked up from the blotter. "I don't know," he said. "Take a run upstairs and see."

He mounted the staircase rapidly. As he went in the detectives' squadroom he found Hill and Straud quietly reading the tabloids.

"Where's O'Hara?"

Straud wet his finger and turned a page. "He left about twenty minutes ago. He said he wouldn't be back tonight."

"Did he say where he could be reached?"

"He doesn't want to be reached," Hill said. "If you want him, he'll be here in the morning."

"In the morning will be too late. I've got to talk to him now."

Straud leaned his elbows on the table. "That's the trouble with you newspaper guys," he said. "Always in a hurry! No wonder you all get ulcers before you're thirty. You ought to relax."

"All right, Straud, I'll slow down, one of these days, but meanwhile where can I reach O'Hara?"

Straud shook his head. "You can't tonight, Jerry."

"But it can't wait until tomorrow."

"That's tough, but we got our orders. Why can't you wait? What's the matter?"

The reporter hesitated. He could say he would wait until the morning for O'Hara. But he couldn't wait. Clark might not be alive in the morning. The police weren't taking any chances after what had happened to Callahan. And he remembered Clark's dexterity with a .45. There would probably be a couple of dead cops, too.

"All right. I'll tell you. I wanted O'Hara because he's a square cop and would do it my way," he said slowly. "It's about Clark. He's an old Army buddy of mine. I don't want him shot down in some alley. I want him to get a break."

Hill was elaborately sarcastic. "Now ain't that nice! He shoots a cop and you want him to get a break!" Then, slowly, "Say, I bet you know where he is!"

"Yeah. He wants me to help him get out of town."

"He'll never make it," Straud said.

"I know. That's why I wanted to see O'Hara. I'm going to try to talk him into giving himself up."

Hill snorted. "You're crazy—he'd never do it. He'd get the chair anyway."

"Maybe. But he'll have had a fair trial. And it'll be for killing one cop—not half a dozen. I know Clark. You may corner him, but he's a magician with a rod."

Straud was a smart cop. He had a wife and two children, and he knew how many pairs of shoes a widow's pension did not buy.

"Keep talking, Jerry. We're listening."

"Well, he's waiting for me in a barrel shop uptown. Before I tell you where, I want your promise you'll let me try to convince him first. If I can't, you can still try to make the arrest."

"Why, yes—just step inside"

Straud nodded. "You've made yourself a deal. But what do you think you'll get out of all this—a story?"

The reporter lit a cigarette. He was annoyed to find his hand was trembling. "Maybe. Maybe more, I hope. I told you Clark and I were old buddies. I'm trying to get him a break."

When Hill parked the patrol car near the corner it was ten to midnight. The rain had stopped and the moon seemed to be struggling to emerge from behind a bank of soggy clouds. Save for an occasional light in the tenement houses and the glare of the sign in front of the saloon the street was dark and empty.

They stood on the sidewalk until the other car pulled up to the curb and the four patrolmen got out. The reporter pointed down the street to the sign. "That's the place. He's waiting for me in there. Remember our agreement—I go in first. Then you. Separately. I get all the time I need to talk to him. The place is probably packed and we don't want any gunplay if we can help it."

Straud's jaw muscles were working. "Stop worrying," he said. "I told you we'd try it your way."

Dear God, please let him be reasonable, the reporter thought as he walked toward the saloon. When he reached the door he looked back. Straud and Hill were still standing on the corner, but the blue-clad patrolmen had vanished.

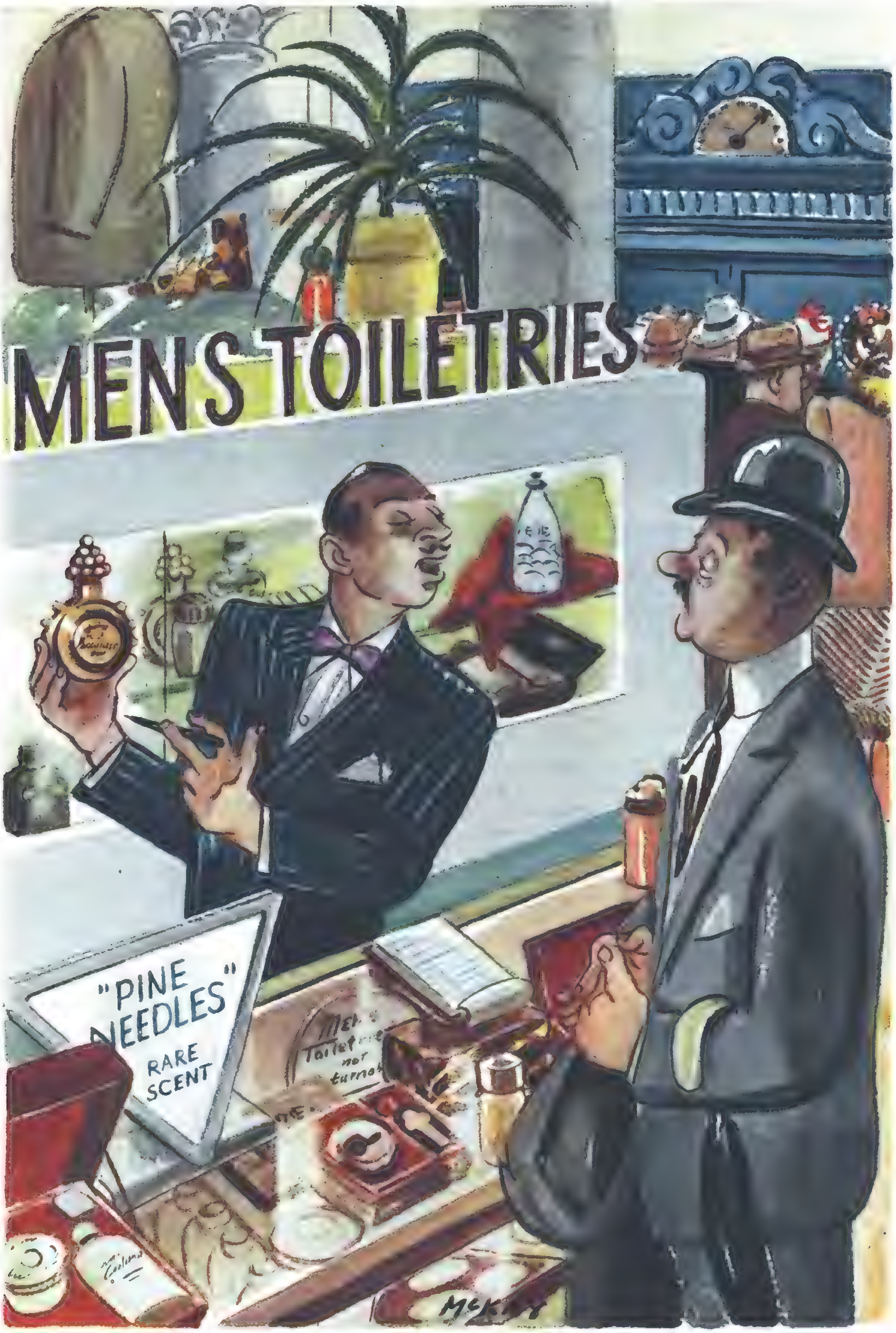
Inside, he found three little steps leading down to an L-shaped bar, where a dozen men and women were gathered. He worked his way toward the back, glancing briefly into each booth. In the last booth he saw Clark.

"Hello, Jerry," Clark said. "I was beginning to think you weren't coming."

The reporter slid onto the seat. "Couldn't get away for a couple of minutes," he explained. "What's the matter—getting worried?"

Clark drew a picture on the table with his forefinger. He was a big man, broad of shoulders, with brooding blue eyes and a heavy jaw, covered now with a fine stubble of beard. "A little, maybe. Then I figured you wouldn't let me down. You won't let me down, will you, Jerry?"

The reporter tried to remember Clark as he had been on that day on the Elbe. They had made contact with the Russians that morning, and the Russians had come across the river in a couple of assault boats, yelling and shouting like wild men, brandishing vodka bottles, and they had danced in a sort of nameless joy in the sun on the green bank of the river. Lord, they had got drunk, Americans and Russians both, singing and shouting, drinking from the same bottles, and Clark had been drunkest of all, with a bottle in each hand, his curly red hair glistening in the sunshine, the sweat streaming down his face, as he (*Continued on page 136*)


MENS TOILETRIES
"PINE NEEDLES" RARE SCENT
McKAY

"Now for a man of action like yourself, I would suggest . . ."

Tourist's Perfect Handbook

The traveler whose goal happens to be adventure is advised to keep in mind at all times the Golden Rule that manners make the gentleman—as well as the lady

An Article by

HILAIRE DU BERRIER

It is a pitiful sight for a man who has wandered all over the earth's face and suddenly finds his wings clipped for lack of mobility—i.e. a ticket—to sit back and watch the way young men of today who have a windfall are squandering it to educate themselves for filling stations we will never have enough of for all of them to fill.

There is a big world out there, where, if a lad knows where to go, he won't do any worse than he is likely to back here in the next ten years, and where, if he is taught how to conduct himself particularly, this drivel about every American boy being an ambassador of good will and cordial relations might really mean something.

Perhaps the main reason the young American has come home now to graduate from a football mill instead of sallying forth to "teach him other tongues and in strange eyes to make him not a stranger" in remote ports is because of the complete inadequacy of his home training to fit him for success among other people than his own.

Naturally the young American is sadly in need of a good practical course in etiquette such as no one, even or particularly his parents, has ever bothered to give him.

His handbook might start with pointers to be remembered:

Bear in mind Pliny the elder's observation, before his untimely demise in the eruption of Vesuvius, "All peoples have strange customs," and in consequence temper your conduct with the knowledge that if you go to Hong Kong it is advisable to maintain an icy reserve just bordering on insolence, otherwise the inhabitants of that crown colony will think *you* weren't anything before you came there either.

To command respect in any country it is well to notice what manner of man is respected there. "A man of wit," Gil Blas observed of Núñez the poet, "can easily turn himself into all shapes."

In Canton you will shout "Gam bei!" empty your glass every time your host does, eat everything, have a good time, pat your stomach contentedly and murmur "Sik bow!" (belly full), when you get through, and all the social amenities will have been observed.

Liberty, pure and unalloyed, may be found in the little Portuguese colony of Macáu, only a few hours from Hong Kong. Here the harassed modern may check in a hotel without so much as a toothbrush, play fan-tan in the lobby, order opium or a singsong girl from the desk, and place race bets with the switchboard operator.

In Singapore be suave, urbane, soft-spoken, but do not let your host's airs deceive you. As a lower-middle-class Britisher newly become an upper-class colonial, all things being relative, he is a parvenu and you are doing him a favor by drinking his gimlets (one-fourth gin, a bit of sweetened lime juice, a piece of lemon peel and the rest water). Never let any qualms at being his debtor affect your pose, because that will ruin his pleasure in having you there.

Among Arabs, if you meet any, it is advisable to refrain from discussing pigs, dogs, or women.

Should an Ethiopian chieftain honor you with his hospitality and push gently into your mouth a ball made with his fingers out of their staple dish, Habesh-Wott, if you are graced with any breeding at all you will return the compliment as a manifestation that the good will and esteem is mutual. After the dinner you will confer great honor on him by accepting his daughter. A light-complexioned grandson is the finest gift you can leave behind, failing which the least you can do is accord his child the conceit of reminding some poor native for the rest of his life that their union is really a *mésalliance*, since her previous consort was a *ferengie*.

Leaving the Middle East and approaching Europe, the perfect cosmopolite must make other readjustments. Before anything else, he must be all things to all people. The campus philosophy of rugged individualism has produced only a rather offensive youth that any parent of discernment would have chained out in the doghouse long ago.

So in Europe bear in mind: A gentleman is judged by his French, a general by his defeats, a lawyer by his clients, and a lady by her looks. A beautiful woman has no age, race, past, class, nationality, color, creed.

Whereas in America a man is not respectable unless he runs off to an office in the morning, grabs a quick bite at noon, and then gets back to immolate his glorious youth on the altar of the Moloch of commerce from one to five-thirty, by the European code you can spend all day seeing how high you can pile saucers on sidewalk-café tables if you want to and no one will say anything.

After the last war Monte Carlo and the French Riviera became the Mecca of war profiteers' divorced wives; beautiful young widows with insurance money they had counted on or inheritances they never expected to receive, from men they had loved deeply or married after a champagne party just before the transport sailed.

There were great opportunities here for young men with glib tongues whose talents were in their feet. In a world suddenly depopulated of men, all women seemed to want was to forget.

Considering the global aspect of the last war the field ought to be just ten times as large for today's G.I. of enterprise and imagination, unless he kills four years mastering such impractical things as mining and engineering, by which time all the good jobs will have been filled, probably he will never again have the price of the necessary wardrobe and a ticket to get him there, and he will be too old to learn to bow from the waist and kiss a lady's hand and say, "À vôtre service, Madame," in any case.

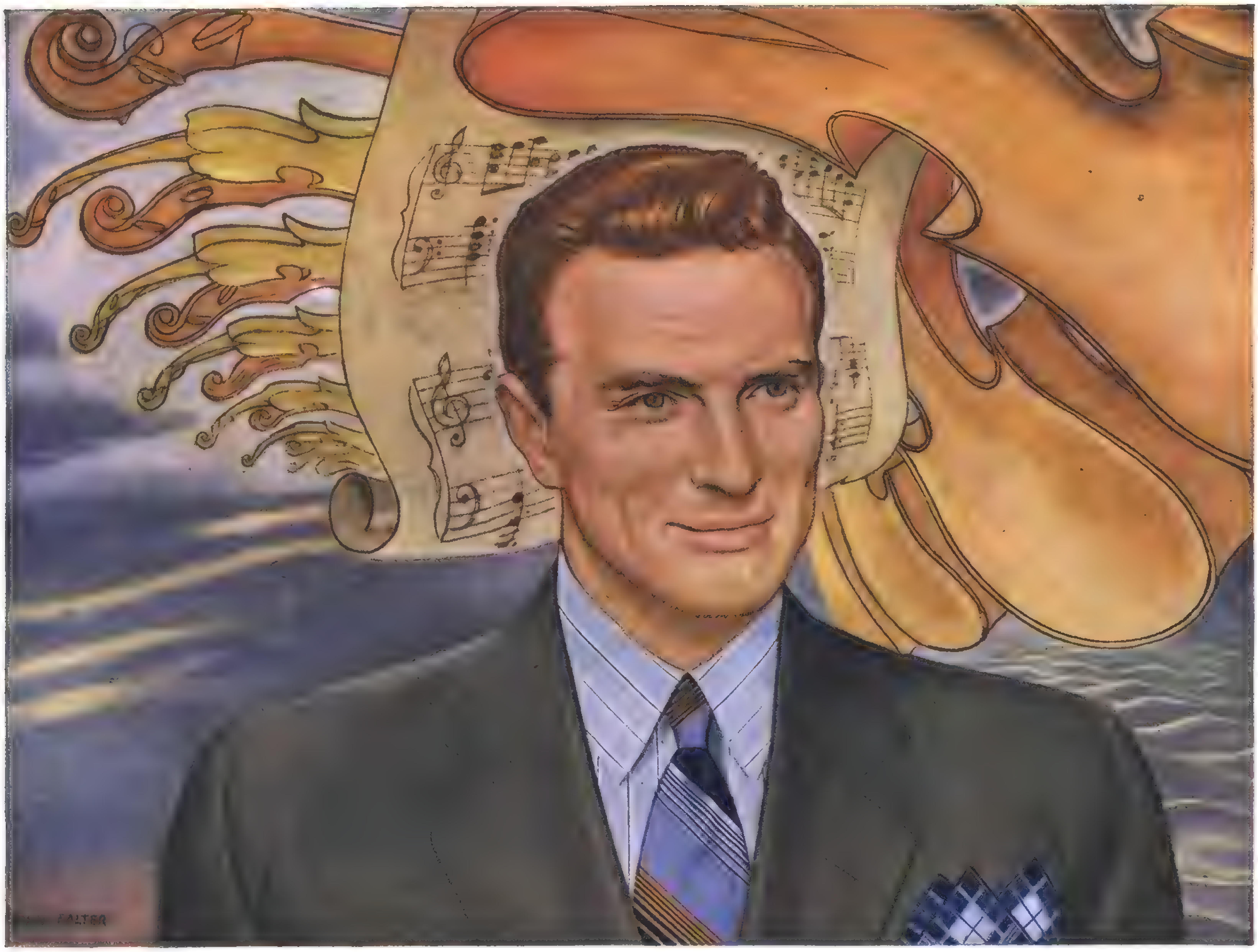
I am indebted to a charming sixty-five-year-old count for my education in the code of continental society, a code which dates back to the Crusades and has made no compromise with honor.

As an experiment, we decided to see for ourselves whether it was cheaper to rent an apartment or live as house guests, and discovered that if a man has any choice in the matter it is better to rent the apartment and be done with it; otherwise the aspirant to security must go through a rigorous course of instruction to acquaint himself with the obligations of gentleman and guest.

"Never forget," (*Continued on page 148*)

Frank
BEAVEN

"We should move to where there are more trees, José"

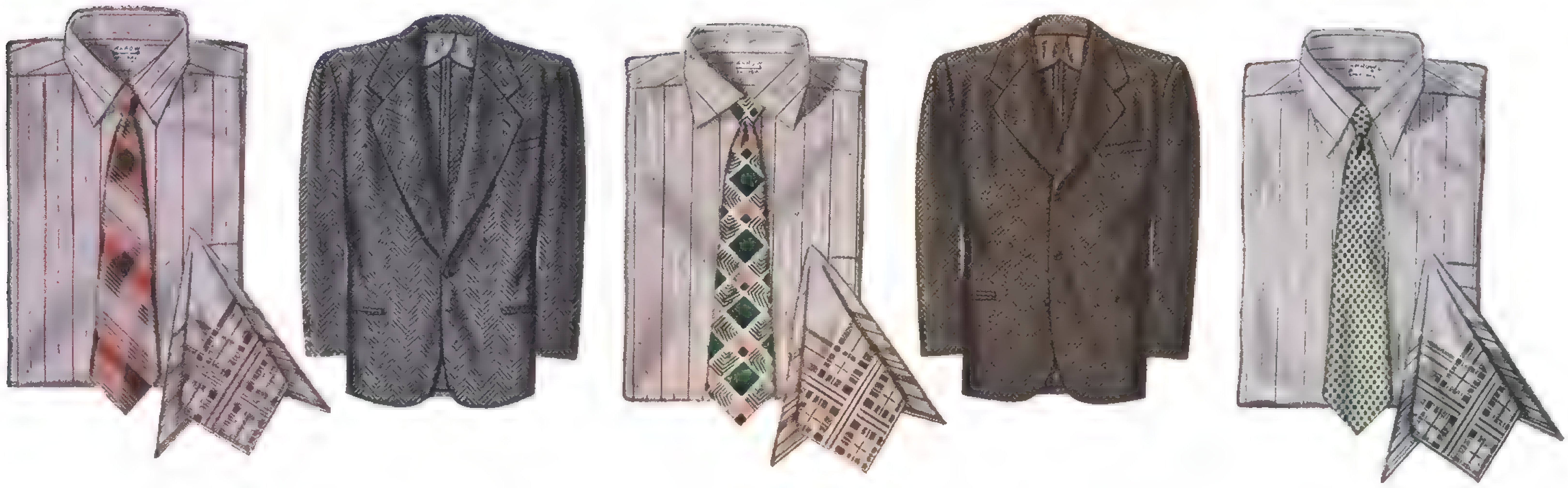


Arrow's Style of the Month
"Arachords"

THIS YEAR—in memorable shirts as in memorable music—*simple harmonies* are best.

So Arrow's new Arachords bring you simple, tasteful corded-and-striped broadcloth in blue, tan, gray, and green shades—with *six* smart collar styles to browse among! $3.50.

Style Whisper—The colors indicated below go perfectly with your BLUE, GRAY, or BROWN SUIT!



THE SHIRTS exhibit the world's handsomest collar; the "Mitoga" trade-mark—meaning "cut to follow your body's lines"; and the Sanforized trade-mark (fabric can't shrink more than 1%).

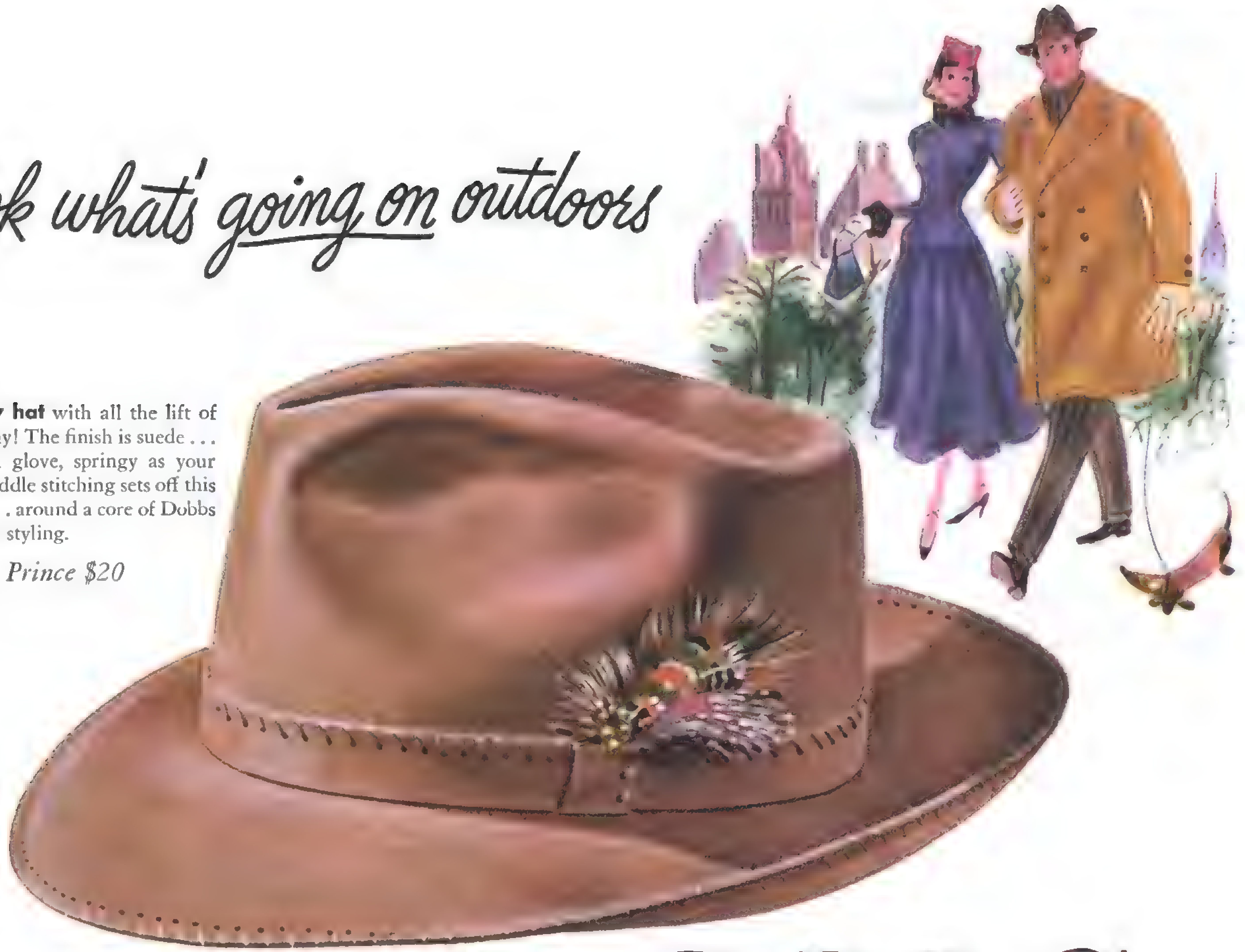
THE TIES point up the smart looks of the shirts. In three superb groups: (1) neat, English-type checks, (2) a fine satin stripe, (3) semi-bold foulards. Many colors. $1 and $1.50.

THE HANDKERCHIEFS add the final note of color! Woven satin AND corded—they match the Arachords shirts to a T. 65¢. *Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.*

Arrow, Mitoga, Sanforized: Registered Trade-marks.

ARROW *"Arachords"* SHIRTS
TIES · HANDKERCHIEFS

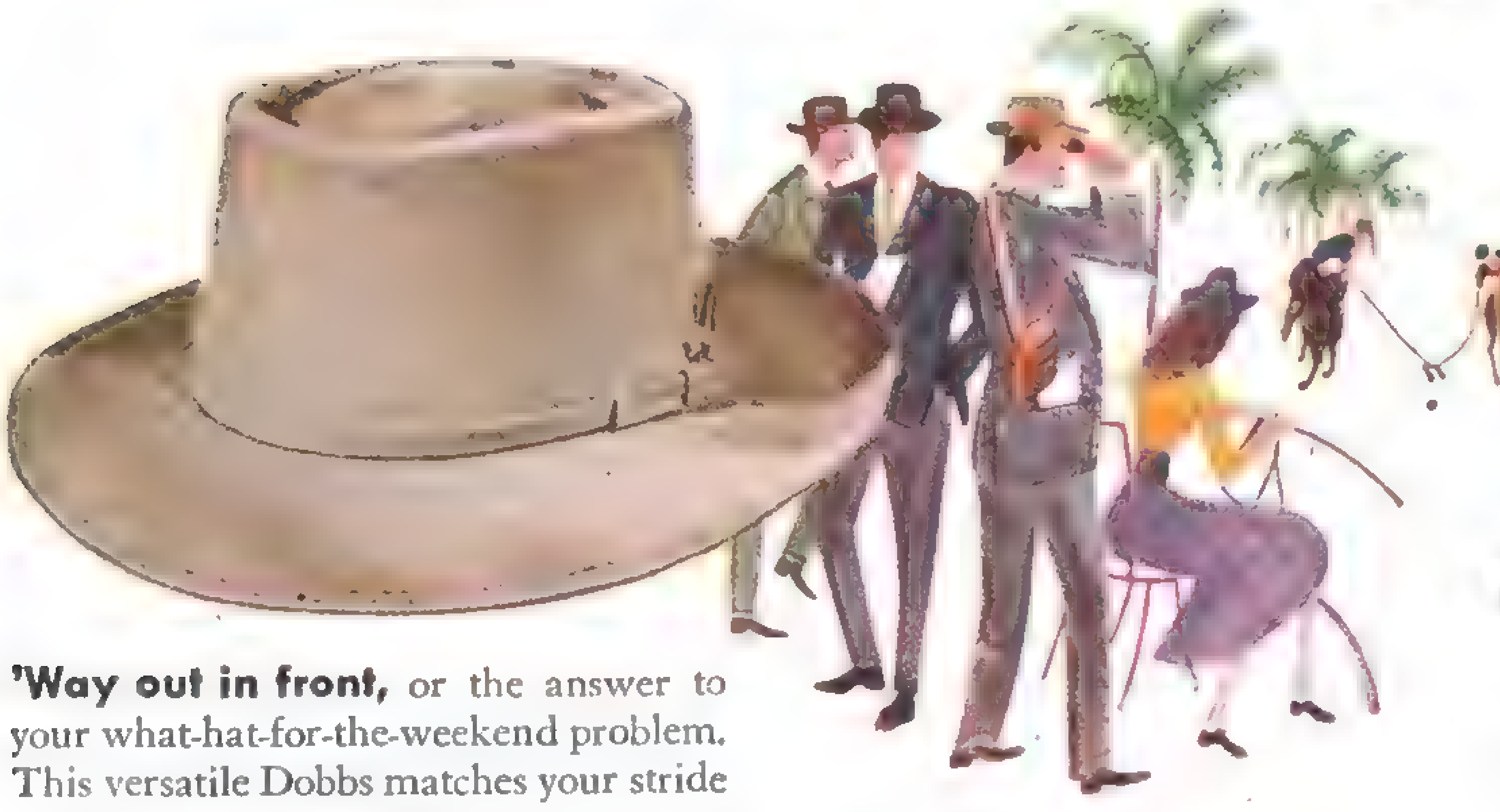
Look what's going on outdoors



Happy-go-lucky hat with all the lift of that first Spring day! The finish is suede . . . soft enough for a glove, springy as your stride over turf. Saddle stitching sets off this outdoor favorite . . . around a core of Dobbs craftsmanship and styling.

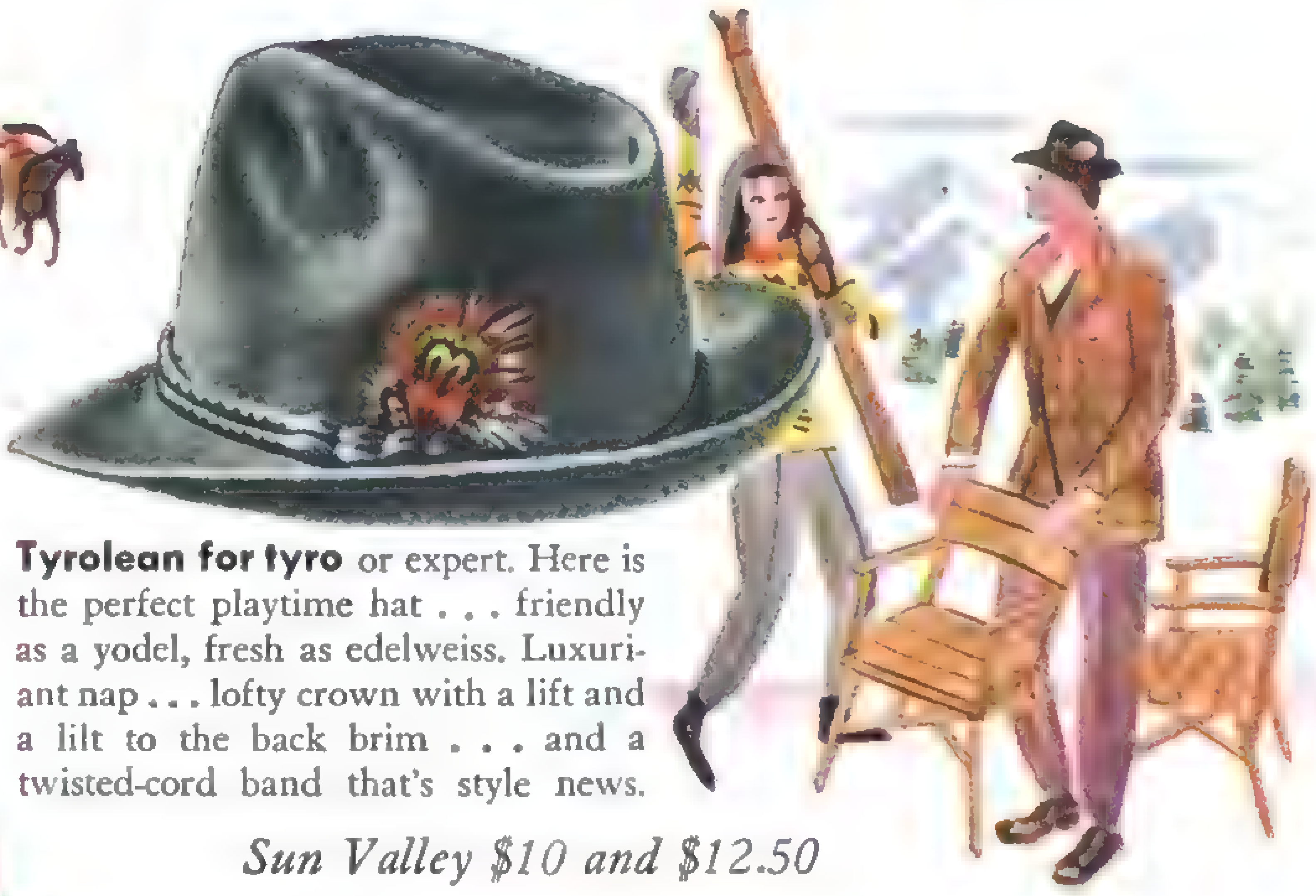
Gay Prince $20

There's nothing like a → DOBBS



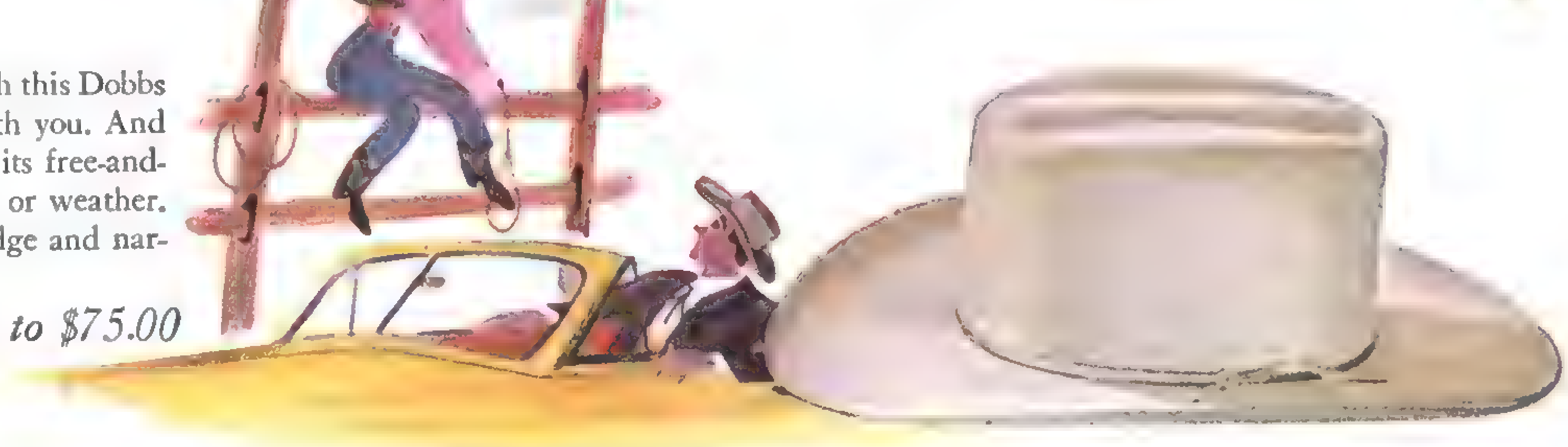
'Way out in front, or the answer to your what-hat-for-the-weekend problem. This versatile Dobbs matches your stride whatever your pace. Nap as plush as a putting green . . . narrow matching felt band . . . and a bright, eager, "Let's go!" look to it.

Country Comfort $12.50



Tyrolean for tyro or expert. Here is the perfect playtime hat . . . friendly as a yodel, fresh as edelweiss. Luxuriant nap . . . lofty crown with a lift and a lilt to the back brim . . . and a twisted-cord band that's style news.

Sun Valley $10 and $12.50



No fencing you in . . . with this Dobbs range rider to go along with you. And the "Pioneer" holds fast to its free-and-easy good looks come wind or weather. Buckskin color with raw edge and narrow band.

Pioneer $15.00 to $75.00

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DOBBS HATS, NEW YORK'S LEADING HATTER, PARK AVENUE AT 53RD STREET, NEW YORK 22, N. Y.

Paul Y Anderson

The corrupt trembled whenever he sat down to his typewriter

by **FRED FREED**

ALL his life Paul Y Anderson was an angry man. He came down from the Tennessee hills with a chip on his shoulder and died three weeks before Christmas just a little over twenty-five years later with a fistful of sleeping pills in his stomach.

The year was 1938, and the streets of Washington were full of fat and lean Santa Clauses and there was the usual talk of peace on earth when he said good-by to Olive Field, his maid, and slumped in an easy chair in his library.

It was the first peace Paul Anderson had ever known. Greatest reporter of his time, he had grown weary, disillusioned, and finally alcoholic, futilely tilting the windmills of corruption. He had seldom been happy. The only people he enjoyed were his enemies and he lashed his friends with his bitterness.

What made Anderson a great newspaperman was the anger with which he wrote. The flair, the fury, the frustration inside him ran out his fingers into his copy.

The men who worked beside him wondered how he did it. He had never finished high school and he could not even spell very well.

But somehow he learned to set the words down. He wrote movingly because he was constantly moved. His mind was an open sore that the world never stopped rubbing against.

When William Jennings Bryan died after the Scopes monkey trial at Dayton, Anderson covered the funeral of the erstwhile great commoner in a driving rain. Afterwards he sat down dripping at his typewriter and wrote his lead:

William Jennings Bryan, born on a cross of gold, died on a cross-examination . . .

A timid copyreader blue-penciled it and Anderson let out a roar of protest that could be heard in Joseph Pulitzer's office. A hastily scribbled order appeared: Anderson's copy was not to be touched in the future.

This was typical. Bryan had failed the people who believed in him. Anderson's hatred was implacable. In him the quality of mercy was immensely strained. He hardly knew the word. The grave was not too far to pursue an enemy. Let a public man venture from the narrow path of civic virtue and he took it as personally as if that man had called him an obscene name.

He was the last of the muckrakers. After he died the world changed. It had already begun to change during his last years. It became necessary to understand complex economic and social issues. To be a newspaperman took book learning.

Anderson was no intellectual. He was a police reporter writing about politicians instead of racketeers. He would have made a competent private eye. He could smell a lie and when he wrote about it his readers could smell it too.

No one knew him well. All kinds of men and women drank with him and loved him, but none of them knew him. He was too furious for friendship.

A reporter who remembers him from the city side says, "Paul was never popular. He liked being persecuted too much. He was an egoist and an intellectual bully."

This was true, but there were other truths too. When the reporter was a cub covering his first big story in Kansas City Anderson sat up all night with him helping him to get out his copy.

The basic truth was that Anderson always had the war inside himself to fight, the war against the bitter poverty and loneliness of his boyhood in the Great Smokies.

He was poor as only mountain people can be poor. His father, a miner, was killed in an accident. His mother was a teacher and when he was small she carried him on her back wherever she went because she could not leave him alone in their backwoods cabin. "She had to be granite," he used to say.

One Christmas she saved enough money to buy him a present. He was asked what he wanted most in the world. "A banana," he said.

It was a story he liked to tell. It showed how poor he had been and when he was drunk he would cry over it.

His mother was a religious woman. He seldom spoke of her and when he spoke of his father it was with contempt. Most of his sympathy was reserved for himself.

But to the end of his life he carried with him his mother's simple revivalist sense of sin and virtue. He became dapper, worldly and profane, but he never forgot it.

He was born in the hills in 1893, just three years before his onetime hero, then the boy orator of the Platte, swept the Democratic convention with his Cross of Gold speech. At eighteen he got his first newspaper job, as a reporter for the Knoxville *Journal*. When he was twenty he drifted north to St. Louis and two years later

Continued on page 102

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Paul Y Anderson

Continued from page 101

caught on with the *Post-Dispatch.*

It was chance, just the right kind of fluke. He stayed for more than twenty years and the association became a legend.

Papers, like men, have their moments of greatness. This was the time of the *Post-Dispatch.* Anderson worked beside Charlie Ross, Richard Boyer, Frederick Hazlitt Brennan, Jack Alexander, Marquis Childs and John T. Rogers. His boss was Oliver K. Bovard, a small icy man who lived alone and devoted his life to getting out a good newspaper. A reporter whom he had fired once said, "OK Bovard is a son of a bitch, but he is a great son of a bitch."

OKB taught Paul Anderson to be a great reporter. When Bovard resigned from the *Post-Dispatch* Anderson wrote, "If there were more like him journalism would bear a less humiliating resemblance to a certain profession."

It was an understanding between two angry men.

On July 2, 1917, Anderson went across to East St. Louis to cover a race riot. Before it was brought under control thirty-four Negroes and eight whites were dead, eighteen of them in the immediate vicinity of Anderson.

He took a hotel room, sat down in his bloodstained clothes and wrote the story. For weeks he wrote about the alliance of the political bosses and the racketeers that had made the outbreak possible. The mayor barred him from City Hall. His wife got word that if he didn't lay off she could look for him in Cahokia Creek.

Anderson was delighted. He proceeded to tear the lid off St. Louis politics. Twenty persons took a long trip up the river on the evidence he uncovered.

For a week he testified before a congressional committee investigating the riots. At the end, the committee commended him.

"He saw everything and reported what he saw without fear of consequence," the committee wrote. "He defied the indignant officials whom he convicted of criminal neglect of duty, ran the daily risk of assassination and rendered an invaluable public service."

Anderson was almost surly. "I'm just a hack," he said, "who happens to be on the side of the angels."

That was the beginning. There were a few dull years as an editorial writer with the U. S. A. his beat. Wherever there was a big story Anderson was there. Sometimes he was there first and made it a big story.

He looked like a well-to-do bookie. He was a neat, middle-sized man with a foppish mustache and a good deal of intense charm.

But underneath there was always the sense of frustration. His words had the jaunty quality of his checked waistcoats, but he sweated over them. He wrote between midnight and four a.m. and he polished each word.

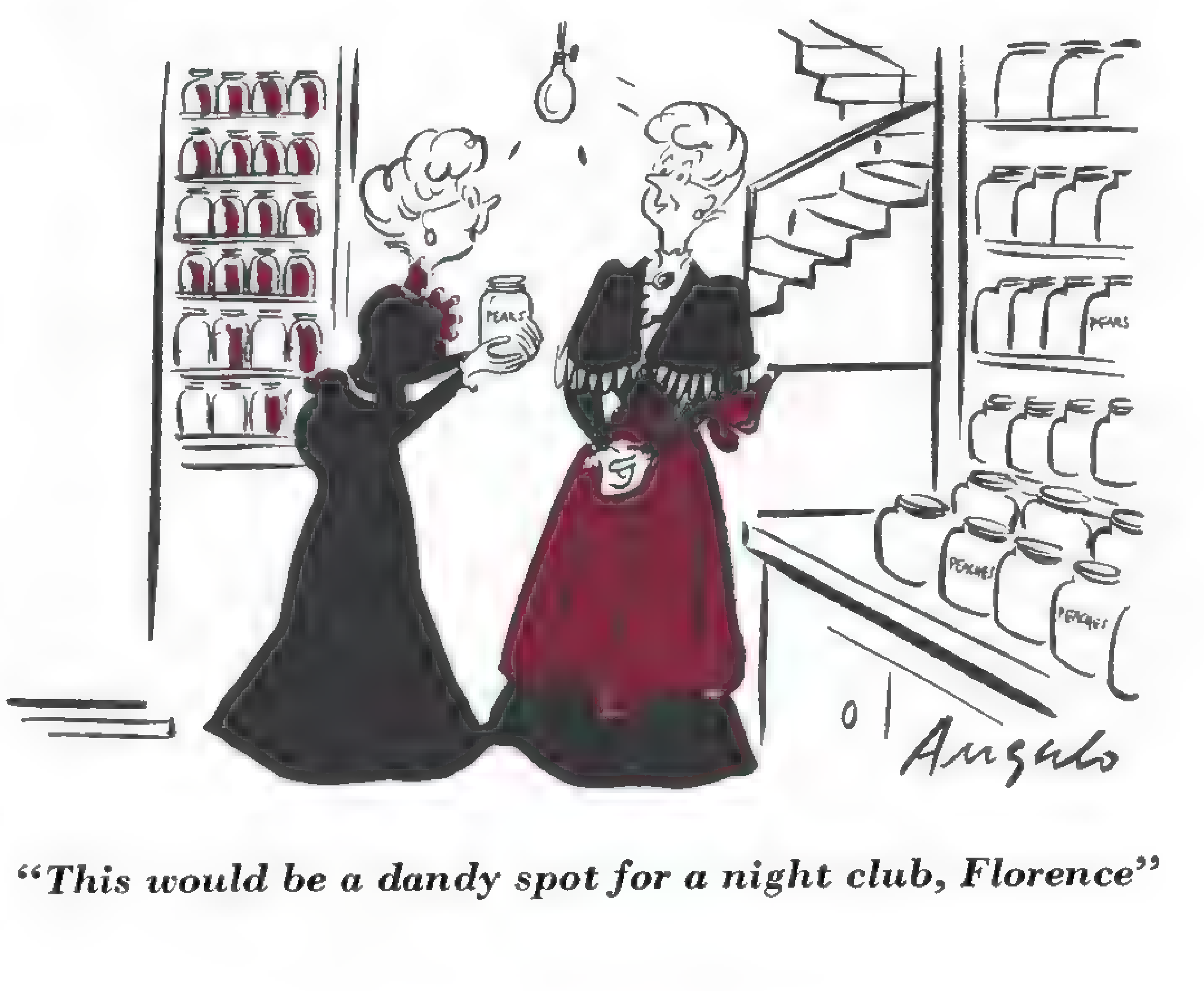
Corrupt politics was an answer. Clean it up and you change the world. For a while he believed it.

"No bloodhound," wrote Oswald Garrison Villard, "would run down his quarry more relentlessly."

But later he began to find there was just as much corruption as when he started. Then he began to spend more time in the Press Club mixing brandy and champagne, and that was the beginning of the end.

But he was young, a knight with a battered portable, when he arrived in Washington a decade before, in 1923, to cover the Teapot Dome investigation. The assignment lasted six years and won him the Pulitzer Prize. Teapot Dome was something Washington wanted to forget. The Harding administration was trying hard not to notice that some of its members had turned over to private companies rich government oil reserves under exceedingly peculiar circumstances. The investigation was dying quietly when Anderson wrote a series of articles called *Who Got the Bonds?*

It was straight detective work. You looked over transoms and



"This would be a dandy spot for a night club, Florence"

through files. You didn't need a degree to get the answers.

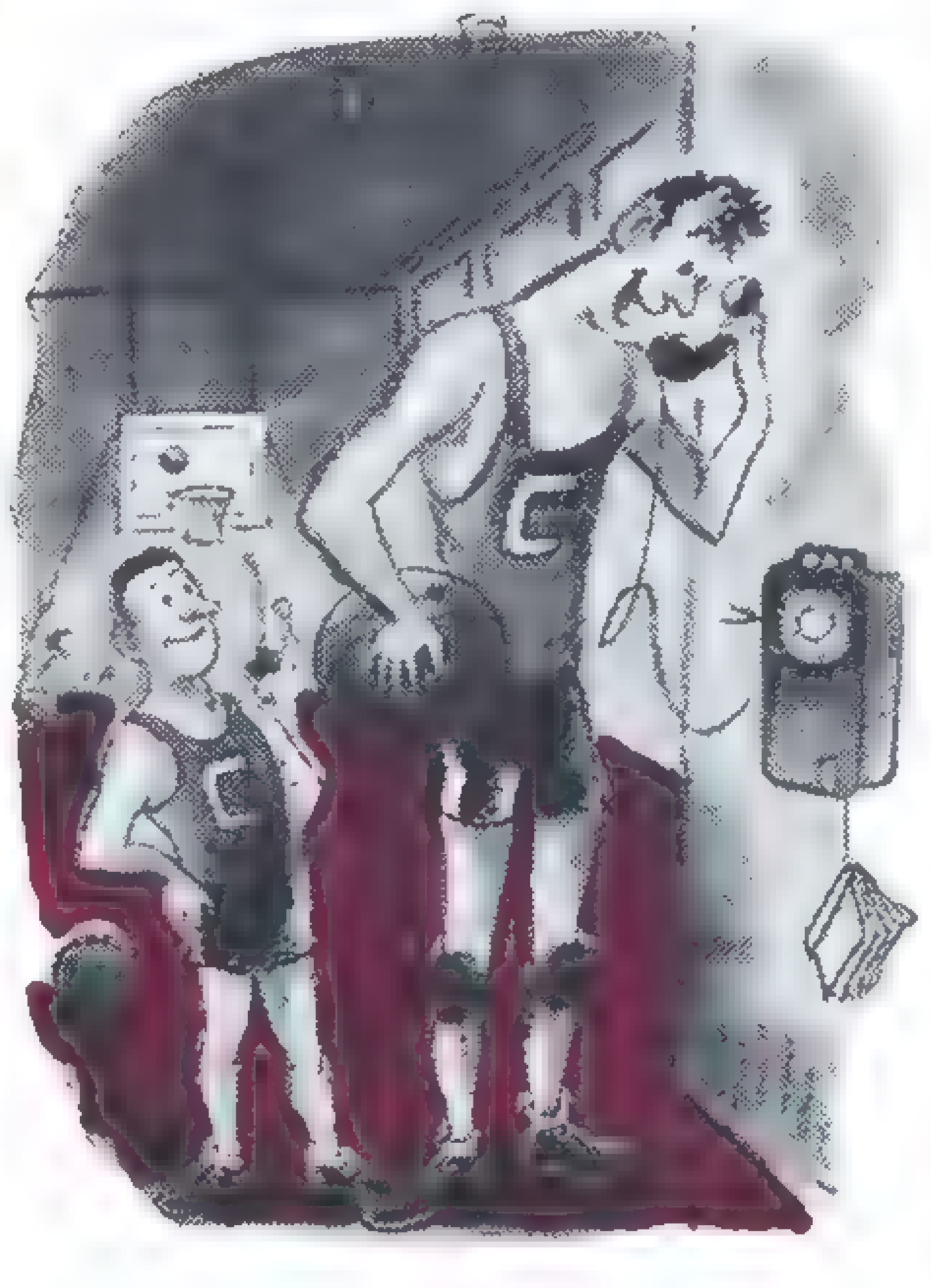
With Anderson passing him questions from the press section on slips of paper, Senator Tom Walsh of Montana forced Secretary of the Interior Albert Fall to admit that he had received almost half a million dollars from Doheny and Sinclair oil interests!

The revelation that followed sent Fall to prison. Secretary of the Navy Denby resigned and in 1933 Tom Walsh was slated to be FDR's Attorney General.

The aging Senator never made it. He married a Cuban lady and died on his honeymoon a few days before he would have been sworn in.

But Teapot Dome remained the greatest news story of the era. A world which held corruption lightly still found indiscriminate distribution of government valuables extravagant.

It was the kind of story Anderson loved. He found it immensely satisfactory to beard the politicos in their own smoke-filled rooms.



"Hello, Pop! Well, I made the team!"

In 1925 he and John T. Rogers collaborated to expose the corrupt court practices of Federal Judge George W. English.

English was impeached and forced to resign and Rogers received the Pulitzer Prize. When the announcement of the award and of a fat bonus for Rogers appeared on the *Post-Dispatch* cityroom bulletin board, someone asked Anderson what he had got. "Nothing," Anderson said, "only the story."

For him this was a reasonably polite answer. Customarily he regarded people as if they had just insulted his mother. He forgave nothing, compromised on nothing.

When he was thirteen years old an uncle for whom he had been given his middle name refused him a job. Anderson had the name legally changed to "Y" and never mentioned it again as long as he lived.

But for all this he was a sentimental man, capable of almost childish gestures. When the *Post-Dispatch* Book Editor ridiculed in print a review by a cub named Jack Alexander, Anderson wrote a letter to OK Bovard threatening to resign if the Book Editor remained on the staff.

The Book Editor was fired. Anderson had never met Alexander and did not even know who he was.

But it was emotionally impossible for him to disregard any underdog. He identified himself with the poor and the weak and the men he admired came up from the wrong side of the tracks.

He was not a social scientist, but a poet. His friends all had one quality: the common touch. Sometimes they did not have much else common. Senator Norris, John L. Lewis, Hugh Johnson, Westbrook Pegler and Huey Long were his friends equally and simultaneously.

In 1933 he was sitting on his bed in his hotel room when the door opened and a stranger walked in.

"What's the biggest thing wrong with the United States?" he shouted.

"Income distribution," Anderson said.

"Well," said the stranger, "I've come here from Louisiana to fix all that."

The stranger was Huey Long.

The friendship between the Kingfish and the angry man always puzzled Washington. In later years they were on opposite sides of the political fence, but the relationship did not change.

Those were the great years for Anderson. There were the scandals, the bitter days of the depression, the hundred days of the New Deal.

Anderson saw the Bonus Army retreat before Federal troops, wrote about the strikers massacred on Decoration Day outside a South Chicago steel mill, covered the political conventions, watched Clarence Darrow destroy Bryan at Dayton and defend Leopold and Loeb in another famous case in Chicago.

In 1935 he helped Hugo Black expose the Hopson utilities swindle.

But the crusader was beginning to grow weary. His own paper had lost its zeal for changing the world. He was no longer sure it could be done.

Somewhere around 1932 he started to drink. He had the troubles of the world on his shoulders and he had his own troubles.

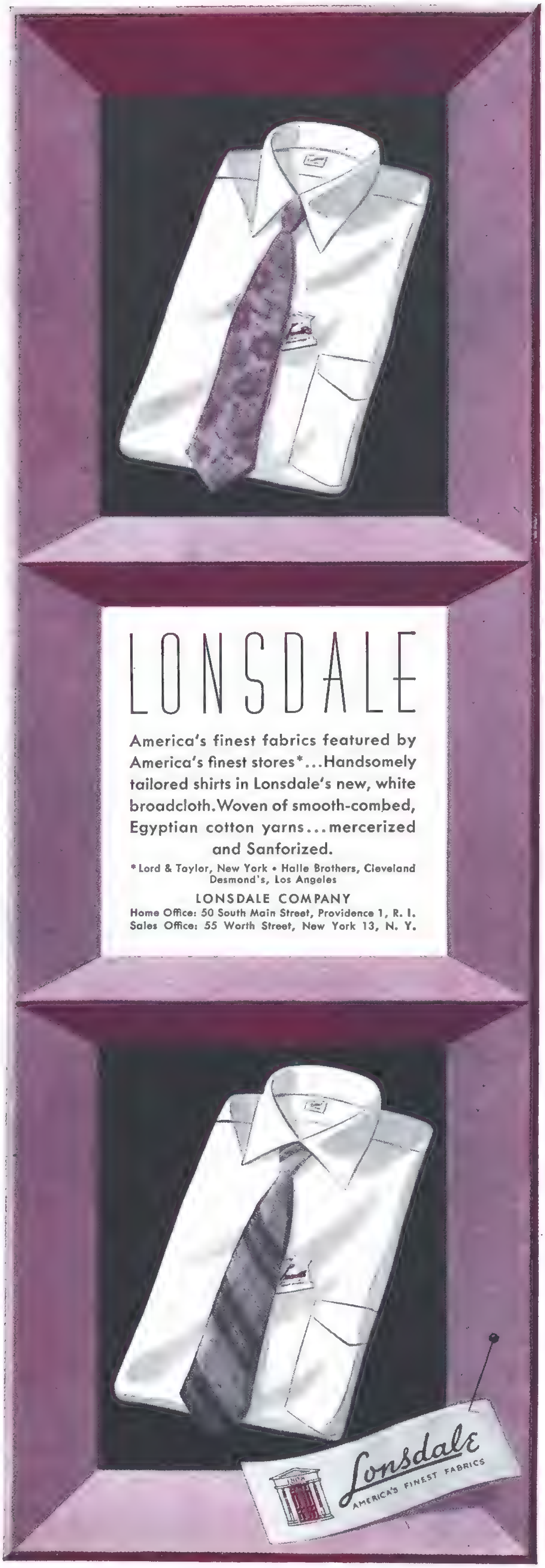
His second marriage, to Anna Alberta Frischke, a St. Louis girl, was not working out. Anderson was a difficult man to live with. He loved Anna, but in 1936 she divorced him.

In 1937, when he was in Atlantic City to receive a medal from the Headliners' Club, he met a radio actress and married her two months later, but he never forgot Anna, whom he could not live without—or with.

When he drank he couldn't sleep and so he began to take sleeping pills. This was the next step. He grew more melancholy.

The *Post-Dispatch* paid him $16,000 a year. He wrote a weekly column for *The Nation*. He

Continued on page 104



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IMPORTERS SINCE 1877

Paul Y Anderson

Continued from page 103

was the top reporter in Washington, but he was dogged by failure. He had failed to improve the world an iota.

In January, 1938, he went to Madison, Wisconsin, to cover the conspiracy trial the government had brought against twenty-six oil companies. For three days no copy reached his office. On the fourth day he called in. He said that his eyes had become strained studying the briefs for the case and that an oculist had ordered him to take a complete rest.

The office checked every oculist in town. This seemed grossly unfair to Anderson. None had seen him. He returned to Washington still annoyed and not entirely sober, called the *Post-Dispatch* in St. Louis and expressed his views forcefully if not clearly.

Peter Brandt was told to fire him. His one successful romance —that had lasted for twenty-four fruitful years—was over.

It was not entirely unexpected. He had been on his way downhill. But his lady was not the girl she had been either, and he had said so publicly in *The Nation*, which was frank but hardly discreet.

He went over to her competitor, the *Star-Times*, but he couldn't get copy out any more. It was still better than anyone else's, but when he was drunk he wasn't able to write and when he was sober he was too despondent to try to write.

He talked often about suicide. Once his wife, on the verge of hysteria, called friends and told them Anderson was trying to kill himself. When they arrived to stop him he hadn't changed his mind but he had lost his false teeth and he was shouting that he couldn't die without them.

In October, 1938, he tried again and was rescued by friends. He promised to change and began to talk about a new series of articles on the Dies Committee.

But he never wrote them. In December, when they were supposed to have been done, he had not started them. At two o'clock on December 6, 1938, he came home, woke up Olive Field, and told her good-by. Then he went to the garage, where she found him with the doors closed and the car motor running.

She persuaded him to come into the house. He went upstairs, grabbed a handful of sleeping tablets and swallowed them before she could stop him. "My usefulness is at an end and I am tired of living," he told her, and collapsed in a library chair. An hour later he was dead.

The next day they held funeral services. Donald Richberg, Leon Henderson, Robert Allen and Ben Lambe of the U. S. Chamber of Commerce were among the pallbearers. President Roosevelt and Attorney General Cummings sent messages of sympathy. Senator Norris and John L. Lewis delivered lengthy eulogies over the casket.

So flowery was Lewis' oration that afterwards Anderson's friends used to say the labor leader had been paralyzed for fear that the corpse, which in life had found pomposity irritating, might rise up and interrupt him with a favorite four-letter word.

So Paul Anderson was buried.

But in the city rooms he was not forgotten.

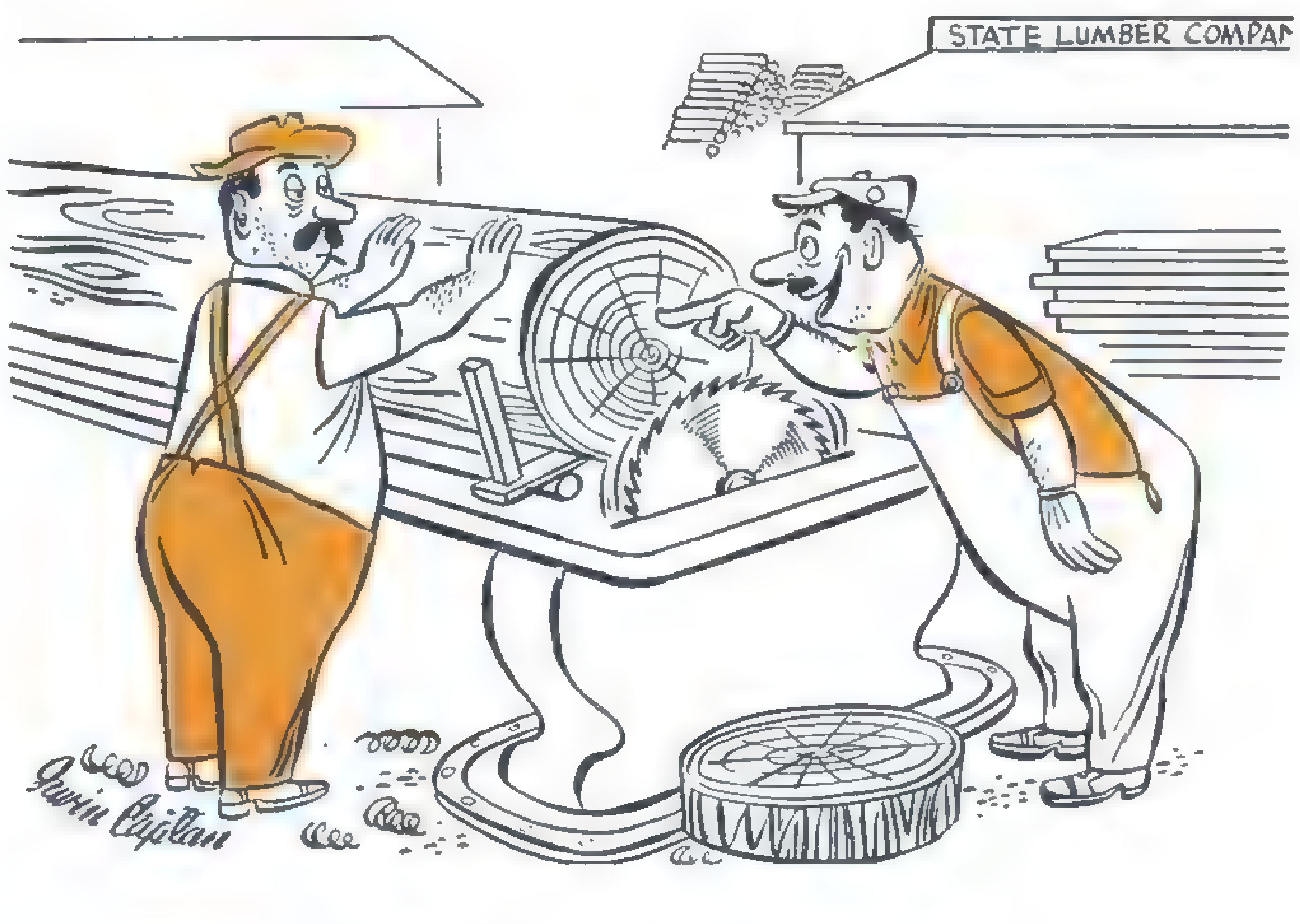
Kids who had never known him in the great days when he wore his hair shirt with a grim flair sometimes spoke glibly of his drinking.

Heywood Broun answered them for the men who knew him.

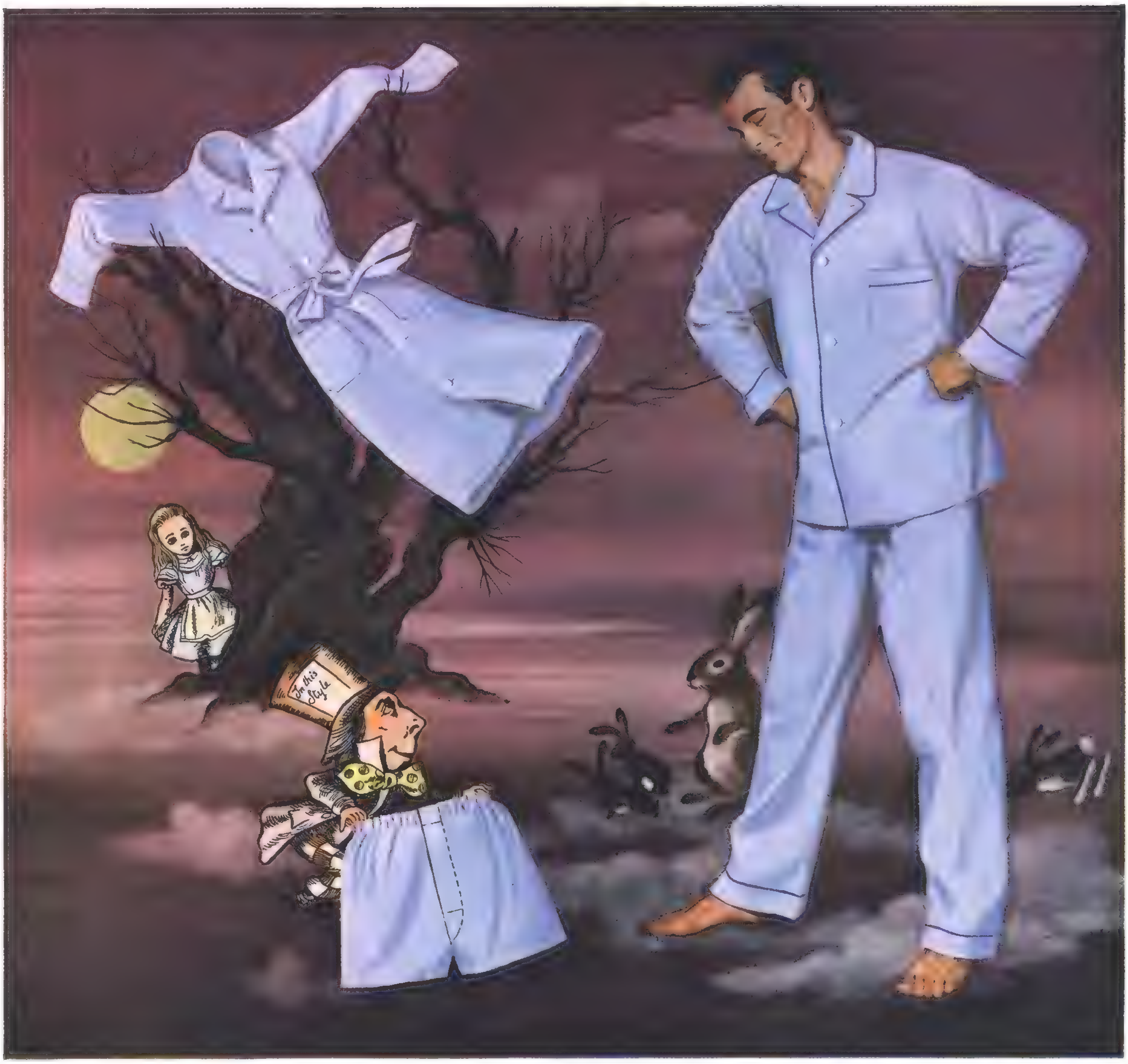
"Paul Y Anderson, drunk or sober," he said, "was by so much the finest journalist of his day that it is not fitting for any moist-eared chit to even touch the hem of his weakness."

Newspapermen are inclined to be irreverent. They stand too close to the gods not to notice their clay feet.

But they have their heroes: Bugs MacArthur who sang hymns with Dion O'Banion, Charles Chapin of the *World*, Van Anda of the *Times*, Walter Howey, OK Bovard—and as long as there is a city room and a bar down the street—Paul Y Anderson of the *Post-Dispatch*. ⧺



"I figure I was born about here"



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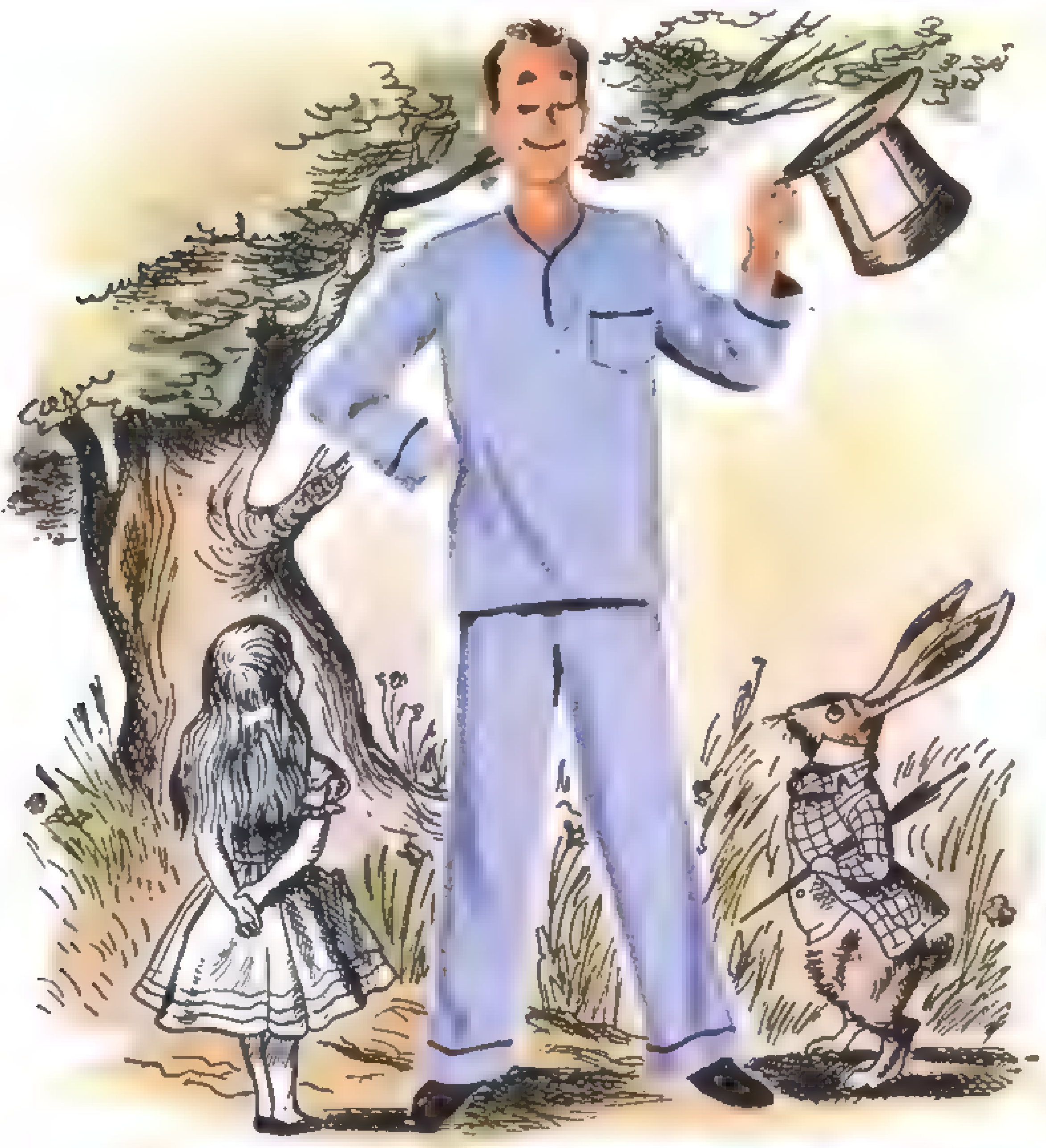

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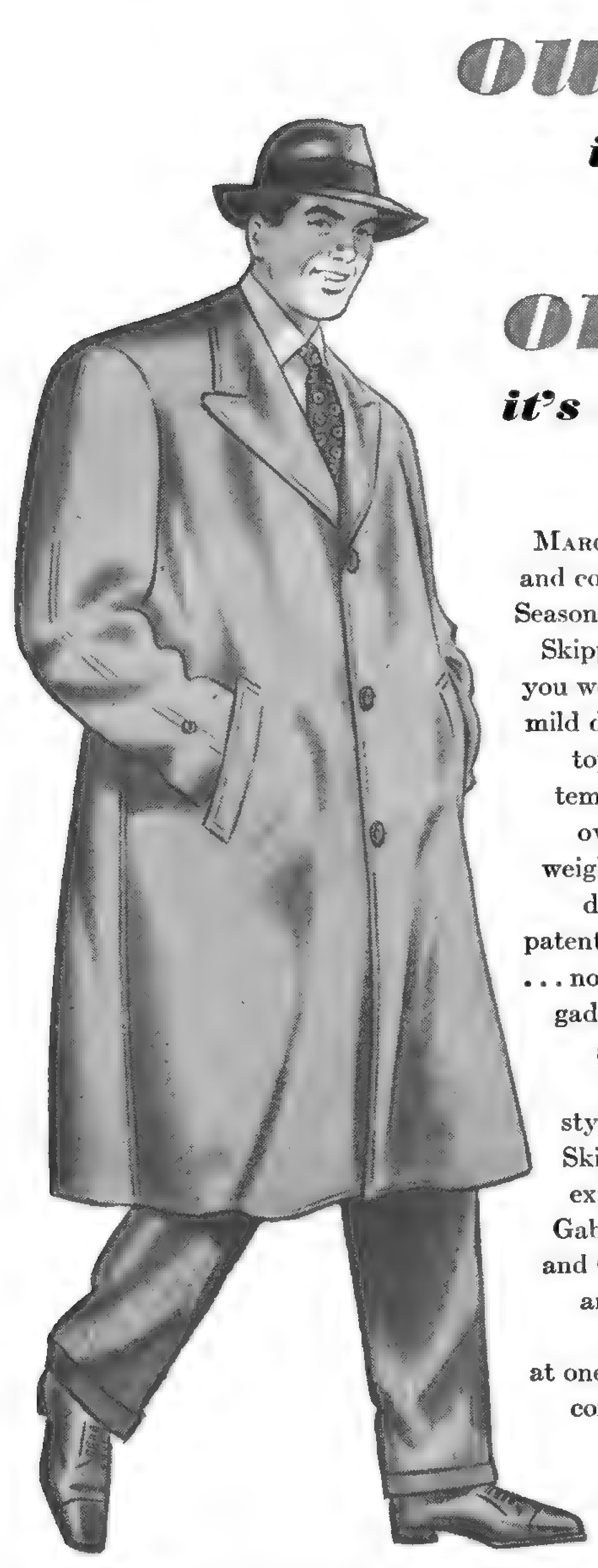

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The Waxworks

Presenting a broad survey of recordings from Mozart's opera to Leadbelly's blues

by **HERBERT KUBLY**

The High

For opera lovers a famine promised to turn into a feast when Victor and Columbia announced simultaneously they would record operas from the repertoire of the Metropolitan Opera Company. Since no complete operas had been recorded in the U. S., collectors had to make their selections from some twenty European recordings.

The first American release, an English-language recording of Humperdinck's *Hansel and Gretel* (Columbia, 24 sides), is now on the stalls. The opera is a repertoire favorite with a juvenile following, and the Metropolitan cast with Risë Stevens as Hansel and Nadine Conner as Gretel is good. While the opera has sublime musical moments, the screeching witch and chortlings of adults trying to sound like children are not always pleasant sounds to come out of a loud-speaker.

A new European recording of Verdi's *La Traviata* made by the Rome Opera (Columbia, 30 sides) ♪ is a wiser investment, for you'll play it more often. The Violetta of Adriana Guerrini and the Alfredo of Luigi Infantino are eloquent and the whole ensemble is smooth and spirited. It's well imbued with the Italiante vivaciousness so necessary to Verdi.

Though recordings of complete operas remain meager, there is a supply of operatic excerpts. Brightest is *Rossini Operatic Arias* (Columbia, 6 sides) ♪♪♪ sung by Jennie Tourel. Rossini is old-fashioned, florid music requiring a range wider than the run-of-the-scale soprano's. Miss Tourel is the only mezzo-soprano at the Met for whom Rossini need not be transcribed into an easier range.

The most shimmering Mozartean voice at the Met is Eleanor Steber's. In *Mozart Operatic Arias* (Victor, 4 sides) ♪♪ Soprano Steber sings thrushlike excerpts from *The Abduction from the Seraglio* and *The Marriage of Figaro.* In *Operatic Duets* (Victor, 4 sides) the fine-voiced tenor Jan Peerce and baritone Leonard Warren vocalize lustily in duets from Verdi's *La Forza del Destino* and Puccini's *La Bohème.*

Ballet is not profitable in the U. S., but pays off in records. Most ballet albums serve only to evoke choreography for balletomanes. Most listenable are Gian-Carlo Menotti's *Sebastian*, highly dramatized by Robin Hood Dell Orchestra, Dmitri Mitropolous conducting (Columbia, 4 sides) ♪ and excerpts from Prokofieff's *Romeo and Juliet Suite No. 2*, by the Boston Symphony, Sergei Koussevitzky conducting (Victor, 4 sides) ♪♪.

The Low

Benny Goodman's great band of the mid-thirties made good music, good money, added "swing" to the world's vocabulary. Harry James, Bunny Berigan and Gene Krupa were bandsmen and that genius of swing, Fletcher Henderson, was arranger. In a reissued album, *Let's Dance* (Victor, 8 sides) ♪♪ the Goodman club is heard in eight of its best sides, including Henderson's arrangements of *King Porter Stomp, Sometimes I'm Happy* (1935) and *I've Found a New Baby* (1936).

In *Benny Rides Again* (Capitol, 8 sides), a documentary album of his clarinet wizardry, Benny begins with a piano duo of *Lazy River*, then increases his personnel through a trio, quartet, quintet, and so on, until he's playing *No, Baby, No*, to a full orchestra. It's not as good as of old, but he hasn't the support of his old staff.

The immortal cornet of the late great Bix Beiderbecke cuts through the decades like a bugle from the beyond. In *Bix and Tram* (Columbia, 8 sides) ♪♪ a collection of records from the late twenties, Bix jammed with Saxophonist Frank "Tram" Trumbauer. The album includes their greatest collaboration, *Singin' the Blues.*

The troubled life of Bessie Smith inspired her to sing the greatest blues records ever cut. Now, ten years after her tragic death, the Empress of the Blues is available in *Bessie Smith, Vol. II* ♪♪♪ which includes two sides (*See if I'll Care*; *Baby, Have Pity on Me*) never before pressed. In records like *Do Your Duty* and *Gimme a Pigfoot* Bessie's needs are primitive indeed, but in *Nobody Knows When You're Down and Out* (cut in 1929) her tragedy rises to a more haunting level.

Bessie's current sisters of the blues are cutting some titillating single discs. There's Nellie Lutcher's frenzied invitation to *Hurry on Down* and *You Better Watch Yourself, Bub* (Capitol); Julia Lee making the same esoteric point in *Snatch and Grab It* and *My Sin* (Capitol), and Sarah Vaughan, whose banshee voice swoops up, around and over the melodies of *I Cover the Waterfront* and *I've Got a Crush on You* (Musicraft). As an antidote to all these compulsion-driven gals there's Leadbelly's new *I Got Grasshoppers in My Pillow* (Capitol). ⌗

Rating of Recording:

♪ =GOOD
♪♪ =SUPERIOR
♪♪♪ =OUTSTANDING

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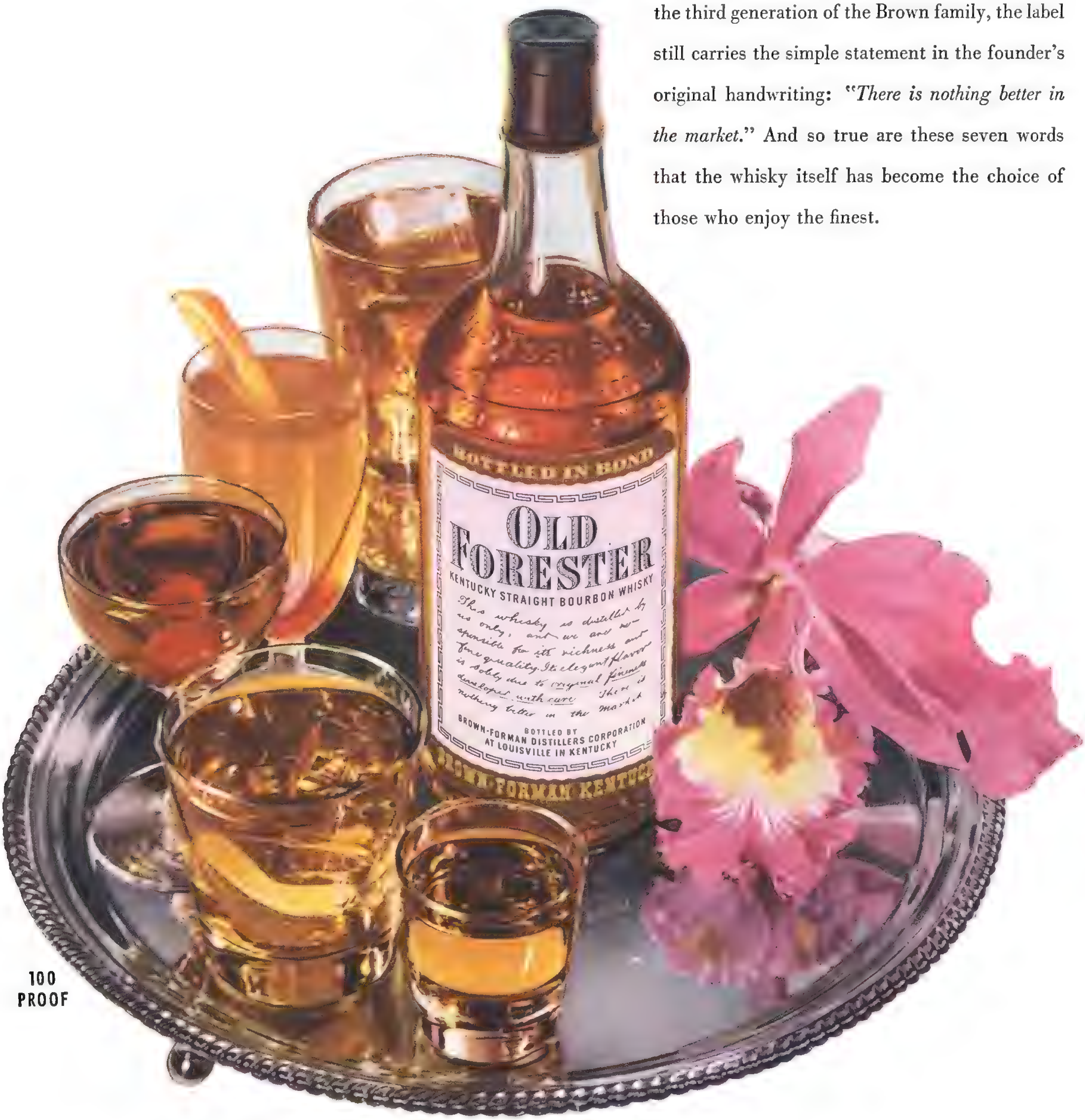
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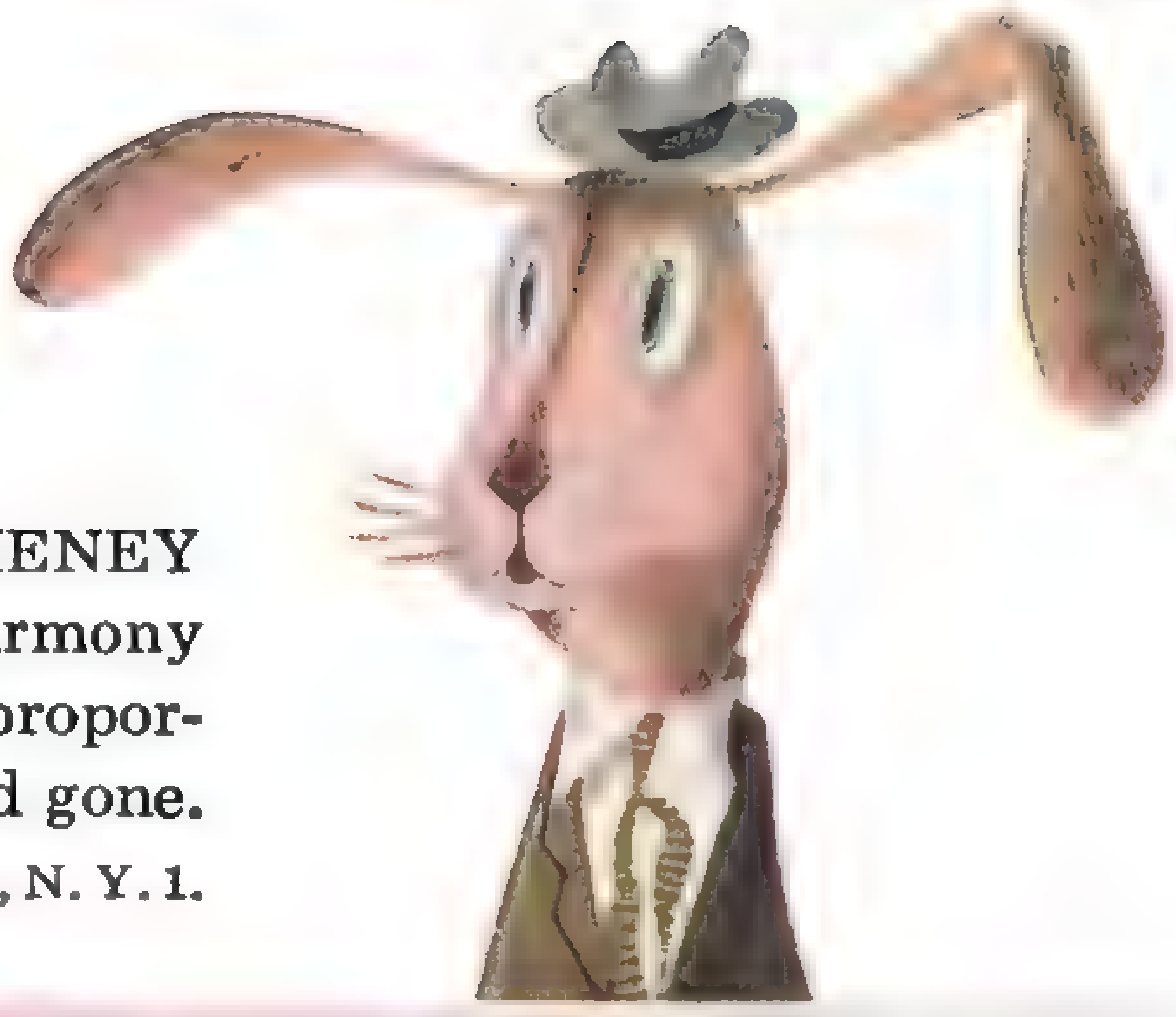

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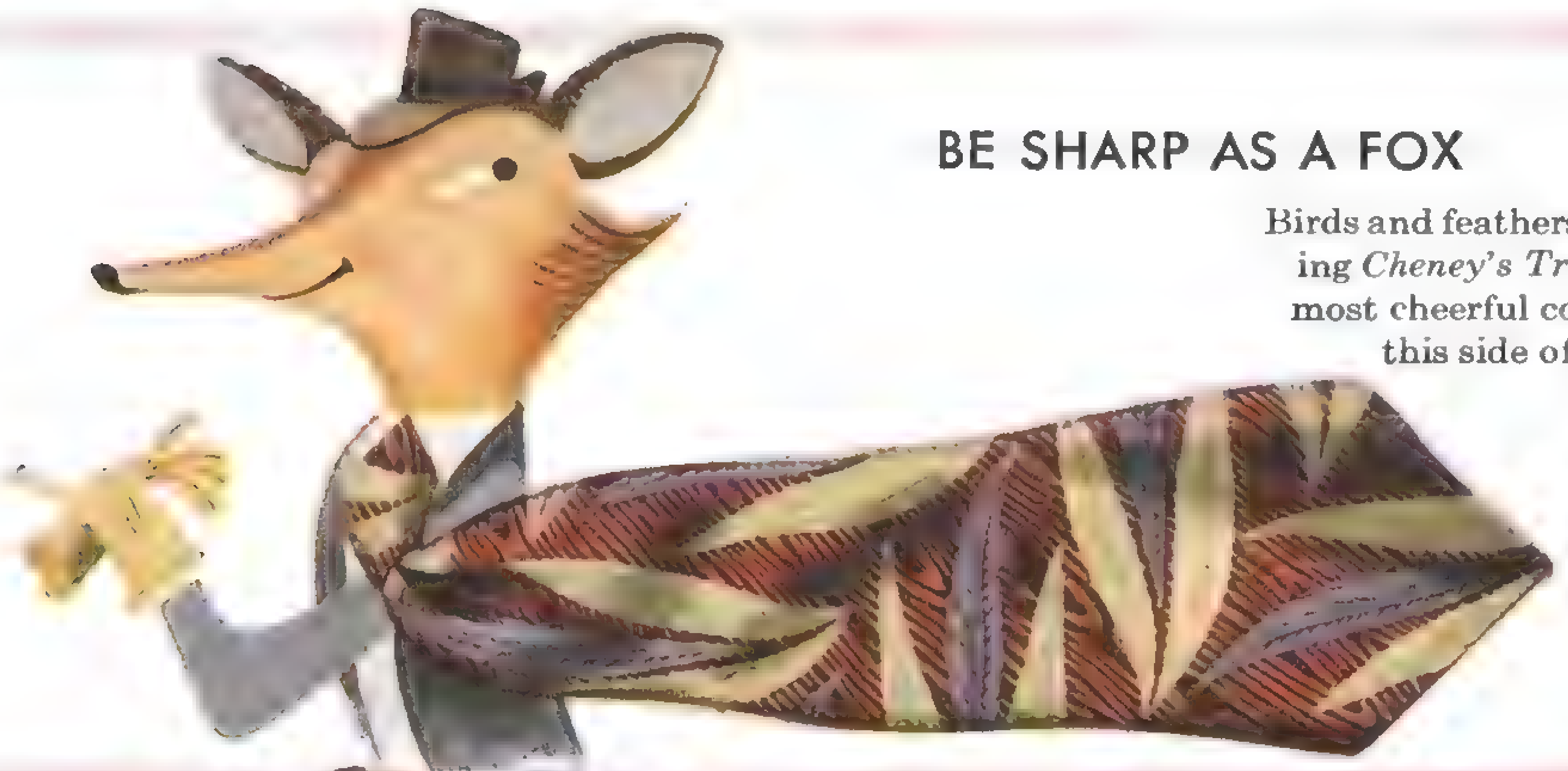

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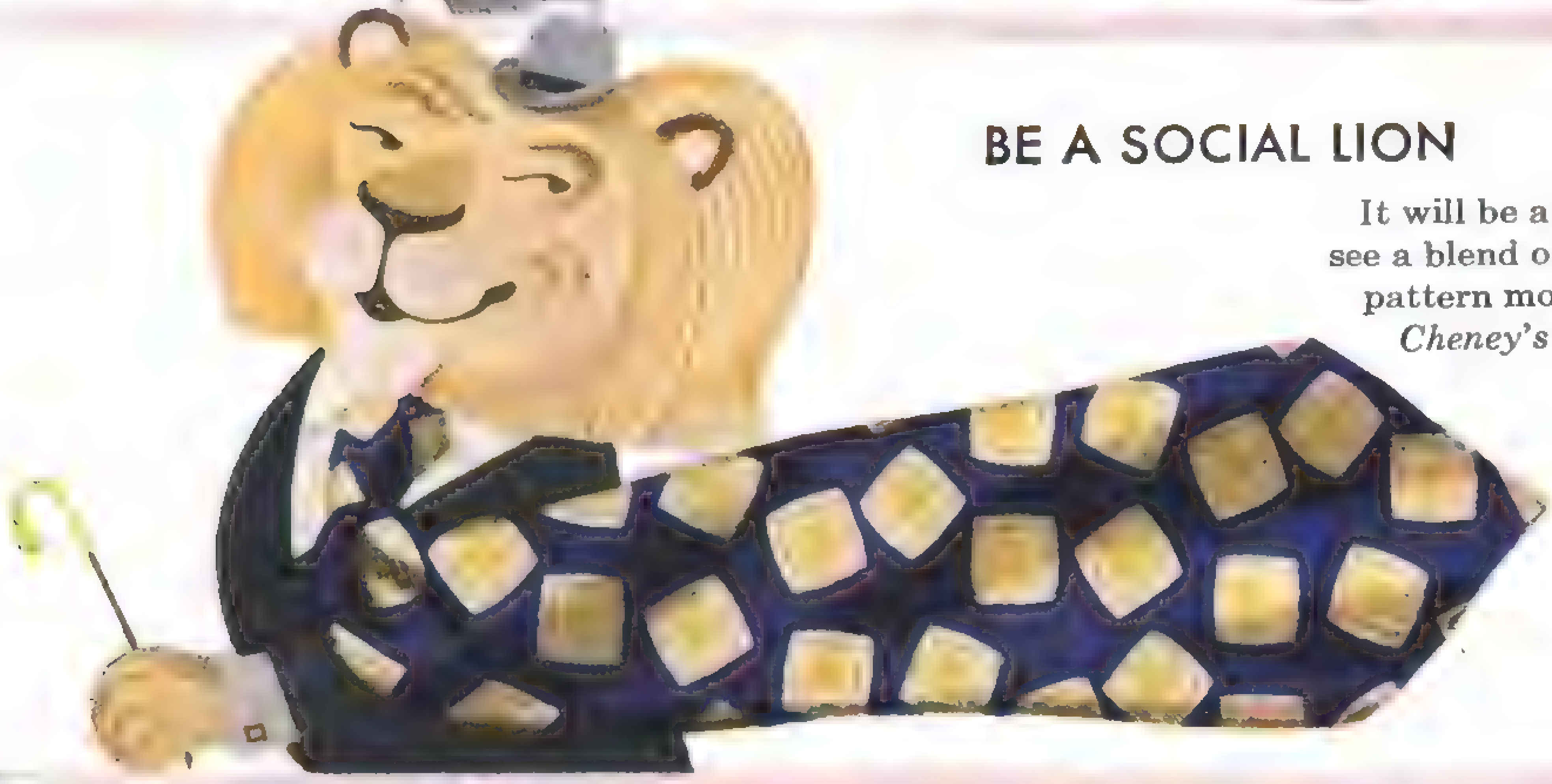

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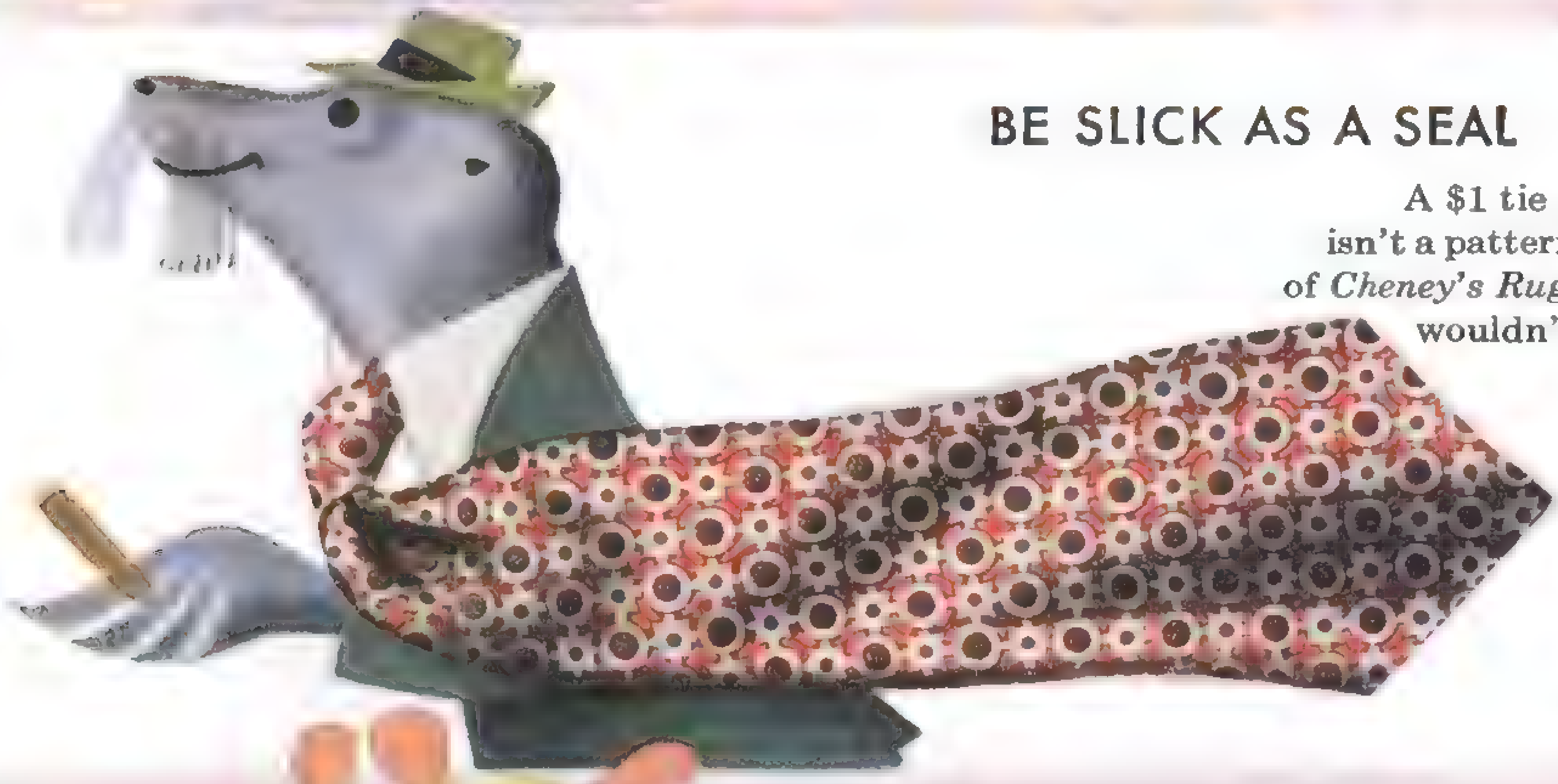

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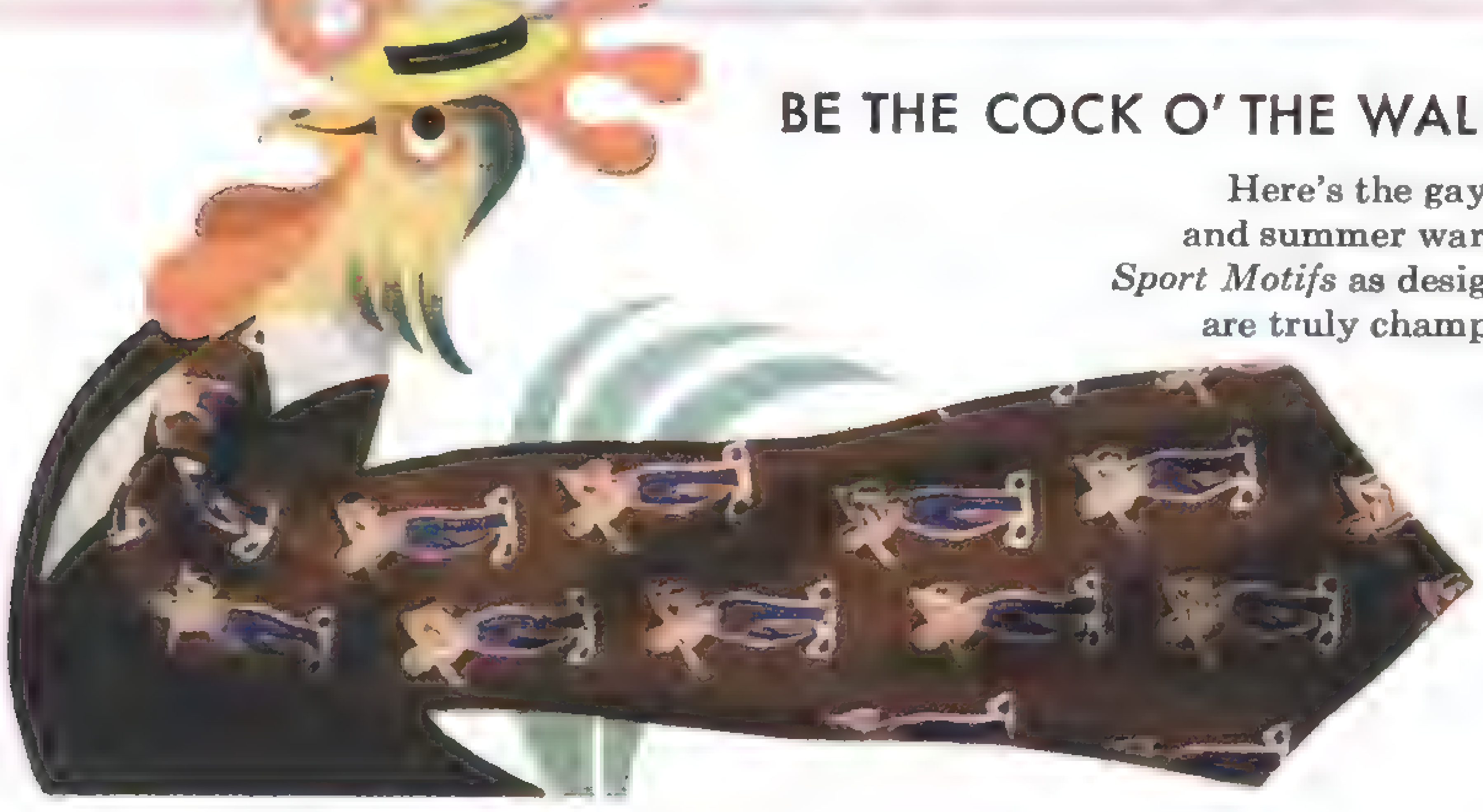

BE THE COCK O' THE WALK

Here's the gay note your spring and summer wardrobe needs—*Sport Motifs* as designed by *Cheney* are truly champion fashions.

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CHENEY
CRAVATS

Who and What Sylvia Is

Continued from page 31

the theatrical and moving-picture world really think up the funny things they say over the radio or on the screen, and there is nothing to be gained by disillusioning them.

Nor can a columnist continually quote his wife, no matter how funny she is, or how trenchant or telling the line she pulled at the dinner table the other night. But put the same gag in the mouth of the stage star who is appearing in a current hit, or the new fair-haired boy in politics, or the town big shot, and it immediately gains in importance, the column gains importance with it and so does the columnist. And when the columnist gains importance and adds new papers to his syndicate list, that is very good for business.

And in addition to being a loving wife and mother, Sylvia has a very luminous and embracing eye for business. What's good for Lenny is good for her. To hell with the credit; she is perfectly willing to let the celebrities have it as long as she winds up with all the money. The Column is the meal ticket. The combined brains of the Lyons household is lavished on it.

A radio agent once made Len a proposition which led the columnist to say solemnly: "Hm . . . this needs mature reflection," to which Sylvia added gaily: "Mature reflection means he has to talk it over with me."

More often than not Sylvia's lines are a gentle laugh on humanity or herself, like her note to the laundress: "Please do the handkerchiefs first and rush them to our house. I'm down to my best handkerchiefs," or, when they first moved into the Silk Stocking District on the West Side, "The Silk Stocking District now has a run in it," or her query to Len, "Have you strong fingers? Very strong? Good. In that case I don't have to buy a tube of toothpaste for tomorrow."

Some of them, however, are loaded to the muzzle, like her remark when a certain millionaire racing man contributed a rather minuscule sum to the Damon Runyon Memorial Fund for Cancer Research: "You'd have gotten more by telling him a horse can get cancer, too." Or the one she made to a friend who was boasting how good he was: "I'll permit you the luxury of telling yourself you're that good, but don't you permit yourself the luxury of believing it."

When Tommy Manville threatened to sue, Sylvia cracked: "You just want to know how it feels to be a plaintiff for a change." And when a phony item concocted by a rival columnist was being discussed, she settled his hash with: "He made it all up out of thin head." A door-to-door salesman appeared at the Lyons apartment offering for sale a machine called a "Noise-Eliminator," priced at $100. Madame Lyons squelched him with: "That isn't a Noise-Eliminator. That's a $100 Bill Eliminator." Listening to a recorded interview with Celeste Holm in which the interviewer said to Miss Holm: "I understand you are the favorite entertainer of the Duke of Windsor," Sylvia commented, "I always thought the Duchess was."

Irrepressible, at the Inaugural Dinner when George Jessel entered with Eleanor Roosevelt, Sylvia told him: "At last you're out with a girl your own age."

Sylvia Lyons at the White House is a chapter by itself. You have probably read most of these sallies, all duly credited to some Big Shot. When she met Roosevelt during Thanksgiving Week, she gave him a silver spoon, festively wrapped, on which was a warship in enamel.

"In Christmas wrapping?" said F.D.R.

"If you can advance the date of Thanksgiving, I can advance

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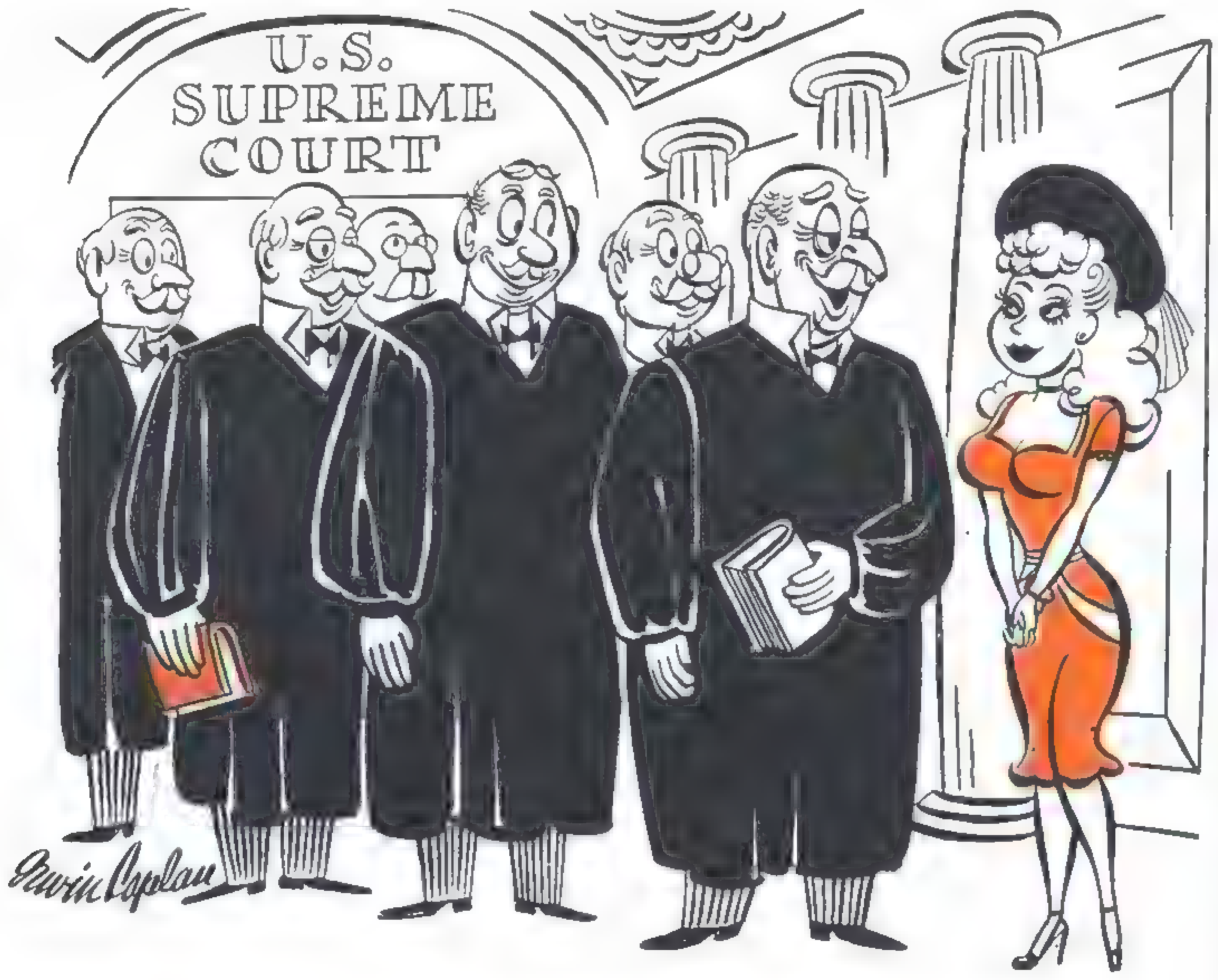

"We've decided to make an exception, Miss Gordon, and review your case"

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And man, this is a sandwich with a soul!
A revolutionary new kind of three-layer, leather, rubber, and leather combination that feather-beds your step every time your feet meet the street! Try it!
Stop *pounding* pavements! . . . step into the shoes that make Beau Brummels of your feet while they *cushion* every step!

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Send her Valentine FLOWERS-BY-WIRE!

If you want her to know you love her in a *special way,* gorgeous Valentine Flowers by Wire *will say it* swifter than Cupid's arrow. And oh . . . what you can also say on the *very* personal card message that goes along!

Any local F. T. D. florist will speed your Valentine flowers *anywhere* within a few hours. The Winged Mercury Seal on the florist's window means satisfaction guaranteed.

Cost of a Flowergram is low! A wonderful corsage or beautiful cut flowers can be sent from Toledo (including wire cost) to Atlanta, Ga. for $5.83 and up. It's a terrific way to say "I love you".

You'll own her heart with FLOWERS-BY-WIRE

FLORISTS' TELEGRAPH DELIVERY INTERNATIONAL, 149 Michigan Ave., Detroit 26, Michigan

Who and What Sylvia Is

Continued from page 109

Christmas," Sylvia replied.

"Oh," the President continued, "a silver spoon . . ."

"What else, for a boy from Groton and Harvard?" our gal fastballed.

Later, F.D.R. started to thank Lenny for having kept some of his boys out of night-club scrapes, and said: "Thanks for taking care of my sons." Sylvia broke in, "And thank you for taking care of ours."

When the Lyons moved away from their last apartment, Sylvia promptly gave a House-Cooling party. Once a jeweler tried to sell her a diamond, emerald, sapphire and ruby-studded watch, adding, "Keeps perfect time, too," drawing the retort, "Anybody who can afford a watch like this can afford to be late." An actress whose account books were in a mess explained: "That's because I spent my youth developing my figure instead of my arithmetic." Sylvia bottled her with, "That's all right. There's never been a year when Mae West didn't make twenty times as much as Albert Einstein."

Childbirth never even slowed her up. After the birth of her fourth son, in acknowledging flowers from her hospital room, she sent an envelope addressed to: "Edwin Pauley, Special Assistant to the Secretary of (God forbid!) War."

Also, in a similar thank-you note to Mr. and Mrs. James Mason, and the chap who lives with them, John Monaghan, "Dear James, Pamela and John: If I'd have had anything to do with it, you'd all have been boys."

And to Florence Pritchett, the Glamour Girl who broadcasts for WOR and who is famous for dating a new fellow almost every night, thanking her for a visit: "Dear Flo: It seems that every time you and I meet, we have a new male."

The love affair between Lenny and Sylvia Lyons has been going on for twenty years. It began in 1928 when Leonard, who was born in the tenement district of the lower East Side of New York, saw her for the first time at a party on East Broadway. He took one look and said: "That's for me. That's the girl I'm going to marry." He claims she still hasn't said yes.

When they were married, in 1934, Len was a lawyer. When the law firm which employed him decided to send him to Puerto Rico, alone, for three years to get some experience prior to becoming resident partner there, his wife decided against it. It was she who suggested that he would make a good columnist, that he should try to become one, and who took the long gamble with him.

Lyons has been operating his pitch for thirteen years, during which time he has become on his own ability one of the great American anecdotists. But in the thirteen years hardly a week has gone by but that his wife has supplied a laugh, an idea, an angle, or a witty line for him to hang on some lion of the moment, herself the lioness of The Lyons Den.

Oh yes, this exclusive, this scoop, this exposé of Leonard's shameless traffic in his wife's brilliance is a part of the love affair still raging between Lyons and Lyons.

All of the Sylvania in this piece was collected and supplied to this department by Leonard Lyons who, fed up with pinning Sylvia's gags on friends and assorted celebrities, concurred that it was high time his wife had credit—but good, and as an anniversary surprise.

Which I think is what makes it a good story.

Pogonotomy Ain't What You Think

A couple of the science boys from the Mellon Institute at the University of Pittsburgh have completed a four-year investigation into the practice of Pogonotomy, said to have first been introduced by Scipio the Younger among the Romans as a daily procedure. However, archaeologists have indicated that there were Pogonotomists among the natives of Egypt and Babylon in the early dawn of ancient civilization, that professionals were a distinct group as early as 400 B.C. in Greece, and that there are even traces of it in Biblical times, with references to it in the Bible itself (Ezekiel 5:1, and Leviticus 21:5).

Pogonotomy ain't what you think. It is the $2 scientific name for the art of shaving. Yes sirs, every time you haul that razor across the old stubble, you are nothing but a bunch of bloomin' pogonotomists. And what is more, the betting is ten to one that you're poging all wrong and doing your kisser no good whatsoever. These are the findings of the Messrs. Lester Hollander, M.D., and Elbridge J. Casselman, S.B., the scientists who have been conducting this investigation and who have published their findings in a racy little pamphlet entitled *Factors Involved in Satisfactory Shaving*, which has just fallen into my clutches.

However, before we get into this work, let me save you a little shuffling about in your reference library, since I have already gone to the trouble of looking it all up for you. "*Pogon*" is the Greek word meaning beard. Also, the quotation from Ezekiel 5 runs, "And thou, son of man, take thee a sharp knife, take thee a barber's razor, and cause it to pass upon thine head and upon thy beard: then take thee balances to weigh and divide the hair."

For four long years this is just about what Brothers Hollander and Casselman did, studying a group of thirty-one men, twenty of whom were blonde and eleven brunet, sporting foliage of various consistencies, dividing, weighing, balancing and testing the quantity of hair and epidermis scraped from the chins of the human guinea pigs over this period, in order to be able to report on the effects of various soaps and brushless creams in softening the keratin of the hair; and also the effects of repeated cutting and shaving on the hair-shaft itself. From that you will gather that the boys were busy as beavers.

Now you have been harvesting the alfalfa from your chops for many a year and probably think you are pretty good at it, but having just piled through the findings of Hollander and Casselman, I will venture the observation that you probably know from nothing about the true art of proper shaving.

For instance, when you eye yourself balefully in the bathroom mirror in the early A.M. preparatory to winnowing the weeds from your map, do you ever give so much as a single thought to the "effective shaving angle" of your razor and the way you hold it, a matter, according to the two researchers of "prime importance."

"This angle," says the fascinating brochure, and if I could plow through this paragraph, so can you, "was ascertained by taking the measurements of the angle formed between the central plane of the blade near its edge and a plane which passes through the edge and is tangent to the guard bar. In some cases, corrections were found to be necessary, as follows: the addition of from 2 to 3 degrees when the guard is composed of teeth instead of a solid bar; the addition of from 1 to 2 degrees when the distance from the blade edge to the tangent point is in excess of 1.40 mm (0.055 inch) by from 0.38 to 0.75 mm.; the subtraction of from 1 to 2 degrees when this distance is under 0.11 mm. The method is illustrated in figure 1, which represents the portions of a safety razor that are actively useful in shaving. Here, the angle AOB is the angle that is measured, and the dimension OC is the distance on which the angle corrections are based."

Huh! And you thought you knew how to shave yourself? Come on. Be a modern man. Let's see you get up in the morning with a three parts hang-over, locate angle AOB on the remains of what used to be a face and start mowing the spinach in an up-to-date, scientific manner.

The boys give a clean bill of health to the various makes of safety razors on the market as well as all of the soaps, lathers, creams, smears and salves, brushless as well as the lathering type, for it turns out that none of them can do you any harm, all of them have the power to do your skin and your whiskers some good during the shaving operation, if *you* will only let them.

For what finally emerged from the four years' research (and worth every minute of it, if you ask this sufferer) is that the whole secret of shaving, from Nebuchadnezzar to Tutankhamen and from Ezekiel to Scipio the Younger, is to spend a little more time over the process, three minutes to get your face and beard thoroughly soused with water and softened with soap before you begin to trim the hedge.

At the end of the pamphlet, the boys who wrote it abandon all scientific double talk and come out with some simple directions for a pleasant shave which I will pass along to you so that you can add your thanks to mine.

Mincing no words, they title the section, "How to Shave Most Satisfactorily," and swing into action thus:

"Wash the face first with soap and water, using hot water and some toilet soap that has been found not to irritate the skin. Carry on this operation for about one half a minute and then rinse the face thoroughly. The purpose of this washing is to remove the grit from the face which might damage the blade, and to remove the external layer of sweat and sebum from the skin and hair as well as other extraneous material. After the soap has been thoroughly rinsed off with hot water, a second layer of soap should be applied. This may be one's favorite shaving soap. It is to be thoroughly rubbed into the surface of the

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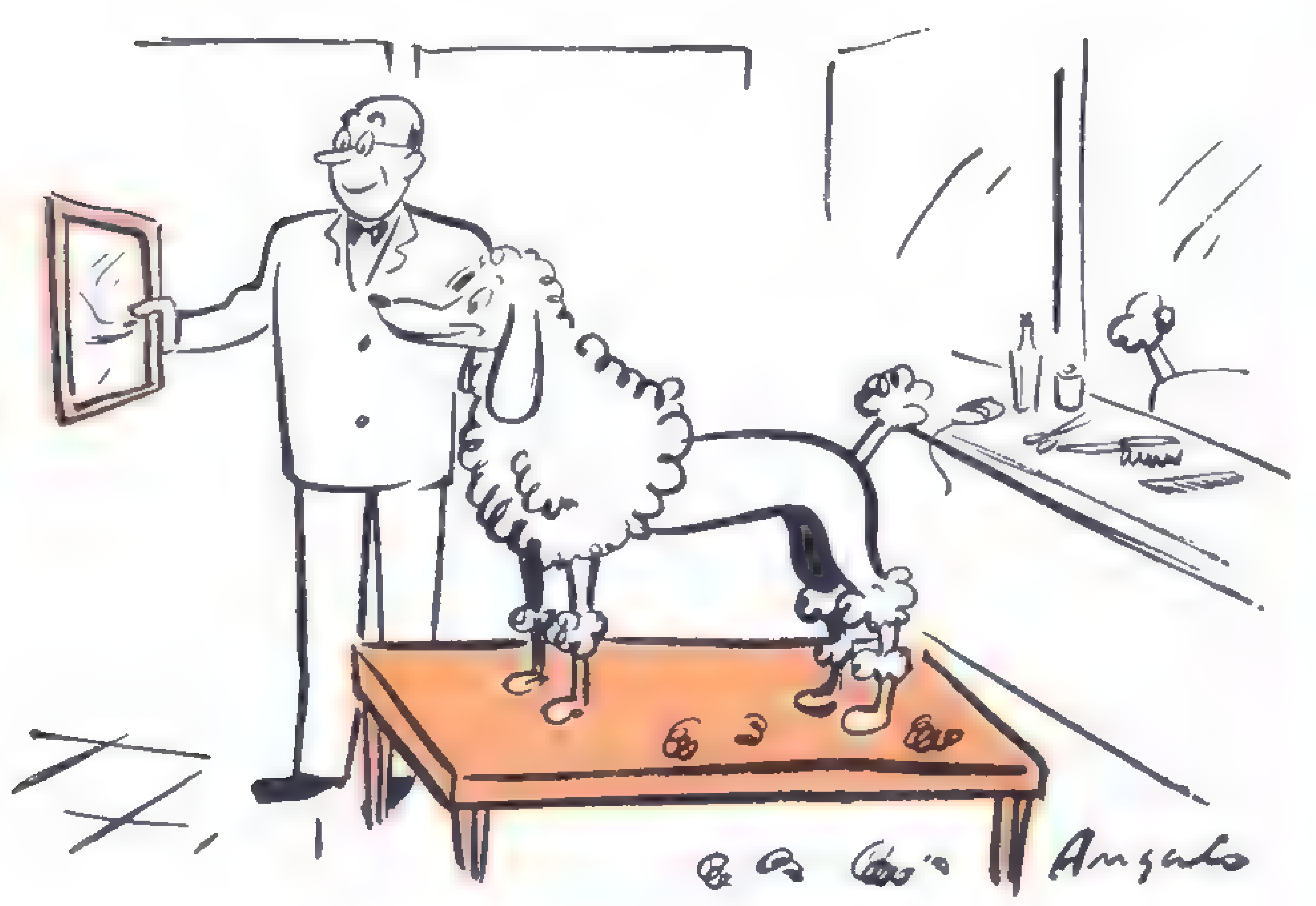

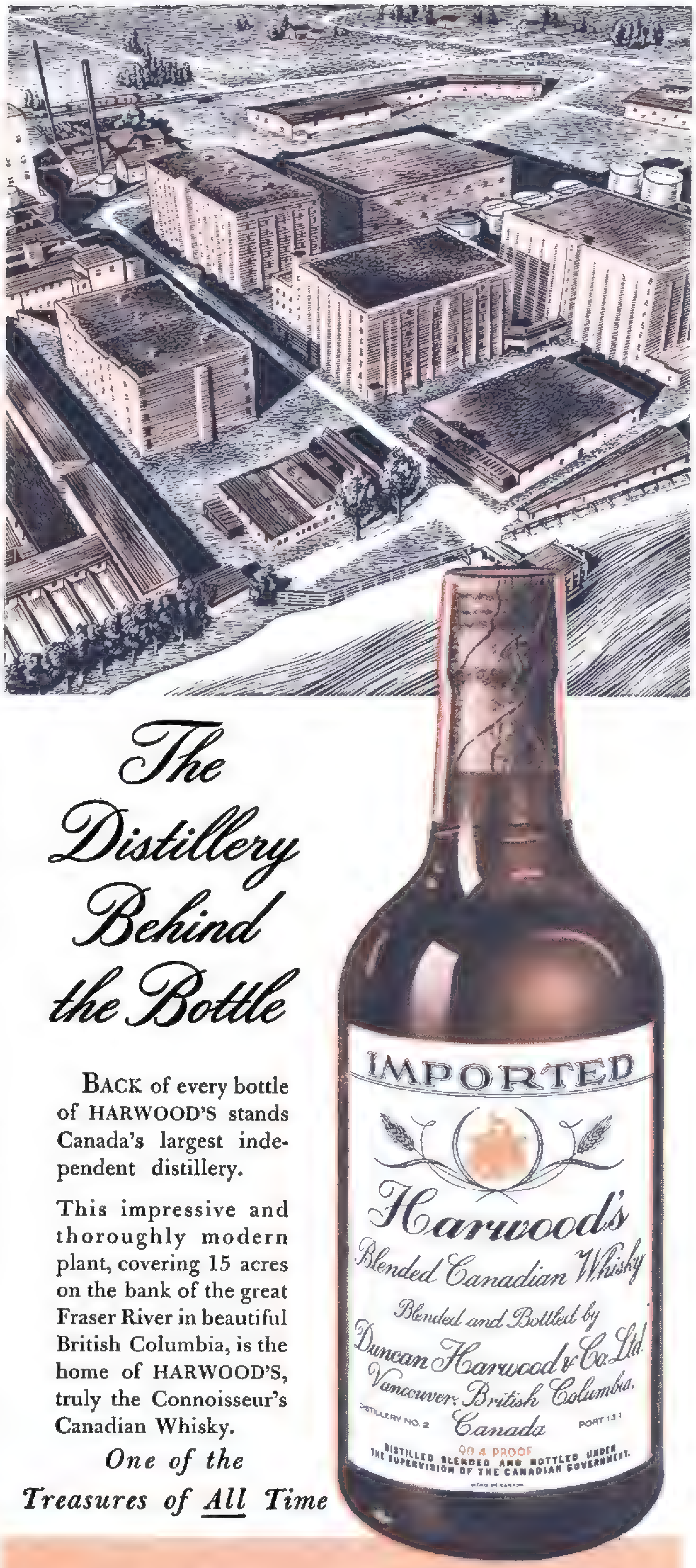
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SOLE UNITED STATES *IMPORTERS:* WILLIAMS IMPORTERS, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Who and What Sylvia Is

Continued from page 111

skin with the hand, copious amounts of water being used. These two operations should be made to consume from two and one half to three minutes.

"If latherless cream is preferred for shaving, it should be applied on top of the soap and should be rubbed around enough to mix thoroughly with the lather. If lather-forming soap is to be used, it should be whipped into a lather with a shaving brush. When this lathering is completed, no harm will be done by extending the time the face is in contact with the soap, by finding other things to do at this time, such as brushing the teeth or reloading the razor.

"Shaving should be begun by wetting the razor with hot water and keeping the face well lathered; both the razor and the face should be kept wet during the entire operation. It is good practice to shave the less difficult portions of the face first, in order that the more difficult portions shall have the benefit of still longer contact with water. Following shaving, the preferred lotion or other post-shaving preparation can be used after soap has all been rinsed thoroughly from the face."

Chums, it works like a charm. I tried it according to formula the other night and had myself a dream shave. I had long ago made the discovery that the use of a combination of both lather and brushless cream at the same time made for a happier shave, but I was using 'em the wrong way 'round. Gents, this is *it.* I doff my whiskers to the Messrs. Hollander and Casselman.

Sing a Song of Roget

It is in my system this month to pitch a posy at a little English physician of Swiss ancestry, who was born in London in Broad Street in the year 1779, who died in 1869 at the ripe old age of ninety, and who is remembered not for any great medical study or scientific thesis, though he was a whiz-bang at his profession, but for a book, a new kind of dictionary which ever since then has been the writer's pal, guide and best friend.

His name was Peter Mark Roget, and his book was titled *Thesaurus of English Words and Phrases. Classified and Arranged so as to Facilitate the Expression of Ideas and Assist in Literary Composition.* That is a considerable mouthful of a title, but friends and clients, it is a whale of a book. I have owned and used a *Thesaurus* for more than thirty-five years, and I love it like a brother. I couldn't be without it. It is the one indispensable volume that accompanies me wherever my typewriter and I may roam. I can get along without my Bartlett's *Familiar Quotations* with which I can appear to be erudite as all git-out, or my Webster's *Dictionary of Synonyms* which sometimes helps me to avoid the sin of repetition, but I cannot spare my worn and battered copy of the *Thesaurus.* I don't even like to cross the street without it. When it comes to delivering you just the right word with the exact shade of meaning to drop into the slot, there is no beating old Doc Peter Mark Roget.

What is Roget's *Thesaurus*? It is a dictionary of words and word uses tackled from the opposite of the usual dictionary, which merely gives the meaning of words, the object of this one being the converse—the *idea* being given, to find the word or words by which that idea may be most fitly and aptly expressed.

But supposing we let Peter Mark tell it himself as he does in the introduction to his wonderful literary mine. The parentheses will be my own worshipful comments. Says Doc Roget: "The communication of our thoughts by means of language, whether spoken or written, like every other object of mental exertion, constitutes a peculiar art, which, like other arts, cannot be acquired in any perfection but by long continued practice . . . (And even then perfection is a ghost.)

"However distinct may be our views, however vivid our conceptions, or how fervent our emotions, we cannot but be often conscious that the phraseology we have at our command is inadequate to do them justice. (You can say that again, Doc.) We seek in vain the words we need. The appropriate terms, notwithstanding our utmost efforts . . . cannot be conjured up at will. (I guess you've found that out too. Who, writer or no, hasn't had a wrestle for 'just the right word'?) Like 'Spirits from the vasty deep,' they come not when we call . . .

"It is to those who are thus painfully groping their way and struggling with the difficulties of composition, that this work professes to hold out a helping hand. The assistance it gives is that of furnishing on every topic a copious store of words and phrases . . . The writer can readily select, out of the ample collection spread out before his eyes in the following pages, those expressions which are best suited to his purpose, and which might not have occurred to him without such assistance. ('*Might not*' is good.) In order to

INSIDE . . . AND OUT
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EASY LACER

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Bostonians

FIT RIGHT · FEEL RIGHT · THEY'RE WALK-FITTED

WHITMAN, MASSACHUSETTS

make this selection, he scarcely ever need engage in any critical or elaborate study of the subtle distinctions existing between synonymous terms;(Heavy going, eh? For me too. Don't quit, here comes the payoff.) for if the materials set before him be sufficiently abundant, an instinctive tact will rarely fail to lead him to the proper choice. Some felicitous turn of expression thus introduced will frequently open the mind of the reader a whole vista of collateral ideas . . . and often will the judicious insertion of a happy epithet, like a beam of sunshine in a landscape, illumine and adorn the subject which it touches, imparting new grace and giving life and spirit to the picture."

That's my boy, and that's what his book is about, and how anybody who so much as wants to write a graceful letter can get along without it is beyond me, or for that matter anyone who needs words to get along, say a politician calling attention to his opponent's deficiencies, or a husband defending himself against the allegations of his wife.

Take the former who might wish to imply that his worthy opponent is something of a fool without caring to rouse his dander by actually calling him one. In my edition of the Thesaurus the good Doctor Roget holds out the helping hand with "idiot, simpleton, Simple Simon, moron, gaby, witling, dizzard, donkey, ass, ninny, chowder-head, jolterhead, mutt, chucklehead, clown, dolt, booby, loony, tomnoddy, nonny, noodle, nizy, owl, goose, imbecile, nincompoop, trifler, babbler, pretty fellow, child, baby, infant, innocent and milksop."

You think he's through? Not the Doc. He's just warming up. After you get through calling the opposition candidate a selection of those you can go on with: "oaf, lout, loon, bullhead, blunderhead, dunderhead, addle-pate, blockhead, bonehead, rattlepate, dullard, doodle, calf, colt, stick, numps, tony, loggerhead, beetlehead, muttonhead, numbskull, lackbrain, shallow-brain, halfwit, dunderhead, lunkhead, clod, clodhopper, sap, softy, gawk, rube, lummox, greenhorn, dupe, dunce, lubber, solid ivory, dotard, driveller, old fogey, balmy, puerile, fatuous, idiotic, inept, maudlin, nutty, asinine, bovine, beef-head and feeble-minded."

If you haven't finished him off by then, the good doctor gives you a couple of cross-references where you can pick up: "Dupe, gull, gudgeon, jay, sucker, pigeon, puppett, cat's-paw," and another still where you can connect with: "Bungler, marplot, fumbler, lout, duffer, butter-fingers, looby, swab, novice, galoot, fish-out-of-water, ass-in-lion's skin, jackdaw-in-Peacock's feathers, quack," with a couple more lists of epithets still untapped, but if you haven't got the guy wrapped up by that time, not even the *Thesaurus* will do you much good.

Or take the second case and you wish to take the calculated risk of a row with the Missus, you load up on Doc Roget first, where under "Absence of Reasoning," you find: "Illogical, unreasonable, false, unsound, invalid, unwarranted, not following, incongruous, inconsequent, inconsistent, untenable, inconclusive, incorrect, fallacious, fallible, groundless, unproved, specious, sophistical, illusory, hollow, implausible, evasive, irrelevant, weak, feeble, poor, flimsy, loose, irrational, nonsensical, frivolous, pettifogging, quibbling," and for a final knockout blow: "paralogical."

If she is still on her feet after that blast, the Doc gives you some ninety different ways of calling her stubborn and obstinate. In short, the book never lets you down.

If you have heard of this volume before, it will be an old friend of yours by now, though you may have been neglecting it. If you haven't, rush out to the nearest bookstore and invest in one. I have no financial interest in shilling for Peter Mark Roget, dead, lo these many years, and may he be barbering semantics with the angels. All I am trying to do is to tell you about a work that has been a beloved and faithful standby to me for more than a quarter of a century, and to let you in on a good thing. ⧺

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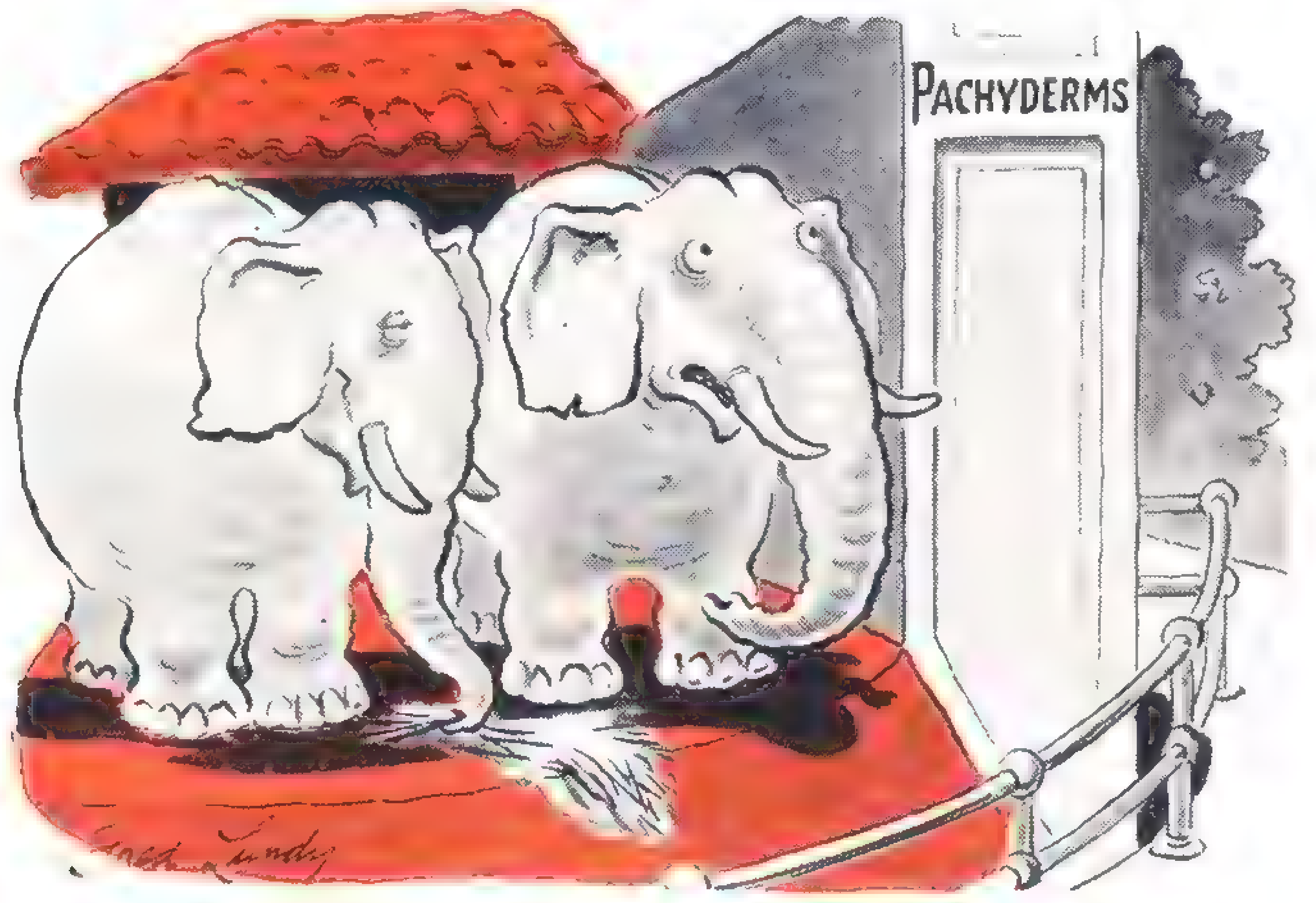

"That's funny—I thought we were elephants"

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The Age of the Golden Bee

Continued from page 38

ball profits are strictly from hunger. Each of four participating teams in a doubleheader at Madison Square Garden works on a percentage basis—usually 15 per cent of the net—which gives it about $3500 a game. Since L.I.U., like most schools, does well to break even on other scheduled games, its profit from twelve Garden appearances adds up to about $40,000 a year, a modest sum. The money is used to pay the freight for the overhead of the physical education department. Bee himself has had one raise for coaching since 1931.

While commercial practices cannot be condoned by a matter of degree, this much must be said in Bee's favor: He never has hurt a boy brought into school on a scholarship and it is conceivable that he has helped many. Some of the football brethren in the South, for instance, should be behind bars for the crimes they have committed against trusting kids. One of their cute tricks is to recruit forty or fifty freshmen, turn them loose on one another and then retain the survivors. The unsuccessful candidates and walking wounded find their scholarships withdrawn. The same bum deal often is handed out to varsity men who are unable to continue dying for alma mater because of injuries incurred in her behalf. The injury factor is negligible in basketball, it gives fun to a lot of people and, as Bee operates, it harms no one.

Critics have charged that Bee goes out and gets his basketball players. He admits it, and volunteers the information that many kids who have played for him were in school on a scholarship. He makes no bones about the fact that he coaches to win. In 1938 his athletes gave such a languid performance that they went off at half-time holding a one-point lead over Southern Methodist, a team they were doped to lick from here to breakfast. In impressing his students with the importance of being earnest, Bee hit the roof and a steel door so hard that he broke his right fist. He didn't discover it, though, until he had won the game, 40-29.

Bee sternly eschews this pious pap, the tired gags pulled by college coaches in poor seasons.

"The hell with moral victories and lost games well played," he says briskly. "I've got no time to be in the middle or at the end, unless it's the front end."

The record bespeaks his consistency. With the exception of two years in the Maritime Service as a commander, Bee has been coaching basketball at Long Island since 1931. In those fifteen seasons his teams won 349 games and lost 47 for an elegant batting average of .881. His record is even more astonishing if the decade from 1933 to 1942, when his "system" was in full blossom, is considered. During that period, nostalgically called the Age of the Golden Bee, Long Island won 194 games and lost 16 for a phenomenal .924. Two of his clubs went through long, tough schedules unbeaten (in 1936 and '39); he won the National Invitation Tournament twice (1939 and '41); on separate occasions his teams ran up winning streaks of 43, 38, 28 and 26 consecutive games.

Snobbish skeptics, who hold the attitude that it is unsporting for small, obscure schools to muscle into the monopoly of the big, high-pressure brothers, disparage Bee's record on the grounds that it has been made with hired players. Bee does not leave his sources of material to mere chance, but he is no less forthright in getting the boys than 95 per cent of his associates. The one significant difference is that everyone blows the whistle on him whereas he keeps his well-informed, articulate mouth shut and suffers all the abuse in silence.

A case in point. Carl Meinhold, Bee's second-best player, was thrown out of school in January, 1946, for academic deficiency. This will kill the cynics, but you know who gave Meinhold the bounce? Bee, acting as president in the absence of Dean Tristram Walker Metcalfe.

Harry Boykoff and Hy Gotkin, the stars who won national championships for neighboring St. John's, were enrolled at Long Island after graduation from high school. A few months later both departed suddenly for St. John's. Bee shrugged it off with no comment.

Several years ago Bee imported from Oil City, Pennsylvania, one Richard Ahrens, a 6-foot-11-inch center who could have torn apart single-handedly every game on the schedule. Ahrens never played a winning varsity game; he busted out in the middle of his freshman year. Bee's basketball teams pay for much of the incidental freight at the University and are its only advertisement. But he made no attempt to reverse the faculty ruling.

Scholarships and attendant abuses are the crux of the entire college sports situation. Maybe you don't agree with Bee, but you must respect him for his honest declaration of policy.

"If a boy is sincere about getting an education," he says, "I will do anything short of paying him money to get him into school. Sure, I take care only of athletes. What of it? Kids who are musical or mathematical prodigies are helped through school, aren't they? Some people think athletes are thick-necked, low-browed bums who don't deserve a chance to equip themselves to make a good living. Why penalize a kid just because he happens to grow up big and strong and likes competition?

"The trouble comes when a kid tries to go through college on a gravy train, taking courses in fresh-air breathing and music appreciation. Once a boy convinces me he really wants to put out and improve himself, I'll give him tuition, fees, books, a job for spending money—and I mean a real job —and room and board if he comes from out-of-town. Kids who live in New York never have gotten a dime from me for living expenses. Maybe I haven't got many principles, but one thing that gets me in the throat is giving college athletes cash. Last term two players on my squad asked me to give them the money the University was getting for them from the government under the G.I. Bill of Rights. I threw them out of school. Those kids didn't want an education. They were looking for a couple of hundred bucks."

On Bee's desk there are two silver-plated railroad spikes, kept there to remind him that he'd still be knocking his brains out on the railroad if he hadn't gotten a scholarship. His family circumstances were such that he never could have gone to college without one.

His father happened to be one of those men who thought sports and recreation were sinful when a kid could be out working for a living. Bee can't recall how many times he came home the big hero of the high-school football team only to have his father lick the bejesus out of him for he only considered it to be the waste of a Saturday afternoon.

Bee worked too—from six in the evening until six the following morning all through high school. He was a railroad call boy; it was his job to wake up the firemen, switchmen, yardmen and engineers in the middle of the night so the trains could leave on schedule. Half the time these men were drunk and wanted no part of getting up at three a.m. It was a rough job, Bee maintains, for they'd belt you in the puss and throw things at you, but you had to pull them by the hair and even light matches under their feet to get them up for work. He never would have been able to hold the job if it hadn't been for his boss, an old-timer named Pegleg Solomon, and the other call boys, who let him sleep from eleven-thirty to three every morning so that he might keep awake during practice.

Bee came back from the war for his last year of high school crazy to go to college and play football. Davis and Elkins gave him a scholarship. By that time his father had died and Bee was the sole support of his stepmother and six kids. He cleaned windows, swept buildings and picked up shorthand to get a job as secretary to the president of the college. What money he got for this he sent home. Eating was his only problem and he solved it by going out for every team in sight, thus gaining a place at the training table all year round.

"I needed help to get through college and I got it," says Bee. "I'd be a pretty low specimen if I didn't offer deserving kids the same break that was given to me."

In baring his soul, Bee neglects to mention the three facets chiefly responsible for his success. They would be his intense ambition, drive and utter competence in any job which occupies him at the moment. He had to possess all three attributes in abundance to overcome his confirmed bush-league background.

Born at Grafton, West Virginia, in 1900, the boy Bee gave school the back of his scrawny neck in 1917 and enlisted in the Army at Detroit. He was shipped to France with the 6th Engineers and immediately became one of the most indefatigable four-letter men (A.W.O.L.) in the A.E.F. He wandered up to the front on unauthorized junkets and investigated the night life of London and Paris. He was off on one of these junkets when his outfit sailed for home.

Undismayed and undeterred, Bee took off for Verdun, sold war souvenirs to tourists and, when that palled, entered the American University which the Army had set up at Beaune for American soldiers. In due time he returned to Grafton and promptly was elected football, basketball and baseball captain.

After his interlude at Davis and

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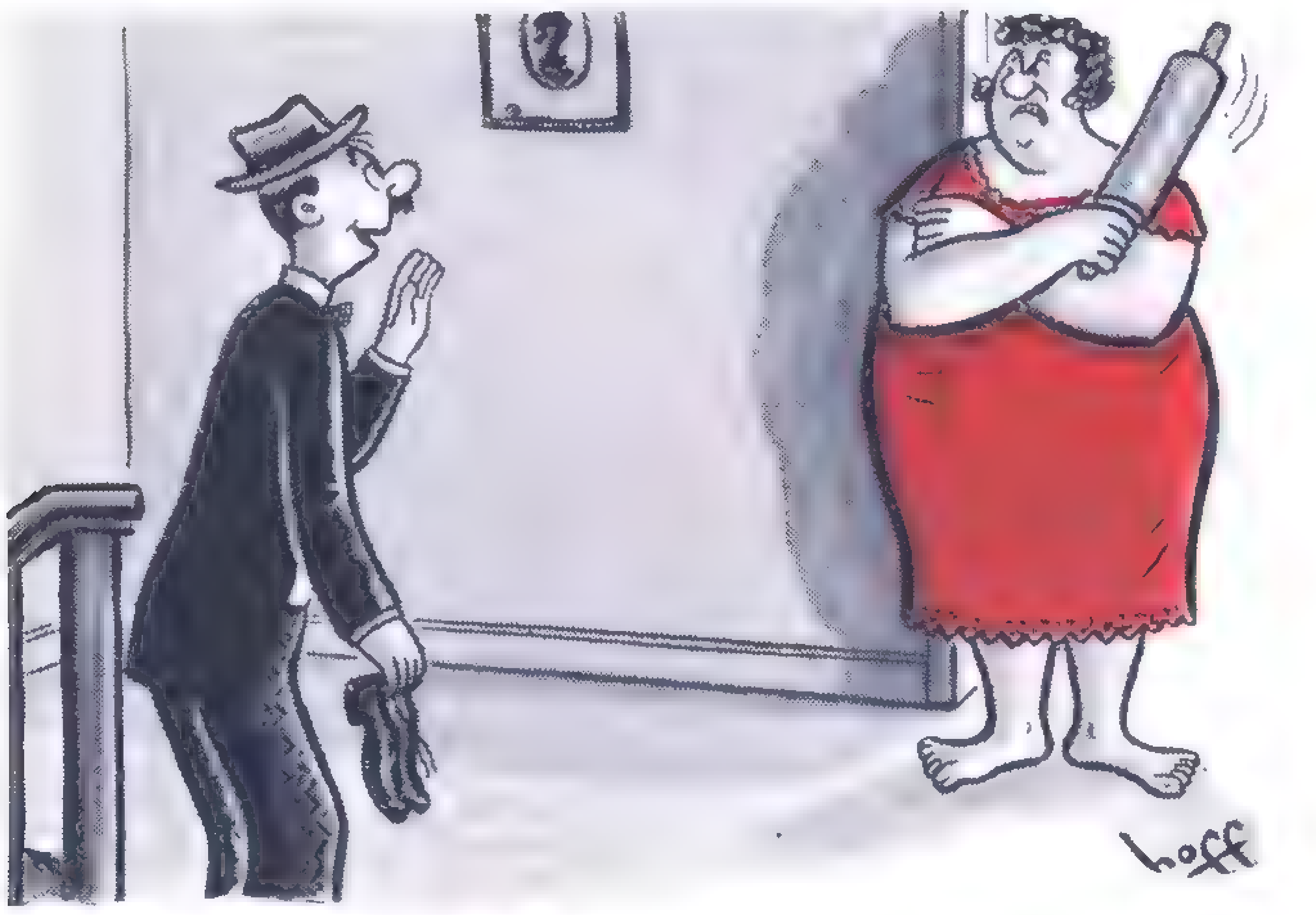

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The Age of the Golden Bee

Continued from page 115

Elkins and a sojourn at Waynesburg College, which had made him a better offer, Bee picked up some ready money playing semi-pro baseball and football and moved in on Rider College, at Trenton, New Jersey, as head coach in 1926. No one ever had heard of Rider except close friends and relatives of the students, but under Bee it became what is loosely known as a national byword. Its basketball team, spearheaded by Lou Zara, was an outstanding quintet of the period and led to Bee's arrival at Long Island.

Spectacular shooting always has been the hallmark of Bee's teams. The funny part of the whole thing is that he was, by his own admission, the very worst shooter to be found in any given locality on any given night when he was playing basketball.

If the truth were known, he was called to Long Island mainly on the strength of his football coaching at Rider. He had an unbeaten, untied football team there in 1929. Two years later the first team he whipped up for Long Island won seven games in eight. Customer response was discouraging, though, and the venture was dropped until the 1939-40 season. Again Bee did all right, winning ten games and losing four, but the box office was still discouraging. The undistinguished schools L.I.U. played, the only opposition Bee could line up, had no gate appeal and, anyway, there is a well-founded suspicion that the sporting gentlemen of Brooklyn go into hibernation, or hiding, after the Dodgers conclude their labors. Bee's later football period was marked by hilarity and charges of dirty pool. Opponents claimed he was using all manner of strange scholars, ranging from former Rose Bowl substitutes to bald-headed semipros.

Bee, in his ruggedly realistic approach to the annual problem of collecting accomplished players, often comes up with youths who, by reason of their environment and intellectual endowment, appear to be highly improbable candidates for academic attainment.

Nevertheless, the supposedly predestined truck drivers and crate jockeys who play for Bee are as circumspect in their behavior and attitude as any group of Ivy Leaguers the public is likely to see. Long Island U. never has been under suspicion of having thrown a game to the gamblers who infest Madison Square Garden; that charge has been levied, and on at least one occasion proved, against teams representing schools with high scholastic and social standing. Bee's squads are rarely disrupted by willful adolescents who become infected with a rush of temperament to the head.

"Bee has better control over his players than any coach I know," Ned Irish, director of Garden basketball, says. "He must do a pretty good job of teaching something besides basketball."

You wonder what Bee's formula is for handling his players—a talent more important than teaching the game and making decisions at critical turning points—and then he tells you, merely in passing, the story of a fourth-string guard and you begin to perceive the answer.

There was a kid from the Bronx on the squad—the smallest and least capable player Bee had. But he kept him around because he couldn't help admiring his spirit. Like the time, a couple of years ago, L.I.U. was invited to play in Puerto Rico. Only a limited number of players could go and the kid knew he wasn't one of them. The day the team was leaving, though, he turned up with his bags packed and parked outside Bee's office all day, hoping something would happen. It did. One of the players picked got fresh and Bee left him home and took the kid along to Puerto Rico instead, just because he was so damn determined.

"Just before the term started," Bee continued, "the kid came in to see me. He said I had to get him a job if he was to stay in school. I had gotten him a good summer job. I asked him what he'd done with the money.

" 'I made five hundred and eighty dollars,' he said, 'but I had to give it to my mother for an operation. We haven't got a dime in the house, Coach. I've got to do something after school so we can eat and I can have ten cents subway fare every day.'

"I suggested as gently as I could, that it might be a good idea to drop out and return when things eased up for him. I'll never forget his answer. Christ, it was like hearing myself thirty years ago.

" 'I'll never come back if I quit,' the kid said. 'You don't know what college means to me, Coach. Nobody on my block ever went to college. When I walk down the street, people look at me and say: There goes one of Clair Bee's boys. It makes me feel important, like I'm a somebody. That's why I've got to stay in college. It's the only chance I'll ever have to make something of myself.'

"How far would you go with a kid who has to scramble for eating money and ride three hours a day on the subway to get an education? You're damn right. You'll go all the way if there's a spark of common decency in you. Sure, I got him a job. He's not playing much basketball, but he's eating regularly and he's going to school.

"I don't know. Maybe I'm a sentimental slob, but I've always been a sucker for a kid with a sad story—and I hope I always will be."

We do, too. #

Continued from page 38

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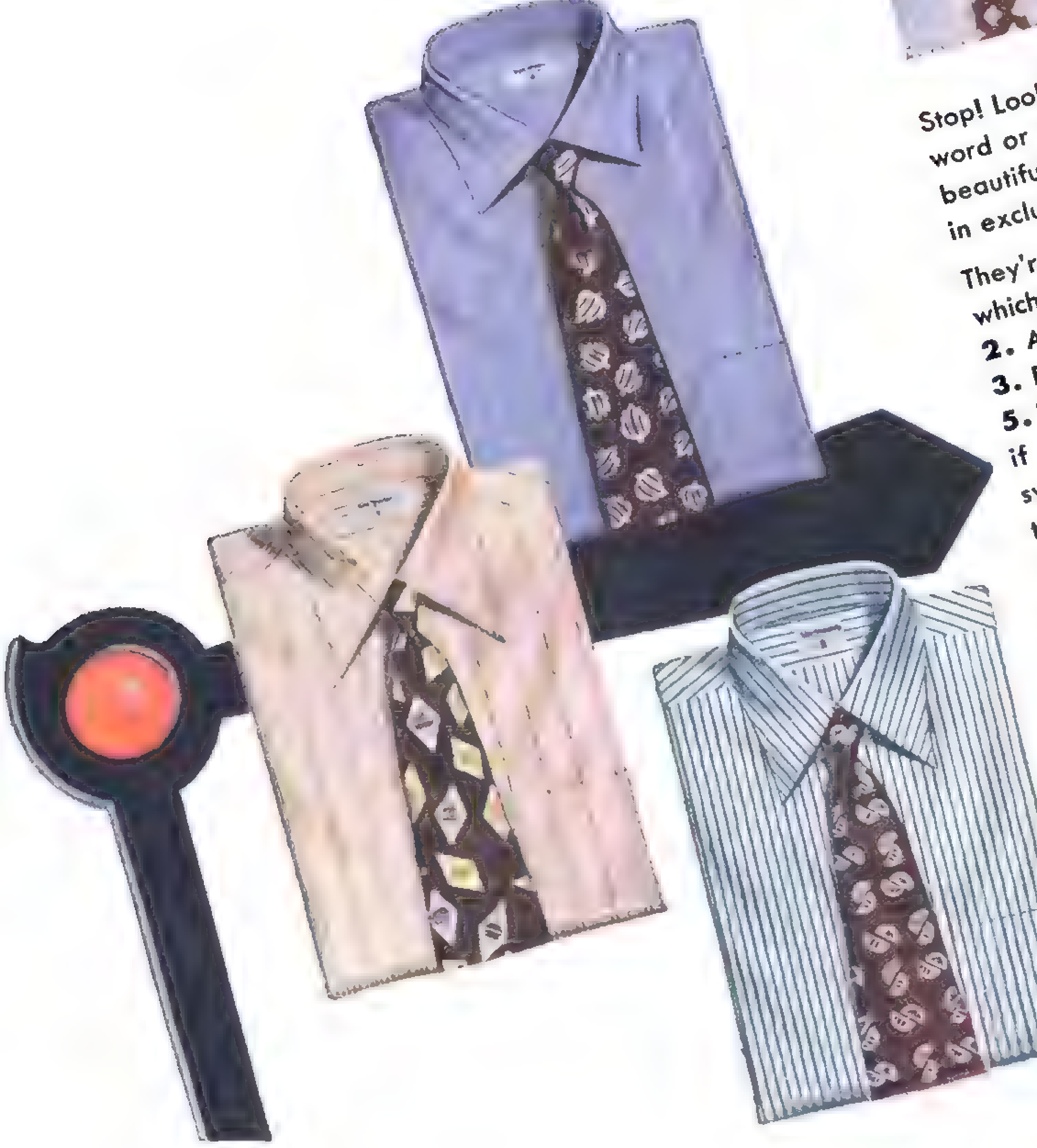

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Red Stars Over the Olympics

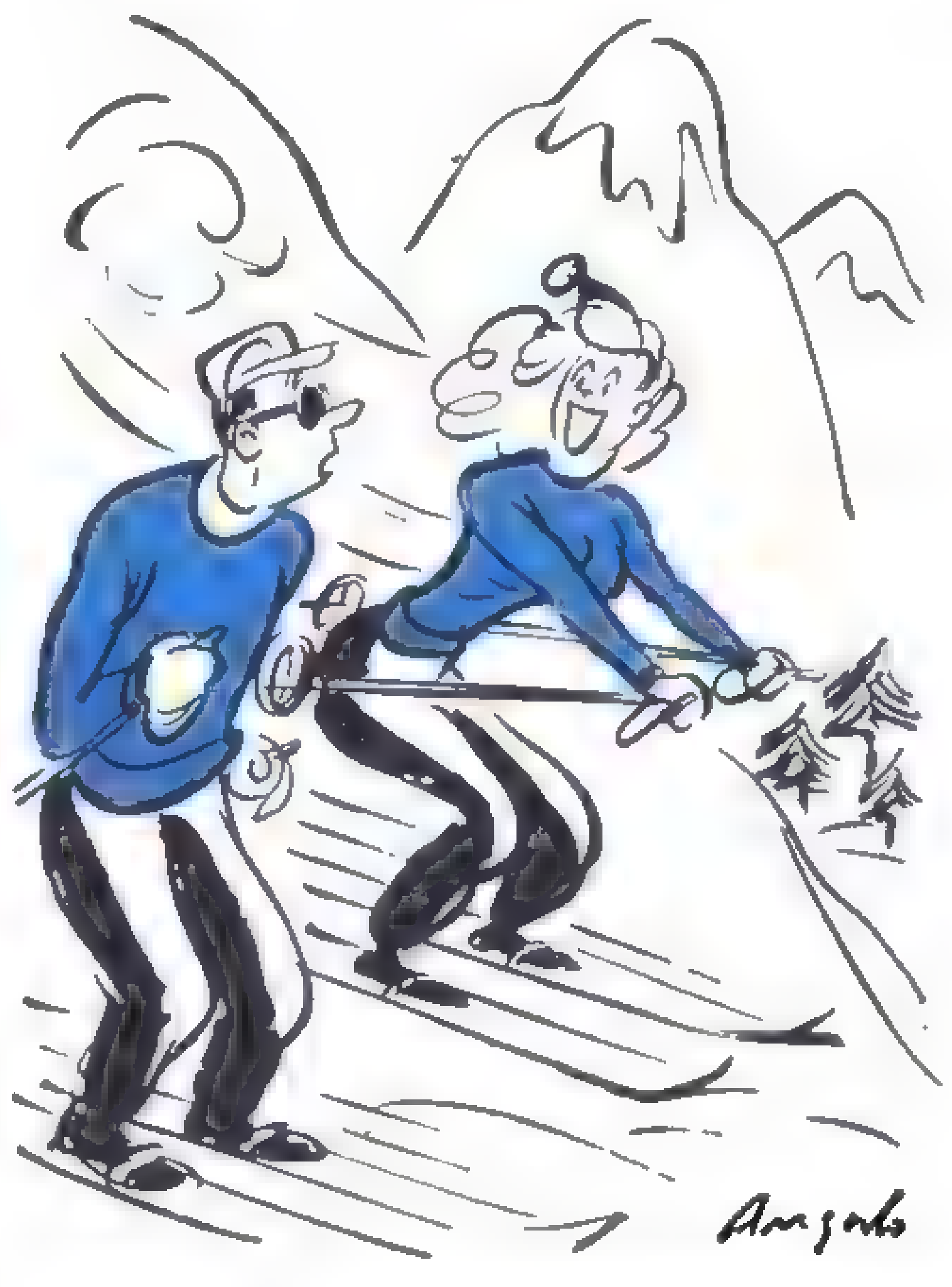
Continued from page 74

number of dim reasons. Recently Avery Brundage, President of the United States Olympic group, tendered what he calls "the hand of friendship." His notions are that the Olympics were first established by the city states in ancient Greece to further peace—and the idea might still hold good.

The Soviets have taken the initial steps toward admission to the 1948 Olympics by applying for membership in the International Amateur Athletic Federation, and by abandoning their policy of giving cash awards to athletes.

At one time, a Soviet star was given a government subsidy as well as a government bonus. For example, a "master of sport" got a gift of 25,000 rubles. The freedom from economic pressure helped to develop experts.

A possible contender in the Olympics in the shot-put is one Heino Lipp from Tartu University. Lipp tossed the shot 54.10[*6] feet (16.49 meters) in Moscow. While at Leningrad, Alexander Shechtel of the Medical Workers Sports Club threw the hammer 177.94 feet[*7] (54.21 meters).



"Gee, I can see why Admiral Byrd is always running off to the South Pole"

There is Grigory Novak who lifted the 308¾-pound barbell in Moscow to establish a new world record for light heavyweights. Novak exceeded by four pounds a record hung up by a Frenchman named Ferrari.

Now and then, *Pravda* and *Izvestia* trot out an indicative item that is picked up by American and British correspondents. These facts don't tell the whole story, but there is enough to go by.

Fountainhead of the Russian sports-for-health program is the Central Research Institute of Physical Culture at Moscow. There scientists have worked out laborious studies of body movements, effecting laws governing the simplest and most complex processes. The objective is maximum performance with minimum effort.

British sports writers noted the agility with which the Russian Dynamos kicked, ran, and butted, and were told evenly: "It's all a science, my friend." Sports then have been broken down into a serious science with learned papers read on it before actual academies. That's not so much nonsense. For example, our marathons look like piddling finger exercises when you examine such a spectacle as a 16,000-mile bicycle race around USSR frontiers. Or a ski race of more than 6000 miles from the Siberian shores of the Sea of Japan to Moscow, and a 3000-mile foot race participated in by 40,000 boys and girls between 16 and 21.

Kutsenko, a weight lifter who broke a world's record, told a *Pravda* reporter that his two-handed lift of 382½ pounds was done because of his training in co-ordination; and the same for his right-hand lift of 251½ pounds.

The same thing was said by a sailor and a blacksmith who broke swim records. Boichenko and Meshkov said they used different sets of "co-ordinators" while breaststroking different distances ranging from 110 yards to 550 yards.

The International Amateur Athletic Federation will be confronted with the case of T. Anokina, whose 158-foot javelin throw outdistanced the women's world record by three feet. She received along with a medal a cash prize worth about $4000 from the Soviet government. It was said in a *Pravda* editorial that the Soviets will argue no one in the Soviet can be labeled "professional" because "no one makes a profit from his or her prowess" in sport.

In 1946 two beautiful race tracks were opened on the outskirts of Moscow, and *Izvestia* reports twenty more are planned.

Baseball has made great headway, with all American rules being observed as far east as Sverdlovsk near the Ural Mountains. But our brand of football is looked upon as too encumbered with rules.

Without question Soviet women are the best athletes in the world. Geared as they have been to masculine chores in industry and lectured on equality with men, they are said to be sure to run away with the distaff side Olympics.

Whatever the outcome of the Olympics, it promises to be the best-attended in history not only because of the stars who might have been fashioned during the war years, but the eagerness to see the Soviet crackerjacks in action. Whatever the Reds do, their participation may do that intangible for world peace that now seems lacking. If only for the latter it would be warming to see them tilt against us—within the confines of the brotherhood all sportsmen know. ⧻

World Records

[*1] *1000 M 2m 21.5s R. Harbig, German, 1941*

[*2] *500 M 46.4s L. Schou-Nielsen, Norwegian, 1937*

[*3] *1000 M 1m 38.8s L. Schou-Nielsen, Norwegian, 1937*

[*4] *5000 M 9m 28.3s L. Schou-Nielsen, Norwegian, 1937*

[*5] *Record unavailable*

[*6] *shot-put 57 ft. 1 in. (17.40 m) J. Torrance, U.S.A., 1934*

[*7] *hammer throw 193 ft. 6⅞ in. (59m) Blask, German, 1938*

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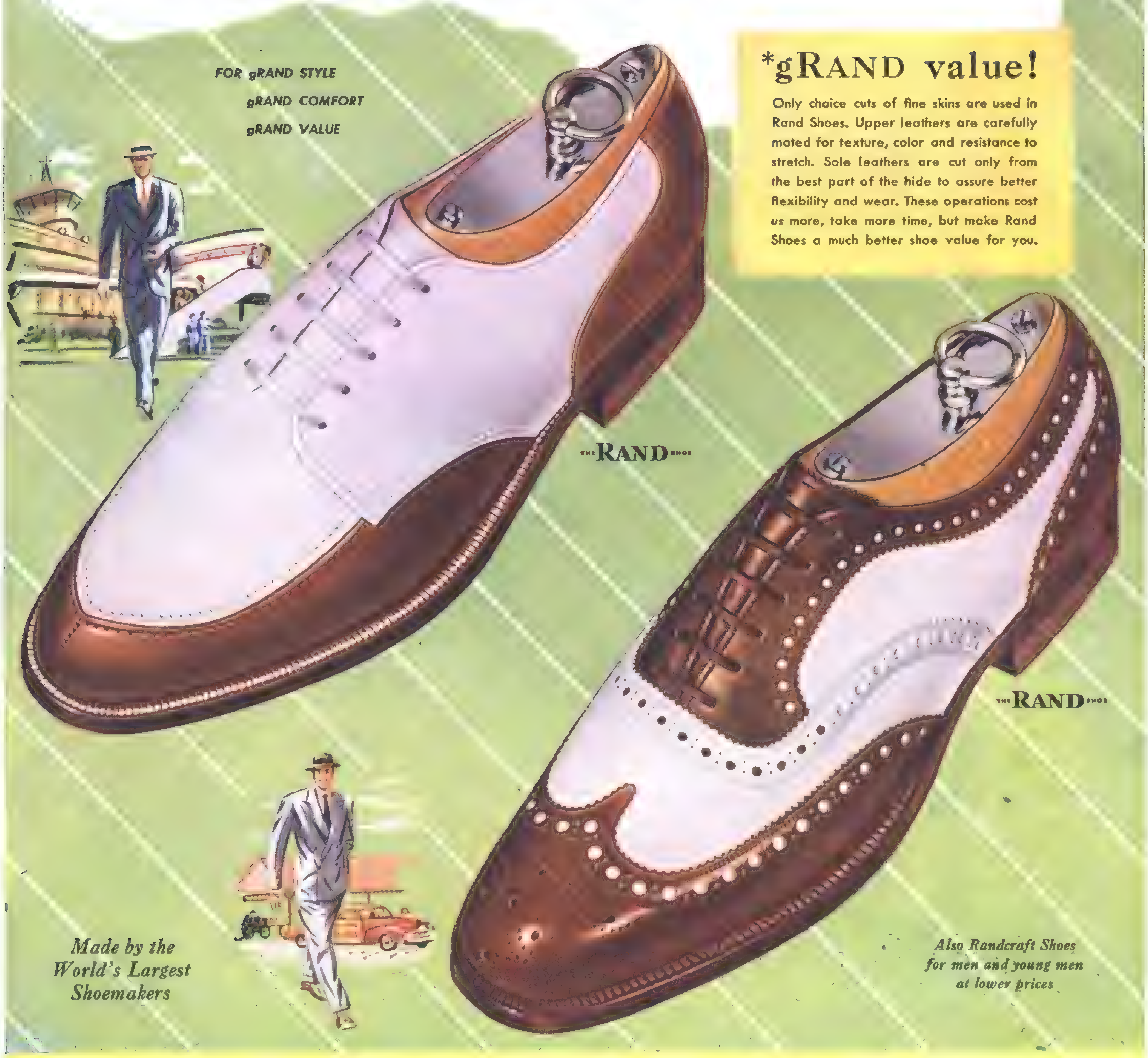

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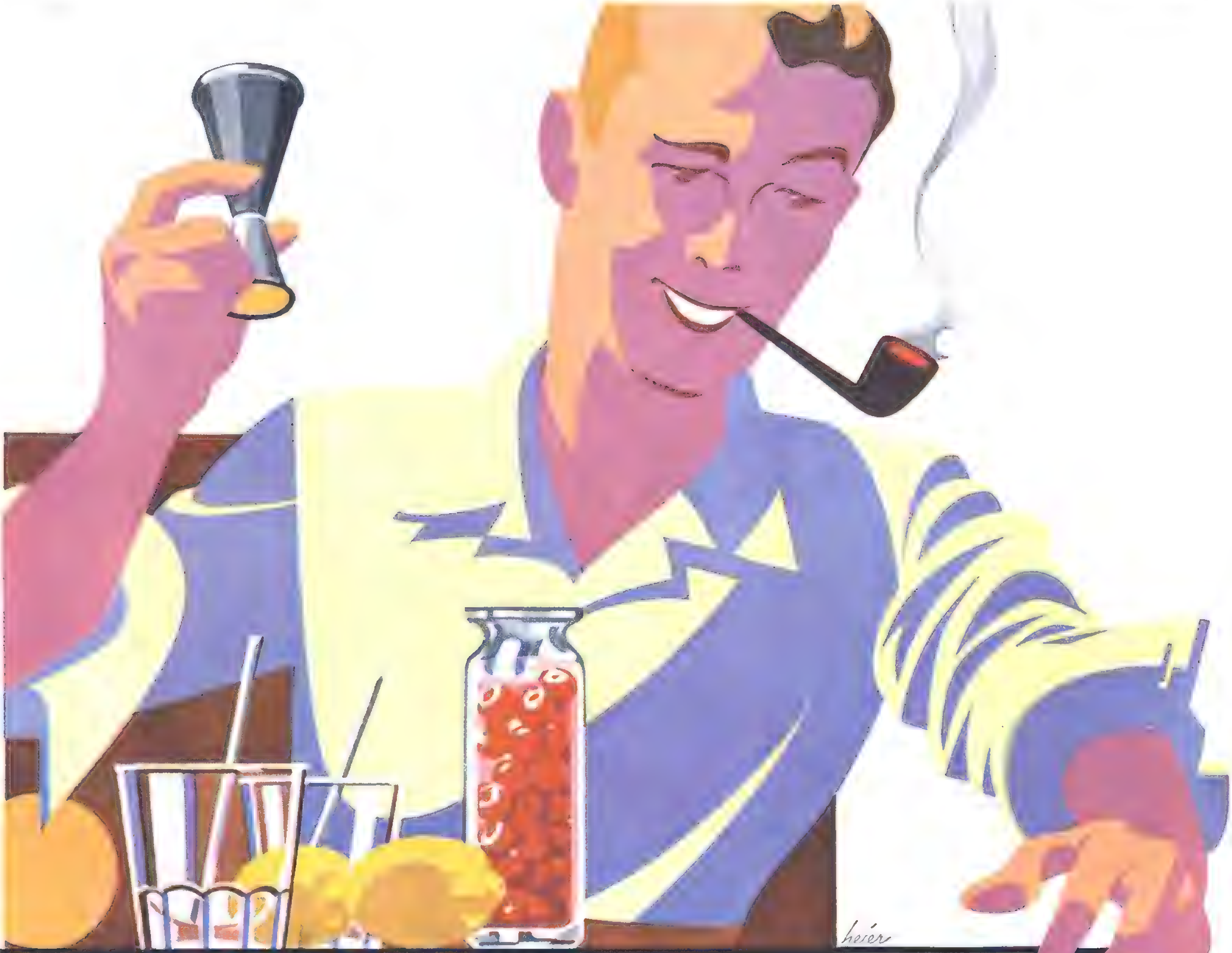

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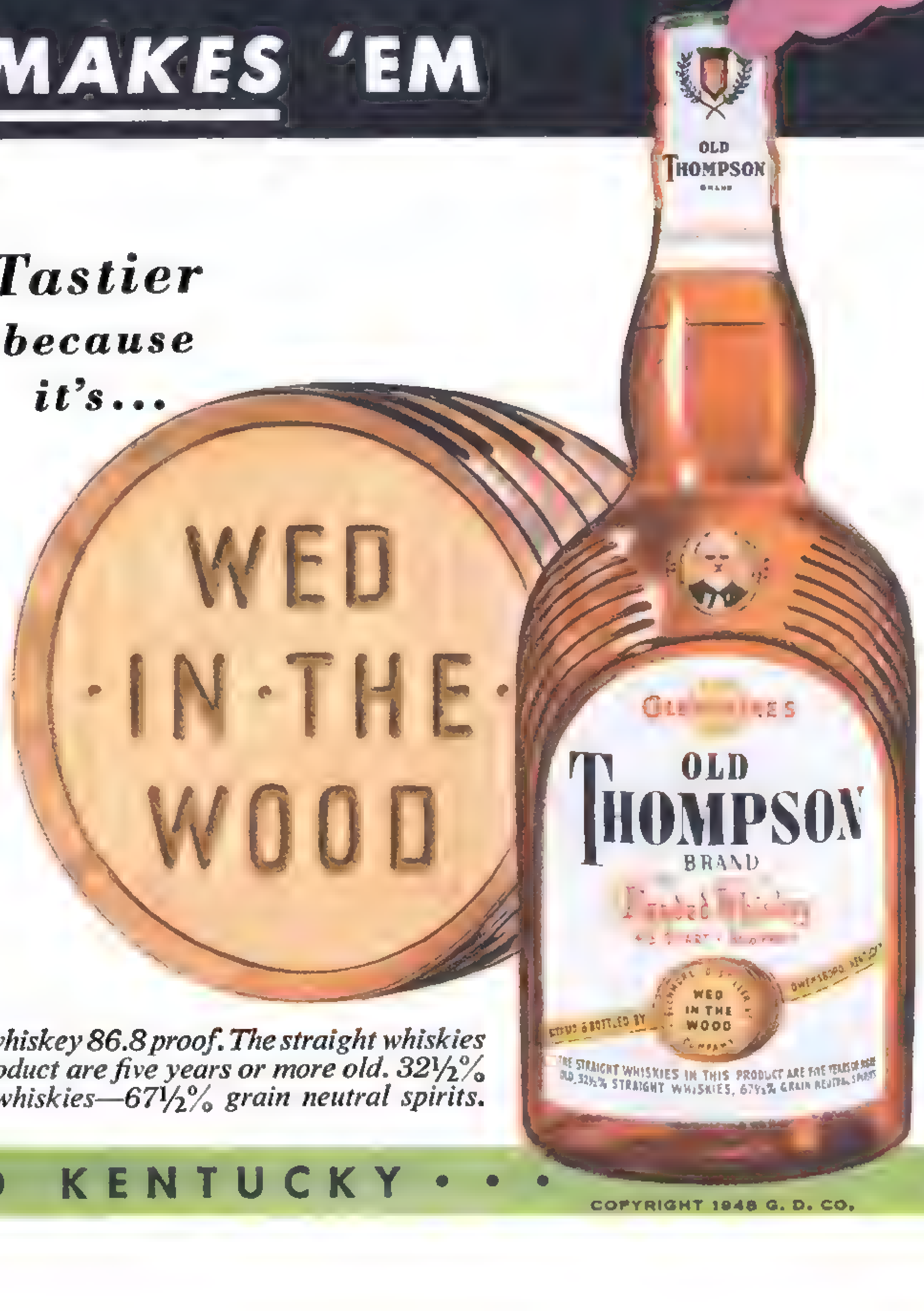
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Holbein's Star Performance

Continued from page 33

the hospital and three days later they let me see him.

"It looks like a clear case of motor aphasia," said the medico in charge, but I shook my head.

"Spare me the double talk, Captain," I pleaded.

"Well, I suppose a layman would call it shell shock. Whether his brain has received an organic or a functional injury, we don't know as yet. It is possible that the terrific noise of the charge exploding actually caused a small hemorrhage in that area of the brain which controls the speech organs. He seems to have lost almost all power of speech. Then again, it may be a functional disturbance; that is, merely a temporary blocking off of that part of the brain which brings messages to the throat. In either case, I'm afraid we'll have to discharge him under Section Eight."

I asked the medico what he meant.

"Private Holbein is obviously a psychoneurotic," he said. "Such a neurosis isn't the boy's fault. We'll send him to a hospital in Atlantic City for about a month. Then we'll give him an honorable discharge. Come in if you want to see him."

I sat on the edge of his bed and started kidding him. His eyes tightened and his lips began to move.

"I ccccc c-c-c-c-an't . . . t-t-t-t-t-alk," he finally choked out agonizingly.

"Typical case," the medico said, shaking his head. "Some develop a twitch or a tic, some end up with paralyzed fingers, and others, like Holbein here, are left with a stammer."

"You got to get over it, Mark." I looked into his eyes. "Even Ben Hyman couldn't use a stuttering actor."

"A month in Atlantic City and he'll be over it," the medico laughed.

Mark made an effort to say something, but although his lips moved and little blobs of saliva formed at the corners of his mouth, no words came out. As I looked down at him his eyes filled with tears.

The medico and I turned to go. As I turned back to wave goodby, I had the absurd idea he was winking at me, but I dismissed the thought.

They asked me to pack up his personal gear so they could ship it out to the hospital. I was surprised to find that Mark's stuff was all neatly packed. His toilet kit and handkerchiefs and billfold, and a few pictures of dolls, were all packed in a musette bag. His spare uniform and shoes were all stowed away neatly in a duffel bag. Even his books were all wrapped up in heavy brown paper and tied up with twine. I don't know what impulse made me cut the twine to look at the books; just curiosity, I guess. There were eight books, all on some aspect of mental disease.

One book, called *Psychoneurosis*, was written by a German named Geitleman. I skimmed through it and noticed that one chapter, on case histories, was marked. I read a dozen of them. Two concerned men who had feigned shell shock in the last war. They had fooled the front-line doctors and had been sent to rear-echelon sanitariums to recover. However, experienced psychiatrists at these sanitariums had seen through the deception. In commenting on the cases the writer told how difficult it would be for the average person to feign an impediment of speech for any length of time.

"Only a good actor, well-grounded in the nature of the affliction, could keep up the pretense for any time," the article went on.

I put the book down then. Judging by the condition of these well-thumbed books Holbein was well-grounded in "the nature of the affliction." I thought of his long walks out in the woods beyond the camp. He'd been studying a part all right. Maybe that was a wink he gave me as I left the hospital room.

Behind the mess hall the boys were burning refuse in an incinerator. I took the books and tossed them into the fire. Lying in my bunk that night I thought about it. Suppose I turned Mark in. It would be just one more blast at Hollywood. People would forget guys like Clark Gable and Jimmy Stewart and all the rest who were doing it the hard way. They'd only sneer and say, "That's Hollywood for you."

My outfit got headed for the ETO. We arrived in time to give support to the First Division when they were attacking Tunis. Around that time I got a letter from Ben Hyman. It was typical of the old man; the letter was attached to a check for a thousand dollars to "buy myself some cigarettes." In the letter the old man said he had heard from Mark. He had written from the hospital in Atlantic City, saying he would soon be back at the studio.

"He wrote me everything that happened to him," Ben said in his letter. "He has an impediment in his speech, but the doctors say he'll get over that in a few weeks. Mark is a nice boy, Sam, and you can be sure that I'm going to take good care of him."

I read that the night we took Hill 605 with 960 casualties. I was tempted to write Ben the real story, but decided I'd take care of Mark my own way when I got out. We went through Sicily and my mail caught up with me at Naples. There was another letter from the old man.

"Have you heard from Mark Holbein?" he wrote. "He was discharged from the Army months ago. I wrote him at the hospital

Continued on page 122

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Holbein's Star Performance

Continued from page 121

telling him to come to Hollywood as soon as he was in shape. He never answered the letter. So I wrote to the Surgeon General and asked for a report on the boy. I explained that I wanted to put him to work as soon as his physical condition warranted it. Also that I was worried. Well, those Army medical officers are pretty human characters. They wrote me saying that Mark had been discharged from the hospital. He still had trouble talking, but a few weeks' rest would cure that. But they didn't know where he'd gone. They had no trace of him. Do you think poor Mark managed to get into some other branch of the service?"

I choked at that, but couldn't figure it out. By now Mark should be in the heavy sugar. What had happened?

I was trying to figure it out one night when a Kraut bomber dropped a nest of eggs on our camp, and for the next few months I didn't know what time it was. By the time I could sit up and tackle a soft-boiled egg, I was back in the States and the war was over for me. I had about two hundred dollar's worth of silver plate in my skull, but I'd come out of it with nothing worse than an occasional headache. I got my discharge and I didn't even wire Ben Hyman that I was coming to Hollywood. I walked into the studio and headed for my old office. I got a shock, a pleasant one, when I came to it. The old sign was still there, "Sam Spelke, In Charge of Publicity." I opened the door. There was my desk and my chair. I walked over to it. I sat in the chair and swung around almost automatically to my typewriter. It was right there where I'd left it on one of those typewriter tables. There was a note on it. The note was dated December 29, 1941. That, I remembered, was the day I'd enlisted. The note read, "Dear Sam: I told you the job would be waiting for you when you got back. Sit down and go to work." It was signed "Ben Hyman."

Ben was having a conference. I got a whiff of the cigar smoke and it smelled good. I looked around the table. They were all here; the studio's No. 1 director, two writers, two associate producers, the set designer, and they were all talking. Then the Old Man saw me.

"Sam," he yelled. "Sam is home."

We all had lunch in the Old Man's private dining room and they made a fuss over me, and I told them how I practically won the war singlehanded. They were such good guys they even pretended to believe it. Finally I said casually, "What's with Mark Holbein?"

"We can't find him, Sam," the Old Man said. "Not a word from him since he left that hospital more than a year ago. It's like he just walked into the ocean there at Atlantic City and kept on walking. Maybe that's what happened. The Army doctors say he was in good shape when he left the hospital except for a little stutter."

I thought that he could have dropped that stutter on the boardwalk right outside the hospital at Atlantic City, but what was the use of blowing the whistle on him now.

The old stars were coming back, as demobilization began, and new ones coming up. Plenty of work for me making big stars out of little stars, work I loved. Even my headaches disappeared. That silver plate was better than the original. Now and then someone might say, "Whatever happened to that hot prospect you had over at Climax, guy named Mark Holbein?" I'd say I didn't know and let it drop.

Finally I got a phone call from an old friend of mine, Dr. William Kirk, who was just about the most successful psychiatrist on the West Coast.

"Do you remember anyone around the studio named Mark Holbein?" Kirk asked.

"Mark Holbein?" I repeated and swallowed a chunk of cigarette smoke.

"About a week ago," Kirk went on, "he was picked up on Wilshire Boulevard wandering around in a daze. They sent him to the City Hospital where I'm a consultant. In his pockets they found nothing but an old 1941 Climax studio pass. Rather interesting case. So I brought him out to my place to see if I could do anything for him. Did you know him at all?"

"Sure I knew Mark Holbein," I said. "He was an actor here before the war. He and I joined up together back in '41."

"Come out tonight," Kirk said casually. "Maybe you can help me."

The sanitarium out in the valley which Bill Kirk ran looked more like one of those villas generals always grabbed for themselves in Italy than it did a hospital. Kirk himself, long-legged, grinning, matter-of-fact, would never remind you of Doctor Kildare, either. By 6:05 I was entrenched behind a large, cold drink.

"What's the matter with Mark Holbein?" I asked, adding hastily, "Not that I give a damn."

"I must say you're a fine character," Kirk said lazily, "not caring about an old pal. Tell me what you know about him."

It was a relief to get it off my chest, while Bill Kirk sat sipping his drink, nodding now and then. I concluded, "All I can say is that Mark was never anything but a gold-bricker, a faker, a phony. He read all those books about psychoneuroses or whatever the hell you guys call those things, set out to fake the symptoms, and got away with it."

"Did he now?" Kirk thoughtfully poured me another dram.

"Well, he fooled those medicos at camp and then at Atlantic City," I told him.

"Guess you're right," Kirk nodded. "Yes, he fooled everyone. Everyone except himself. It's awful hard to fool yourself, Sam."

"I'm allergic to double talk," I growled. "What is the matter with him now? Where has he been the past few years?"

"I don't know where he's been, Sam. Last time you saw him was in the Spring of 1942, wasn't it?"

"Right! And he was doing a great job of acting that day I saw him in the camp hospital. When he tried to speak his whole face sort of screwed up and there was agony in his eyes and beads of perspiration on his forehead. What an actor! But give, Bill; what's the matter with him now?"

Bill looked at me curiously. "Now? You just described it. When he tries to speak his face screws up and there is agony in his eyes and beads of perspiration on his forehead. But it isn't an act now."

I stared at him openmouthed. "Have I been wrong about the guy?"

Kirk shrugged his shoulders. "Let's go up and ask him."

"Will he tell us the truth?"

"I think so. Do you know anything about Sodium Pentothol, Sam?"

I shook my head.

"Some people call it the truth serum. It isn't one hundred per cent foolproof, but it produces something like an hypnotic state in which we remember things as they actually happened, but lose the ability to correct purposefully the memory.

"When you're under the influence of this drug, which in larger quantities is also used as an anesthetic, the natural thing is to tell the truth."

"So this stuff keeps you doing what comes naturally?"

"Very bright," Bill grinned. "We'll try it on your friend Mark Holbein."

Kirk asked a nurse to bring the necessary things, and then we walked down a corridor and stopped in front of a closed door.

"You wait here a few moments, Sam," Kirk said. "I'll call you when I'm ready for you."

Five minutes later Kirk opened the door. I went in. Mark was lying there, and to my surprise he looked fine. He looked healthier then than he'd looked in 1943. He was well-tanned and his face looked lean and strong.

"That your Mark Holbein?" Kirk asked.

I whispered, "That's him."

"You don't have to whisper, Sam," Bill said in a normal voice. "Sit on the edge of the bed here."

I sat down and Mark turned his head toward me. His eyes had a puzzled look in them. They cleared again when they turned to Kirk.

"Tell me your name," Kirk asked him in a conversational tone.

Mark opened his mouth. His lips trembled. The muscles of his face and neck stood out rigidly as though he were making a tremendous effort. Beads of perspiration broke on his forehead. He moved his head back and forth as though in a spasm of concentrated effort.

"Mm . . . Mmm . . . M . . .ark," the word came out in sections. It was as though he choked it out. He tried "Holbein," but only his lips moved.

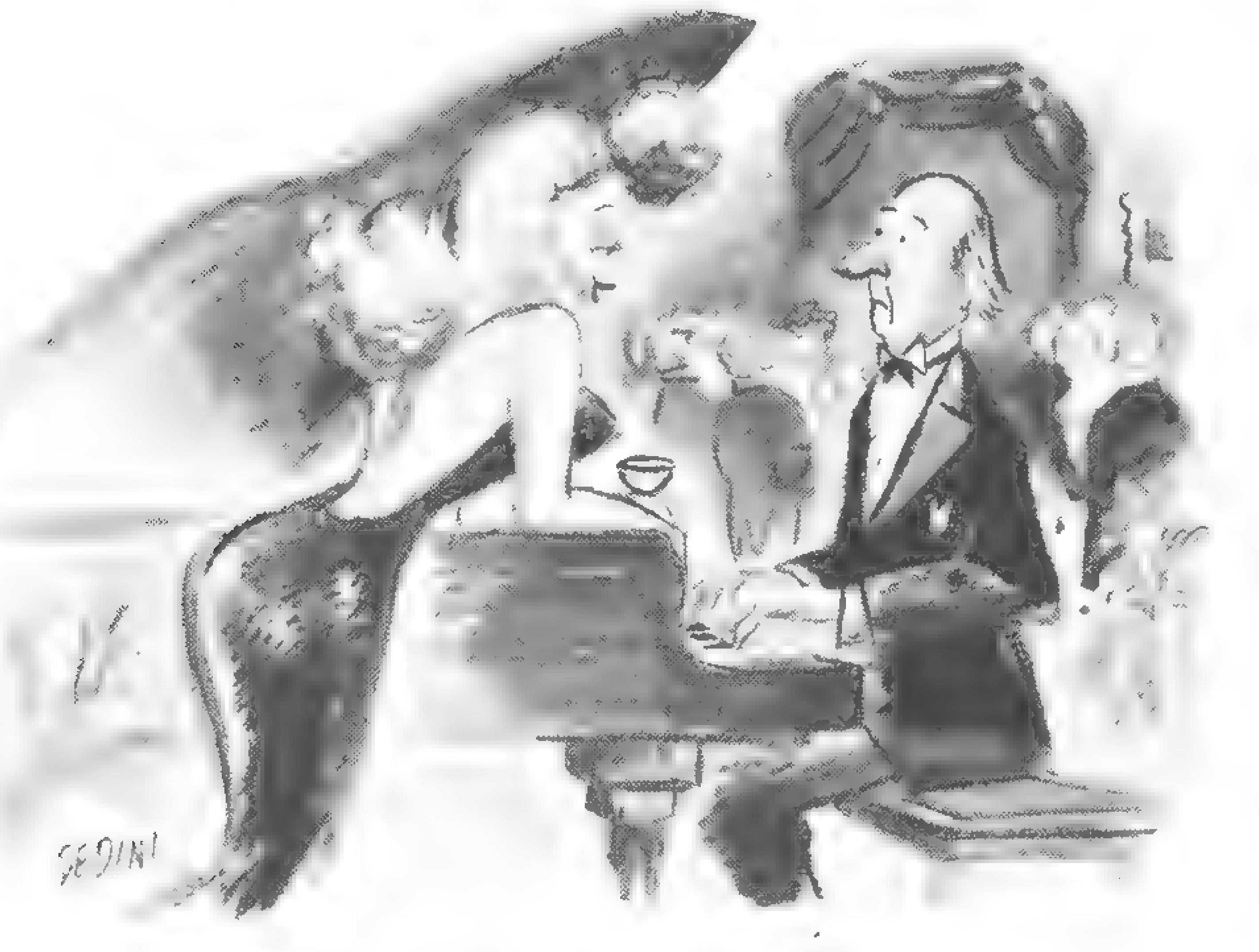
"Don't try to talk now, Mark. You just nod or shake your head when I ask you questions. You joined up with Sam Spelke right after Pearl Harbor, didn't you?" Mark raised his head an inch from the pillow and nodded. Kirk went on.

"But actually you never intended to stay in the Army, did you?"

A cunning look came into Mark's eyes. His lips closed in a grin. He shook his head in a negative gesture.

"No, you were no dope," Kirk went on in a friendly tone. "Why should you work for fifty dollars a month? You had a big future at Climax. If you could join the Army, then get out in a few months, you'd be all set. Sure they'd be sorry for you, because you were Section 8, but they'd be proud of you because at least you had tried. And you'd be back at

Continued on page 124



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AT THE BETTER SHOPS

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Holbein's Star Performance

Continued from page 123

Climax on your way to becoming a big rich star. Is that how you figured it, Mark?"

A complacent look spread across Mark's face. Apparently he was reliving those days when he was figuring the whole thing out. He smiled gently, happily.

"So you volunteered." Kirk's voice was as soft as the purr of a kitten. "You didn't tell anyone your plans. You got yourself a whole bunch of books. You read Jung and Freud. You read Emanuel Miller's book *Neuroses in War* and you studied *Psychiatry and the War* by David Slight, and you read Miller and Halstead on *The Effects of Cerebral Injuries*. You learned quite a lot about the causes and symptoms of what the laymen call shell shock, didn't you, Mark?"

Mark Holbein lay back on the pillow, positively beaming. He was, I thought, like a ham actor taking bows.

"It was clever of you, Mark," Kirk went on. "You read the German psychiatrist Geitleman and his case histories of men who had unsuccessfully tried to feign shell shock or psychoneurosis. You made up your mind that you'd do the same thing, but you wouldn't fail. You were an actor. You could play any part. It would be easy to fool the doctors. So you rehearsed. You spent all of your spare time away from camp in the lonely woods, rehearsing the part you were to play. Like a good actor, you lived the part. You lived two lives; one during the day when you were with the rest of the outfit; the other when you were alone. Then finally orders came for the first day with the big guns. That was the day you'd been waiting for. When that Long Tom went off you slipped right into the part you'd been rehearsing. You lay on the ground feigning unconsciousness. They took you to the hospital. You had to be careful. But you knew your part. It wasn't too hard to play, was it? Now in the hospital you could play it twenty-four hours a day. You didn't have to act normal any more. You could play the part of a psychoneurotic all day and all night. Purposely you suppressed all normal reactions. You persuaded this bogus character you created to take over. Each day it became easier and easier to fool the medicos. It got so that it seemed natural to make a horrible effort to say even two or three words. When words did come out they came out as stammers. You did a great job of acting, Mark."

Under the spread Mark's chest actually expanded with pride. A smug, satisfied expression crossed his face. Fierce exaltation shone from his eyes. He was reliving his days of triumphant acting before a critical medical audience.

"Yes, you fooled 'em," Kirk went on. "They sent you to Atlantic City to a very pleasant hospital. They treated you fine. They tried all the recognized cures on you, but your reading had warned you about those cures. Mentally you built up a defense against them. More and more you assumed the shell-shocked character you had invented. And then finally you were honorably discharged. They said you only needed a long rest and you'd be all right. You were a happy man leaving that hospital. You wanted to shout with joy. The war was over for you. Everything had worked out just right. Now I wonder what you did first when you found yourself free? Did you, for instance, run somewhere for a drink to celebrate your release from the Army?"

Now a slightly worried look appeared on Mark's face. He shook his head slowly.

"Did you look for a girl to go out with?" Kirk's gently insistent voice went on. Mark again shook his head and his eyes contracted in an effort to remember.

"Did you . . . Maybe you wanted to get rid of that Army uniform you were wearing?" Mark's face lit up eagerly. "I'm right? There are some good shops in Atlantic City hotels. You hurried to one of them to get yourself a civilian outfit. Right?"

Mark nodded, but now there was an expression almost of fear on his face. It was as though he were afraid of what was coming next.

"You walked into that shop feeling on top of the world," Kirk went on, the words coming out fast, staccato now. "And something happened. What happened? What happened?"

Mark's face was covered with perspiration, and his head was rolling from side to side as though he were trying to ward off blows. His lips were writhing wildly but no sound came out.

"I know," Kirk said sharply. "You went in and a clerk came up smiling to ask you what you wanted and you started to tell him . . . you started to tell him and you couldn't. You couldn't talk. You tried desperately but you couldn't talk. This personality you had invented was not a bogus one any longer. You had lived the part so long that you no longer dominated it; it dominated you. Isn't that true?"

Mark raised his head and the muscles of his neck stood out like whipcords. He tried agonizingly to speak. His lips managed to form words, "Go away . . . Go away." They formed, but no sound came out.

"So you ran away," Kirk went on. "You ran away from Atlantic City. You ran away from yourself. But your vanity wouldn't let you throw that old studio pass away. Maybe someday you'd recover. You'd be Mark Holbein the actor again. But you got rid of everything else, even your discharge papers. Where have you been during the past four years? You've been all over. You were strong. You could always get a job doing manual labor. Look at the callouses on your hands. You're lean and hard. Not an ounce of fat on you. You're perfect in every way . . . except for your mind. It isn't your mind any longer. It belongs to a poor shell-shocked devil, but it's in your body."

Mark's expression suddenly changed. All animation left his eyes. There was nothing but vacancy left in them now. His head lolled from side to side foolishly. A lopsided grin drew down one corner of his mouth.

"Look at him, Bill, what's happened?" I was horrified at the change.

Kirk got up from the bed. "Nothing has happened," he said quietly. "This is Mark Holbein as we found him two weeks ago, as he will be for the rest of his life. Let's go back to the office."

We walked out of the room and into Bill's office. Kirk poured me a drink. I didn't want this drink —I needed it.

Kirk sat down. "It's easy enough to explain, Sam, if you know anything about the brain. Think of the brain as having millions of tiny wires crisscrossing it. Sometimes a disease of the brain, a heavy blow or a bullet injures or destroys these wires so that thoughts can't be communicated through them, and psychosis is the result. That we call organic psychosis. Then there is something we call psychoneurosis and which you might call functional insanity. I'm afraid there is no doubt that our friend Mark is in an advanced stage of that."

"But he understood everything you said under that drug?" I protested.

"For a few minutes the drug opened the wires," Kirk said. "And Mark did 'remember.' But it was only a temporary remembering. You see, Sam, he did a very dangerous thing. He learned a little bit about the brain, and he used this knowledge. But he didn't learn enough. What he did was to hypnotize himself. He learned the symptoms of psychoneurosis. He rehearsed these symtoms. He 'lived' the part so well that eventually those millions of wires refused to carry normal messages to the organs of speech. They only carried the distorted stuttering versions, and eventually they became blocked so that they could carry no messages at all. Mark was in the position of a man who has been hypnotized and who cannot become unhypnotized. First this blocking of wires was confined to the triangular portion of the inferior frontal gyrus . . ."

"Please, Bill . . . please," I protested.

"Sorry, Sam," Kirk smiled his apology. "What I mean is that at first the only wires blocked were those controlling speech. We call this motor aphasia, and it may be cured. But when Mark went to that shop to buy some clothes and suddenly for the first time realized that he was no longer acting; that he was in fact incapable of speech, he became—well, hysterical would describe it. Let's say he received a terrific mental shock. Now he fell victim to a very real fear neurosis. He was afraid that he would never speak again; therefore never act again. He was afraid that if he did recover, his deception would be discovered. His whole life was now activated and dominated by fear. He tried to shut the fear out of his consciousness and all he succeeded in doing was to block off more wires."

I reached for the bottle and noticed that my hand was shaking a little. I poured a stiff one and a thimbleful of soda.

"One thing I didn't tell you, Sam," Kirk added casually. "Since he was picked up two weeks ago this blocking of the wires, or brain paralysis, has increased. You did not notice it perhaps, but Mark is almost totally paralyzed. He can't use either his hands or his legs. And there is no hope that he can ever recover."

"What can you do with him?"

"There's only one thing to do, Sam. Now that I know his record I can send him to the Veterans' Administration. Technically he's a war casualty. He'll live out the rest of his life in an Army hospital. He'll get the best of care, Sam. He'll need it, too. He's as helpless as a baby."

"He's just another basket case," I muttered half to myself, and somehow those words struck a chord in my memory. What was it Mark had said? I remembered. He'd said, "Not me, brother . . . I'll never be a basket case. Not me."

Kirk said, shaking his head, "And you say he would have been a very successful actor."

"Would have been?" I said. "He proved himself to be a great actor. He said he was rehearsing a role bigger than Hamlet. He wrote the part himself and he played it to the hilt. Now he'll live that part for the rest of his life. There's only one thing wrong about it."

"What's that?" Kirk asked.

"Actors love applause," I told him. "And Mark Holbein will never hear the audience cheering him. That is his real punishment." ###

Continued from page 33

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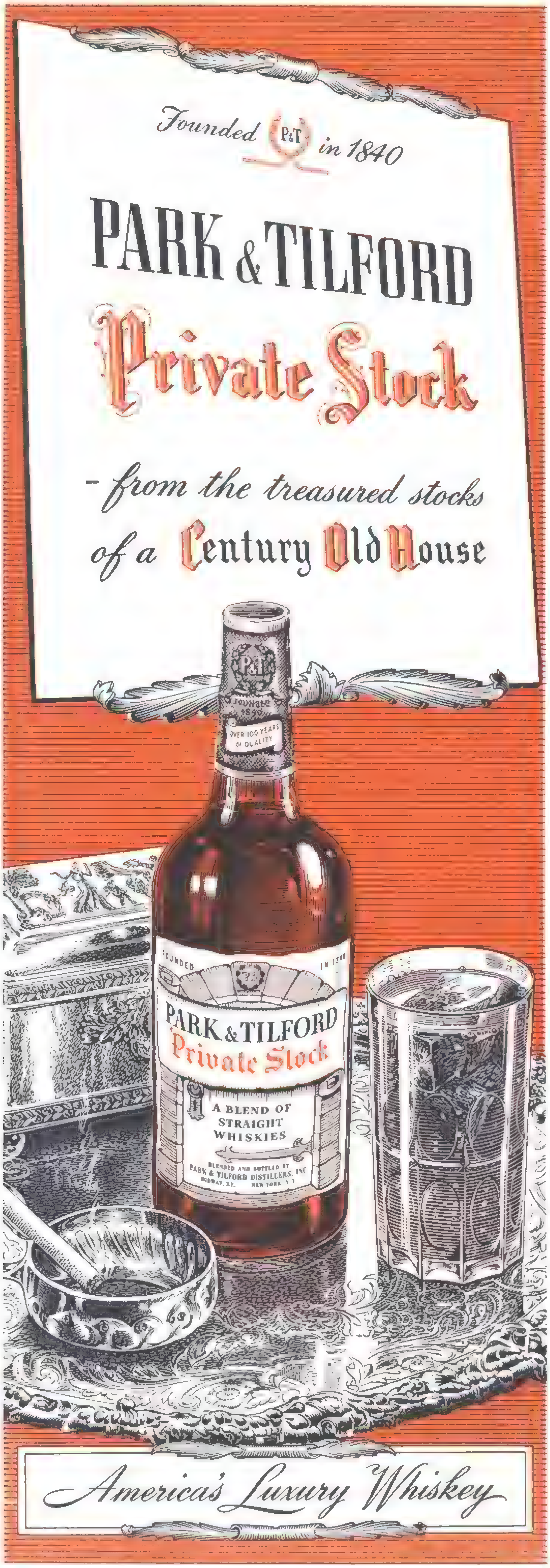
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The Loves of Lady Coldpence

Continued from page 40

sweetheart. Whenever Lady Coldpence opens her mouth a girl scout pops out."

Monica was plainly upset. I could hear the bed springs creaking. She was probably sitting up.

"This is awful!" she said. "We've got to see Frisbie."

"And right away," I added. "Every reviewer in the country probably has the book by now. I'll meet you at Frisbie's office in an hour."

I shaved and dressed and took a taxi to the Dumas Press building. Frisbie's office was on the fourteenth floor. When I walked in, Monica was sitting on the edge of a chair looking almost as pale as the portrait of Lady Coldpence.

Frisbie stood up behind his desk—a tall, slender man with the gestures and speech mannerisms of a college professor. When he shook hands with me he seemed nervous and embarrassed.

"We've made a horrible blunder, Bascom," he said. "Simply horrible. We're calling in all the review copies that were mailed out last week. We'll have to replate the entire edition."

"What happened?" I asked.

He mopped his neck with a handkerchief. "One of our musketeer girls got the routing slips mixed while the manuscript was being processed. We were behind schedule, so we rushed the book through to the printers without making our usual recheck of copy."

"I don't get it," I said. "What's a musketeer girl?"

"It's our term for the office messengers," he sighed. "I don't blame you for being puzzled. The whole thing's hard to understand unless you're familiar with our production methods. Have you ever been through the plant?"

I shook my head.

Frisbie turned to Monica. "I'm going to take Bascom through the plant. It will be easier to explain it to him. Want to come along?"

Monica didn't want to come. She said she'd wait for us in the office. When we left the room she was staring out the window and twisting her handkerchief into tight little knots.

While we waited for the elevator, Frisbie began to tell me about the principles on which the press had been organized. During the last half-century, he said, there has been a steady trend in the arts toward collaboration. He cited the "play doctors" of Broadway, the "ghosting" of autobiographies, the moving pictures, the animated cartoon.

"Of course there were attempts at collaboration in the past," he said, "but they were small attempts. Renaissance artists, for example, would let pupils paint the less important details of a mural. Or Elizabethan theatrical producers would have a play revised by several hands." He paused to push the elevator button. "It was Alexandre Dumas who made the first major step toward modern production methods."

"I understand he published sixty books in one year," I commented, "by farming out the work to other writers."

Frisbie nodded. "Essentially what we've done is to revive the methods of Dumas and extend the division of labor principle to its maximum efficiency. And why not? Why should one man be expected to produce an entire movie?"

I raised my eyebrows. "You mean that more than one person writes one of your novels?"

Frisbie walked over and punched the elevator button again. "More than fifty men and women! We're simply applying methods of specialization already commonplace in other fields. Take science, for example: who invented television?"

"Or atomic bombs," I added.

He nodded. "And it's the same story in the moral field. In the time of Christ, the Good Samaritan personally bound up the wounds of the man on the roadside and gave him money. Today, charity is in the hands of agencies. Even in war the sense of individual combat has almost vanished. One man puts a shell in the gun, another closes the breech, a third aims it, a fourth fires it."

"And the enemy's so far away," I put in, "you can't even see him."

The elevator door opened and we stepped inside. "Exactly," Frisbie said.

Our tour of the plant began on the ninth floor with the Department of Reader Trends. Its function was to keep a careful check on current events, movies, books of other publishers—in short, anything that might influence reader demands. This material was correlated with elaborate polls and surveys of reader moods. Recommendations were made as to what type of novel should be published, date of publication, and for what economic level and geographical area. These recommendations were submitted to the Plot Department.

The Plot Department was considered the backbone of the plant. It occupied the entire eighth floor and employed over a hundred experts. Enormous files along the walls contained sketches of every plot that had ever been used in a story, novel, or movie.

Frisbie called my attention to the huge section of K236.78 or the "Cinderella plot." It included several cabinets of file cards. Each variation of the motif was elaborately cross-referenced under such topical headings as setting, profession of principal characters, historical period, and so on.

The mystery-plot section of the files contained an exhaustive index of murder devices. I looked up "boomerang" and found it had been used twenty-eight times as a murder weapon and once by a suicide. The new plastic that "remembers" its former shape had already been used fourteen times.

"I suppose your Hollywood tie-ups are very good," I said as we circled around one of the rooms.

"Excellent. Of course not all our novels are written with movie production in view, but when they are, we clear the plot outline through the film companies. In return, we get from the studios a synopsis of each scenario as soon as the shooting begins. If we think a book version will sell, we process the novel and release it simultaneously with the film."

We walked by a desk where a young man in shirt sleeves was shuffling a set of about fifty small cards. The cards had been obtained from the Character Department, Frisbie explained, each card carrying a brief description of a psychoneurotic type. The man finished shuffling, gave the cards a quick cut, then dealt seven to the desk.

"If he likes the combination," said Frisbie, raising his voice so I could hear him above the clatter of the typewriters, "he'll build a plot around the seven types. Huxley's early house-party novels set the modern pattern for this sort of thing. It's very much in demand this season. The translations of Sartre's novels are giving us some competition, but we have a high sales estimate for our next one."

"What's it about?"

"It follows a Long Island family through four generations, all the action taking place in the family bathroom. The basic idea came from Miss Grubstreet, our tour de force expert."

I was about to say something funny, but my attention was caught by one of the office girls. She was walking down an aisle of desks gathering papers from the "out" baskets. Aside from a pair of blue satin shorts, she was dressed like a French musketeer—scarlet boots, a small rapier hanging from her waist, and a scarlet cloak. On one side of the cloak was embroidered the trade-mark of the press, three swords with their points touching—a symbol I suppose of the three musketeers and their co-operative spirit. The cloak fell open as she walked, revealing a pair of long and shapely legs.

Frisbie saw me staring and smiled. "One of our musketeers," he explained. "Very young—just out of high school. They do a lot to add color to the offices and strengthen the morale of our male staff."

Our next visit was to the Character Department on the floor below. The job here was to take the plot outline and work up a full memo on each character—giving his or her appearance, family background, education, interests, mannerisms, and other personal details. If arrangements have been made for a movie version, Frisbie said, the material is correlated with the star's personality and acting skills.

From character we went to dialogue. In the Dialogue Department the plot outline and character memos were checked over, then the dialogue was manufactured by a staff of experts, each a specialist on a character type.

"I'm sure you've noticed," said Frisbie, "that in even the greatest novels the characters often talk alike. That's because the writer can never escape from his own limited experience. Every character is a part of himself. But in real life, every person is unique. Now the only way to get this uniqueness into the dialogue is to have the speech of each character handled by a separate writer. It's a trick Hollywood discovered."

He pointed to a desk in the back of the room where a large man with a smashed nose was shouting into a Dictaphone. "A former pugilist and Capone trigger man. We hired him several years ago to do our gangster dialogue."

There was a sudden commotion in another part of the office. A man was standing up, swearing loudly, and shaking his Dictaphone. A woman from a near-by desk came over to quiet him down and show him how to make some adjustment of the mechanism.

"One of our new writers," Frisbie said. "He has an I.Q. of 12½. We use him for stupid minor characters."

I nodded and looked around the room for some more musketeer

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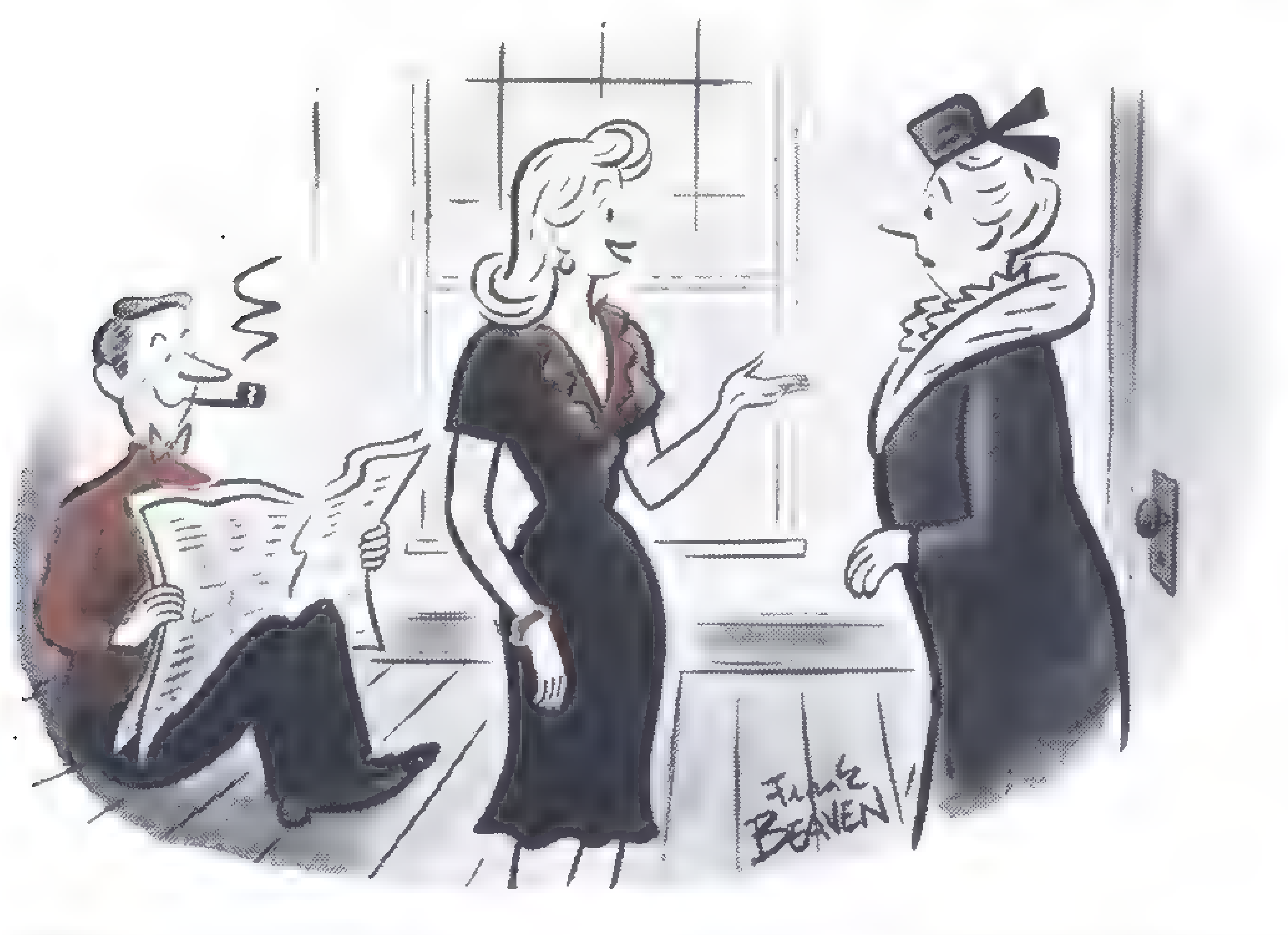

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The Loves of Lady Coldpence

Continued from page 127

girls, but couldn't find any. "Do all your dialogue experts resemble the fictional types they handle?"

Frisbie shook his head. "Frequently they're experts because of experiences they *haven't* had." He called my attention to an elderly spinster sitting at a desk opposite a white-haired man. They were talking in low tones, apparently recording the conversation on a single Dictaphone roll.

"She does our adolescent girls in love," he said. "She and the man opposite are improvising a love scene in Trinidad between a soldier and native girl. They've done the scene several times, but it still hasn't got the exact flavor."

Frisbie looked at his watch. "I think we can skip the other offices. You've got the general idea. From here the manuscript goes to the Atmosphere Department. They add descriptive backgrounds and atmospheric touches. Then the Style Department whips the copy into final form. The polishing is usually done by a single expert to give the novel stylistic unity."

"Where does the author come in?" I said, winking at a little blue-eyed musketeer who strolled by. "Most of your books carry names on the cover, don't they?"

"That's true," he answered. "Our experts in public relations take care of that. They hang the novel on the man or woman they think will provide the best publicity. For example, one of our recent novels was about oil-field workers in eastern Texas. The Public Relations Office found an oil driller in Fort Worth who had been trying for years to sell a story. We bought the manuscript, then changed the title and content to fit our novel. He made a fortune on the royalties and moved to Dallas."

While we walked toward the elevators, I said: "I'm still not clear about how *Lady Coldpence* got fouled up."

"It was the fault of an inexperienced musketeer girl," he said sadly. "You see we were trying to rush two books through at the same time—the Coldpence novel and *Betty Blue's Canoe Trip*—a book in our campfire girl series."

I nodded but didn't say anything.

"While the papers were being routed around the Dialogue Department," he went on, "one of the girls got the two routing slips confused and the Coldpence papers landed on Mr. Soph's desk. He does all our campfire girl dialogue. The slip was marked "Rush" so Soph did the job rapidly, without noticing the context, and the book got processed before anyone discovered the mistake."

"Hmm," I said. "What happened to *Betty Blue*? Did it go through with Betty talking like Lady Coldpence?"

Frisbie stopped walking, stared at me a moment, then slapped his forehead. "My God, Bascom! It hadn't occurred to me!"

He dashed into the nearest office and grabbed a phone from a desk. There was some rapid conversation followed by Frisbie's shout: "Stop the press! We'll be right down!"

We took the elevator to the basement and ran in and out between the huge machines until we reached the press that was printing *Betty Blue.*

He lifted out one of the large sheets, the ink still wet. My eyes fell on the following:

> *Billy held the bow of the canoe between his knees to steady it while Betty Blue scrambled back to the stern.*
>
> *"Do you mind if I help you paddle it across the lake?" Billy asked.*
>
> *Betty drew herself up with dignity. "Your suggestion is extremely inappropriate and annoying," she said coolly. "Men of your type find it difficult to control their passions when they are alone with a woman, and I certainly have no intentions of swimming back."*

Frisbie let out a groan followed by several unprintable epithets.

Back in his office, a few minutes later, he and Monica were staring glumly at the floor.

"Why don't you let the mistake go through?" I suggested. "Let both books get printed the way they are. They're funny as hell with the dialogue switched around. Once the news of the mistake spreads, they'll sell like hot cakes. You can build your publicity around it. Get a picture magazine to do a spread showing a campfire girl in Victorian settings and compromising situations. Have pictures made of Monica, in Victorian costumes, taking a canoe trip or building . . ."

Frisbie cut me short. "I want Pfanstiehl, our publicity director, to hear this." He pushed a button and spoke into a box. He was looking happier. Monica was moistening her lips. She wasn't sure whether she liked the idea.

But Pfanstiehl liked it, and Frisbie liked it because it would save the cost of replating. The sales campaign proved to be a gigantic success. *Lady Coldpence* sold 50,000 copies the first week, which would have been a record except for the sales of *Betty Blue* which topped 60,000. Monica made enough money to last the rest of her life, my alimony allowance dropped to a mere bagatelle, and now Monica wants to marry me again.

The new books are duller than ever. Last week I tried the experiment of reading five novels page by page, but starting on the last page and reading toward the front. It gives you a curious sense of time, like seeing a movie run in reverse. At least it keeps your mind on the story.

Four of the novels were pretty dull backwards, but the fifth had a real O. Henry twist to it. It was impossible to guess how it was going to start until I got to the first page. ###

Continued from page 40

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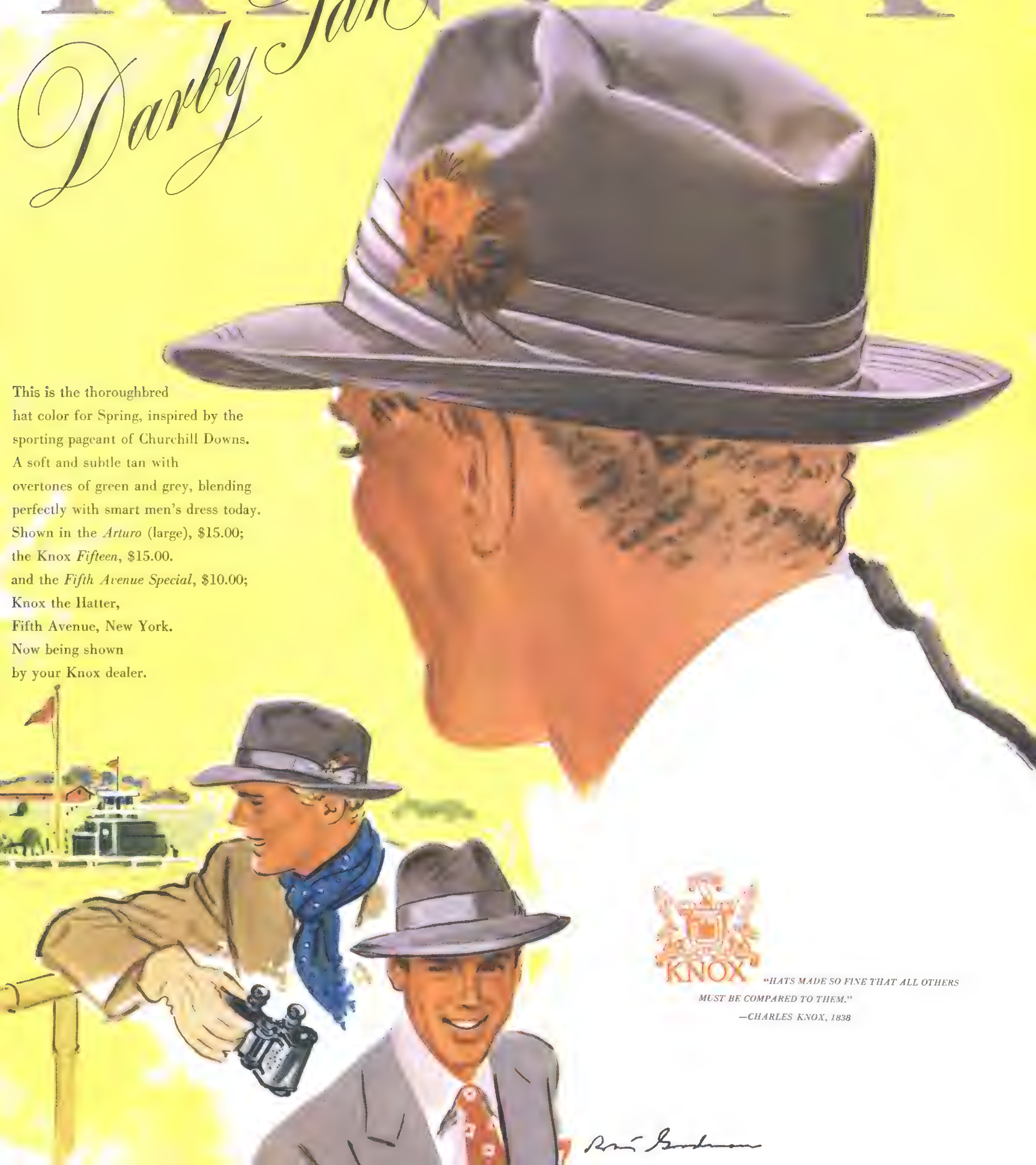

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KNOX

"HATS MADE SO FINE THAT ALL OTHERS MUST BE COMPARED TO THEM."
—CHARLES KNOX, 1838

Do You Know Your Women?

Continued from page 55

ing about a sleeping child, or tenderly provocative about a sleeping woman, but a sleeping man had best be left unseen—and, above all, unheard.

Snoring is by no means an exclusive male accomplishment; but the greater depth of relaxation which men achieve during sleep allows their noisily flapping soft palates to rival the vocal attainments of a healthy sea lion. Although a good virile sea lion may have just what it takes to send a sea lioness, there is no instance in zoo records where a human female has broken out in goose-pimples over one.

A very difficult thing for any male mammal to understand and put up with is the rhythmicity of the female. The hurt look on the face of any pooch when he finds that his ladylove has turned overnight from the gentle receptive "bitch of his dreams," to an irritable, snarling bundle of teeth and claws reflects his master's dismay at the ever-changing personality facets of his womenfolk. He can readily understand a straightforward, honest creature like himself, whose moods respond to the ups-and-downs of his social and business affairs. But a Jekyll-and-Hyde creature, whose disposition varies from gay to morose and from tender to savage for no apparent reason, has him stymied.

The menstrual cycle in women is controlled by the interplay of several hormones. If it stopped there, it would be all right; but it doesn't. The day-to-day concentration of each of these hormones in her blood profoundly affects not only such fundamental functions as body temperature, pulse rate, digestion, and amount of physical energy, but even her mental and emotional reactions. The Jane Smith of February 5th may be quite a different girl on February 20th. But give her time—she'll be back to Jane Smith again by March 5th.

Failure to understand the biology of females has created the aura of mystery always surrounding women. Menstruation, childbirth, and lactation inspire something of the same awe, if not fear, in the hearts of present-day males that they did to the cavemen thousands of years ago.

Remnants of this gullible attitude still linger in the male psyche. Of nine men given careful psychiatric study because they had murdered women, the underlying motive in each instance was women-fear! Most men's firm conviction that women possess "feminine intuition" is a deep-grained hang-over from the past. Even now no ship can safely sail the seas until it has been protected by the female charm of a woman trying to hit it with a bottle of champagne. Few knights dare go forth to combat, whether in armor or in a B-29, without a magic talisman from some wench.

Look at the words which men use to describe women—"bewitching," "enchanting," "charming," "stunning," and "fascinating." And what does a woman do to you? "She haunts you with her magic"; "She holds you in her spell" or "attracts you with her witchery," "hypnotizes you," "binds you with her sorcery." In contrast, what do you do to her? You "make" her, and that's that.

So closely are mystery, sex and romance linked in the minds of the innocent that when he discovers, after about ten years of close association, his wife is made of pretty ordinary clay after all, he feels cheated and often paddles off in a new direction after a more "bewitching" charmer.

A woman's constant griping about her delicate health is enough to drive a man to drink—if he needs to be driven. His ire reaches the flash point when he notices that these frequent indispositions do not interfere in any way with her pleasurable activities. That a woman can be too ill to beat a meal out of a cookstove, but quite well enough to go out to a restaurant is incomprehensible to a man; but it presents no problem in logic to another woman.

Most doctors agree that women have tougher, more resistant bodies, far better equipped to withstand the stresses and strains of modern living than men. Of the seventeen diseases which kill most Americans, year after year the toll among men is greater in all but four. Despite the hazards of childbirth, the death rate for females is lower than for males in every age group. And they outlive men by nearly five years. Yet women claim they're sick much of the time. They not only claim it—they are!

They suffer from minor physical disturbances nearly twice as often as men. Even when you eliminate "female complaints" they are still sick twenty per cent oftener. A few years ago doctors coined a fine new word with which to scare people—"psychosomatic"—which simply means "pertaining to the mind-body relationship." That's where women shine! Since they are more emotional than men, what goes on in their heads is far more likely to kick up a rumpus in their bodies. Junior's drinking the freezing compound out of the refrigerator may cause his mother incapacitating abdominal cramps. Best treatment: a box of candy or a dozen roses. But don't smirk; she wasn't faking. They were real cramps. The female mechanism has an extraordinary penchant for breaking down in nonessential departments for flimsy reasons. It is ungallant—but useful—to liken it to the old model T Ford. Things were always dropping off it or getting out of whack—but the contraption kept on going.

The allegation that women talk all the time is libel. It takes a pretty sturdy specimen to dish out more than eight hours of con-

Continued on page 132

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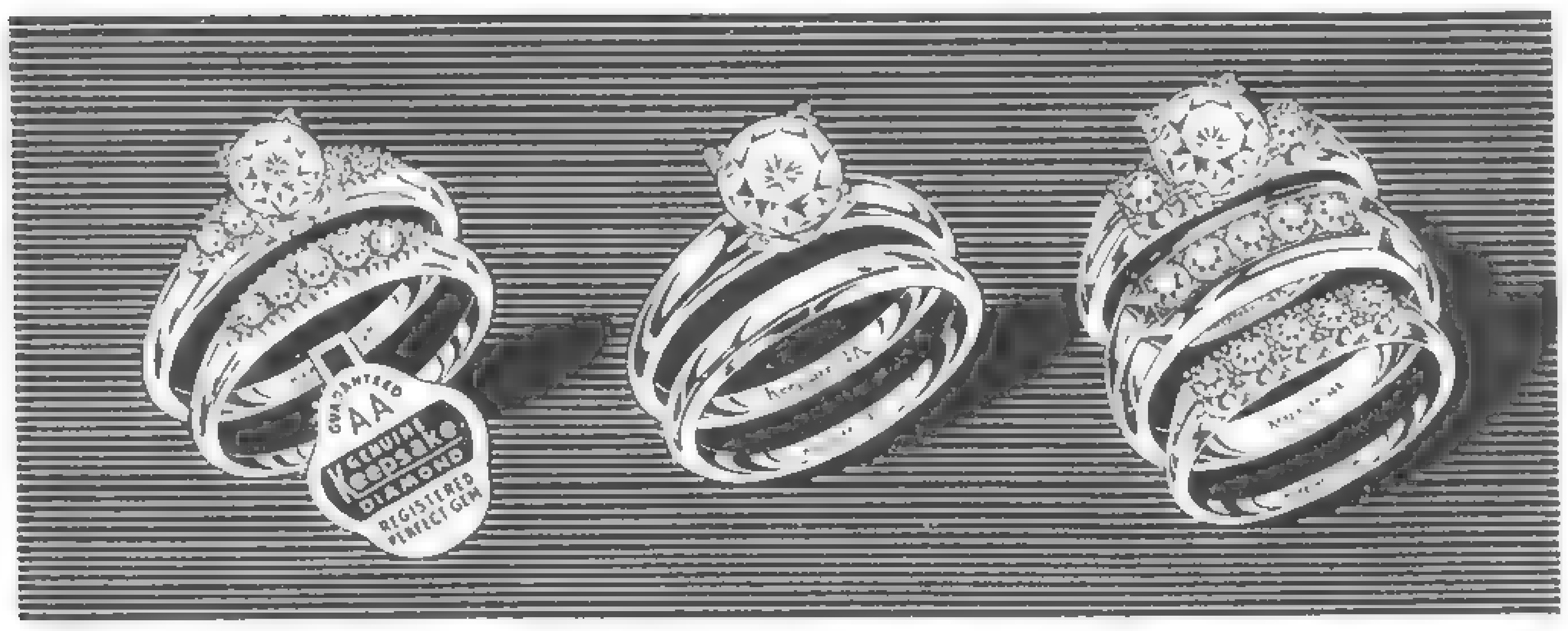

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Do You Know Your Women?

Continued from page 131

versation a day. Why does she talk so much? Because she's naturally hairbrained and thinks everything she says is interesting? No. Women talk almost twice as much as men because they are, by nature, vocal animals and can't help it!

Females outgab males by a wide margin—for a reason. A young lion isolated from other lions at birth will learn, by instinct, to roar when he grows up; but no baby can learn to make with the words without hearing his elders. If babies learned only from their fathers, it is unlikely that human speech would survive many generations.

Nature has guaranteed that babies shall learn to talk (or go nuts) at an early age by exposing them to a continuous barrage of female conversation from birth on. Women are impelled to talk more than men, *instinctively*. That this greater loquacity is not just a bad habit is shown by the fact that girl babies begin to pronounce words earlier than boys. At the age of two years, the average girl can use twice as many words as the average boy; but soon thereafter she draws ahead of the Geiger counter and only rough estimates of total wordage per square second are available. Nobody will ever know how many happy homes are gassed out by the incessant rattling of a woman's high-pitched voice, but one of the commonest complaints heard in divorce courts is, "She talks too much."

Mysterious as are the ways (and means) of a woman's body, you really need your bifocals when you try to glimpse her mind.

Why a woman will spend days pawing through teeming department stores searching for a blouse of exactly the right shade, or draperies that shall be green, "definitely green, but not too green, and of course not that horrid, sickening green," surpasseth the understanding of any man.

Her eternal preoccupation with color and color shades puts a heavy cross on the shoulders of any man who tries to live with her. He is not only called upon to eat combinations of food chosen for appearance rather than taste; but even when he dines out, he must patronize a restaurant whose interior décor is charming, without regard for the food.

Basically, woman's passion for color is not due to vanity nor to any desire to annoy, but to the intensity of her color perception. It means more to a woman and gives her greater pleasure because she actually *sees* more color.

With their diapers on, it is almost impossible to tell male and female infants apart. But try waving Christmas tree lights over the crib. It will be the girl who breaks into a smile, her eyes eagerly following the bright colors. From earliest infancy, the female human has far better prismatic sense than the male. And color blindness is one of the commonest eye defects of men, but it is rare in women.

Not long ago a young New Yorker, bursting with pride, took his out-of-town sweetheart to the top of the RCA Building to show her his home town. Her chance remark that his magnificent city was "real cute" prompted him to stalk off in bitter indignation. Neither he nor any of those who justified his desertion had ever noticed the innumerable toy towns in department-store windows at Christmastime, with their miniature houses, tiny churches, and flea-sized pedestrians dodging doodlebug automobiles. Women are much less impressed by size or quantity than men; and they don't think quantitatively. New York did not look like a mighty city to this girl; it was nothing more than a whole lot of toy buildings.

Men have been shocked at female "ignorance" and "stupidity" from the beginning of time—for few women are interested enough in the external world of big, important things to know how it's made or to care what makes it tick. Theirs is the inner world of people and personalities. That there is nothing wrong with the female brain is shown by the fact that girls do better than boys in school from kindergarten to the end of high school. But then something happens and the boys pass them up. Never again do women, as a class, become serious contenders as far as intellectual pursuits are concerned. Their keen eyes are fixed on the shimmering rainbow of personal relationship.

Their future roles can even be predicted by the way male and female infants play in a sand pile. Psychologists have observed that boys usually scatter all the sand near them to the four points of the compass; and then, in a spirit of high adventure, they crawl off to a new place and again throw sand *away* from them. But a girl baby is more likely to scoop sand *toward* her with wide circular motions until she has it all piled around her. Then she sits cooing at her elders in quiet enjoyment of her "home."

But does all this biologic thinking apply to the "modern" woman? The advocate of sex equality answers with an emphatic "No"; the psychologist a tentative "Maybe"; but the biologist, before crawling under the table, says, "It applies to women, period." For, basically, they haven't changed in the last few thousand years; they only look different on the outside. The same psychic impulse that once made her fuss with her fig leaf impels her to straighten her seams today. "Modern woman" is a contradiction in terms . . . there ain't no such animal. She'll change only as fast as she can repeal the present laws of biology. Until then, it's smart to know your women! ⧺

Continued from page 55

Alex Ross: Reluctant Prophet

Continued from page 53

artist, has the technical equipment. It is only in wedding the two that he fails—because he will not presume. His vision as a devout man is not often enough evident in his paintings, despite technical virtuosity. Certainly there are reasons for this, but they are not enough.

It is a fault of our time that there are few plateaus on which to pause where one may contemplate, the wide, surrounding vista and the pattern of the country so far traversed. Ross needs a plateau in time, maybe a year or two, where he can stop and turn the eyes of an essentially religious man on the world visible from this eminence. There is a crusading zeal in the man's conversation; it must be made to come through in his paintings. They don't bring you Alex Ross and they don't bring you the world as Ross understands it. All the necessary elements are there; it is a question of synthesizing his vision. That synthesis might take any one of a number of forms, even that of abstraction, since he is drawn to the moderns, especially Picasso, but he is too honest for it to take the form of mere virtuosity.

RID AMERICA OF HATE

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Alex Ross is almost entirely self-trained, but the training is good. Amazingly his first love was gymnastics. With two partners he gave gymnastic performances at clubs. But there had always been a talent for drawing, and after he was married he gave up muscle work for brushwork. His first work was lettering for a sign shop; he did "coming attraction" trailers. He worked his way up through the commercial studios. It took a comparatively short time to reach the top. It wasn't only the breaks; it was intensive application coupled with a natural ability to say it with pigments. On the way up he was converted from Scottish Presbyterianism to Roman Catholicism. For Ross it was a necessary conversion. And it was an act that has colored all of his existence since, an act which must, if he is properly to realize himself in paint, color his creative effort as well, since it went deep and it's down in the depths of one's self that one creates. It wasn't a tattoo on the surface of his life, an acceptance of forms. It was basic and it was profound; he discusses it basically and profoundly. When any motivation so takes possesion of a man he is less than true to himself unless he permits this motivation to mold, inspire, make beautiful his every action, especially those which are as close to the essential man as are the creative acts which are art.

Overlying all of Ross' activities is the conception of life as a miracle. Unlike so many of his contemporaries he does not think science has exploded the great unbelievable facts of life. Science itself is a miracle. The miraculous nature of all life leads him to believe, literally, in the smallest miracle of the ancients. The stars, man's consciousness, the seasons, are no less believable than the miracle of the loaves. When surrounded by the unbelievable, who will balk at another manifestation of the mystery and the glory?

It is probably this very religious conviction that keeps religious conviction out of Alex Ross' work. For it has made him humble before his own talents; there is no conceit of virtue, no sin of pride. He is willing to acknowledge that the great artist has a divine mission to perform, but he is a little appalled at the thought that his own talents may be sufficient to the task. And this is where he is symptomatic of the painters of his time. The painter today knows the fear that his painting doesn't matter. Ross has simply never thought of himself as worthy of the role of prophet. He approaches painting as he approaches all the other facts of existence. But here is a grievous schism. For painting, as Ross must learn, is an act of devotion or nothing.

In these days of frenzied occultism (as witness the mythologies of the surrealists, the spiritualism of the Kandinskys, the abracadabra of the Guillaume Apollinaires), it is refreshing to meet a man who simply paints pictures and paints them with integrity, a respect for, but not an adoration of, the medium, who is awake to virtue in even the most contradictory schools, who respects the achievements of the least of the moderns, who does not share the day's passion for critical destruction, who sees sin in the best and virtue in the least. The world can do with more of such selflessness. The only question is: "Can art be selfless without being pedestrian?" It's something a man like Alex Ross must prove to the skeptical.

There can be no doubt that fire comes through in Alex Ross' work, but it doesn't come through consistently. You will see it flicker in an imaginative carrousel scene, the head of a friend, dramatic lights on wet pavements, the quality of abstraction and synthesis in a small portrait sketch. These are the pieces in which something of what Alex Ross really is breaks out into the open, where zeal and ardor and most of all delight have not been hamstrung by a modesty that too often resembles self-abnegation, a quality admirable in anchorites but a tool with a blunt edge in the hand of an artist. ⧺

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Parlor, Bedroom and Wrath

Continued from page 87

I had to open the door. I said, 'This is a quiet house, who do you want?' He said that they had had a call from a taxi driver reporting that a girl had been abused by a man in his taxi and they had got out at this address, so he thought he ought to come and inquire. I accompanied the officer up the stairs and he stopped at every door. It was all quiet except at your door. There we heard the sound of voices. We waited. We heard a man say, 'That guy must be stuck on himself . . . he's got cartoon pictures of himself all over!' Then he went on, 'And what a cheap guy! He's taken the turntable of the phonograph away so that nobody can play it!' I wanted to knock at the door and tell the guy that he was getting the rent free and he wasn't invited anyhow and that was no way to talk about Mr. Savo. I looked at the policeman and he nodded and we tiptoed away."

"We must get rid of them right away," I said to Nina.

"Yes. We can't get back to New York. Let's invite someone else to move in."

Rosita, the ballet dancer in the show, had just said that she was going to New York. Maybe she would like to use the apartment.

We wrote to Barbara that another friend of ours, a dancer, would come to live in our apartment and we were sure she would like to have company, since she was all alone now.

At the end of the week we received another letter from the superintendent. It said:

"When your third guest arrived, the husband of your second guest moved out, and after a few days his wife went to join him. Your third guest then invited her mother. The mother came up from Virginia. She arrived with two other daughters and all four settled down together in the apartment. One of the daughters is engaged to a sailor and at all times of the night they are to be found inside the automatic elevator. The tenants say it is not big enough for that. The daughter's feller has many friends in the Navy and they seem to like him very much and come often to visit. Then other sailors, seeing them enter, want to come in too, thinking it is a Navy club.

"Another thing. Thuds are heard every day. They shake the house. We did not know where they came from until the tenant below you told us her ceiling was falling. I went to your door and the mother said her daughter was practicing her leaps. As you know, she is a heavy girl. I cannot persuade either the mother or the daughter that this is not a dancing hall, as they explain that they are guests and can deal only with you. So please come back. The thuds go on all day, the sailor and the other daughter keep the tenants out of the elevator at night."

Before we could recover came another letter.

". . . then the sister married the sailor. The wedding reception was in your apartment. There were too many sailors for the elevator. Those who could not get in raced the others up by the stairway. Those who could not get in the apartment were sent up to the roof, where they danced, and the roof began to cave in and the asphalt of the roof was all cracked. It had to be repaired at once as it may rain any day now. I am sorry, but I could not help it—I had to inform the landlord and he came and put a stop to the dancing, and I enclose the bill. P. S.—They have gone!"

The bill was as follows:

Repairs to 1 ceiling	$40
" " " roof	65
" " " elevator	10
Total	$115

We paid the bill, thanked the letter writer and asked him to be kind enough to have the apartment thoroughly cleaned and fumigated. He is an obliging man and did so at once. By the end of the week we heard from him. The news was itemized:

Fumigation	$12
Maid Service	16
Rum	3
Laundry	10
	$41

There was an explanation of Item No. 3. The place was such a wreck that the maid said she could not handle it. The superintendent had solved the problem with rum.

At any rate we were free again. We came home smiling. Ours is a modest apartment, but we are comfortable in it.

Nina went to the telephone to make a call. The phone was dead. Beside it lay an unpaid telephone bill for $174. There were calls to Virginia, Arizona, Illinois, Alabama and all but a few of the other states. A letter from the telephone company said that our telephone would be disconnected on a date now past.

Beside the letter from the company was a charming little note, on Nina's best paper. "Welcome home!" it said.

Just then there was a knock at the door. Nina opened. There stood Pussywillow and her husband, back from Paris.

They walked in, smiling. ⧺

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Of Genial Hours and Gin

Continued from page 94

the one-time American practice of naming fine drinks in honor of distinguished institutions and persons. As part of the enrichment which Cornell University has given American life is the esteemed Cornell cocktail which contains half gin and an equal quantity of French vermouth. To the Floradora Company was left a lasting memorial. Served in a tall thin glass, this tempter is made of a wholesome jigger of gin, the juice of a lime, a half teaspoon of sugar, a half pony of raspberry. The frappé. Into the drink fizz a bottle of good-quality ginger ale.

The cocktail, an American invention, was improvised upon by the former King Edward VIII of England to toast his bride, Wallis, at the Château de Condé, Monts, France. He mixed: one jigger of dry gin, the juice of a quality lime and a pony of Cointreau. This he mixed with pieces of ice in a shaker and shook. The drink was strained then into cocktail glasses which had been dipped in sugar with the rims rubbed with lime pulp. As a supreme gesture, Edward mixed in some blue vegetable dye to match her eyes, and called it the Wallis Blue.

Today large blocs of the spirits-minded public are happy to take their cocktails out of bottles, knowing that under the old and relied-on trade names the most patient blending has been effected. And blending is of the essence. No one ingredient should ever characterize the cocktail any more than an overenthusiastic violinist should make his instrument steal a symphony. Thus in its soft, fruity way gin makes a quiet companion substance, but with a hidden force.

It was a great day for the Dutch over three hundred years ago when they discovered what the aromatic juniper berry would do for a slug of the raw alcohol which many Europeans swilled in off and working hours. A Professor Sylvius hit upon the combination and named it Genièvre in honor of the berry. It went down the throats of rich and poor alike. It was worked over and refined.

What the Dutch created was a gin which came from a low-proof distillation, retaining the full flavor and odor of the grain. They have never stopped liking it that way.

Gin's popularity was to spread first across the English Channel. Word that a tasty and cheering drink lay in Holland was brought home from the wars by British soldiers. Gin could be produced cheaply and Englishmen accepted it instantly, grew to like it and corrupted its name, Genièvre, to the English simplicity of gin.

The drink must have flowed in England like long white rivers then and its quality was surely unspeakable. This was the time of the writhing gin mills when one innkeeper nailed up a sign: "Drunk for a penny, dead drunk for twopence, clean straw for nothing." Certainly its effects upon the British medical thought of the era and upon their character in general are suggested in the contemporary jingle:

Gin to pained entrails gives relief, Makes slighted damsels lose their grief, Helps puffs to utter, rakes to rattle, Old wives to scold and young to tattle.

Years would pass before the British refined gin into the high-proof dry drink of today which is light of taste, obscures the grain base and exalts the juniper berry. Good distilled gin has always enjoyed a place among the refined drinks. The reputation gin got during Prohibition has nothing to do with what comes now from a bottle. Prohibition, or bathtub gin, was compounded gin. Bootleggers, chased, bedeviled and not caring anyway, simply poured juniper syrup or anything smelling like juniper into tubs of alcohol and gave it a stirring. Good gin is distilled. The juniper berry and other exotic flavorings are married with the alcohol.

The high-proof grain spirits that go into the stills in this country are usually made from a fermented mash consisting of some 85 per cent corn, three per cent rye and 12 per cent malt and pure distilled water. On the still is a "berry-head," a cylindrical tray containing the juniper berries and other flavoring ingredients. Vapors from the hot water and grain spirits wander through the "berry-head," grasp the flavors and hold them when condensed. Fine gins are distilled several times.

To the creation of fine gins some American scientists made distinguished contribution not long ago. The drink can now be produced with unfailing uniformity. There had been the rub, all down the centuries. The flavor of juniper berries, like that of apples or anything that grows, will vary with the seasons. Distillers knew this; but all they could do was to apportion the customary quantities of ingredients and hope for something like their own brand taste in the end. The new technique of pretesting the flavoring agents now brings unvarying uniformity. From abroad, where gin grew up, came congratulations to the company that made the discovery.

There have been millions of felt but unspoken congratulations to gin in general since the first man sat with it in the damp chill of a Netherlands cool of the evening. The supreme congratulations is an unconscious one, the automatic cry of millions: "Tom Collins, please!" It is in the universal look in the eye as the man puts in the juice of a good ripe lemon, a barspoon of powdered sugar, the juice of a half of lime, a jigger of dry gin and two ounces of Seltzer water. And then to Tom Collins, to John and any others, to Professor Sylvius, the inventor, and to the evening a tinkling glass. ⧺

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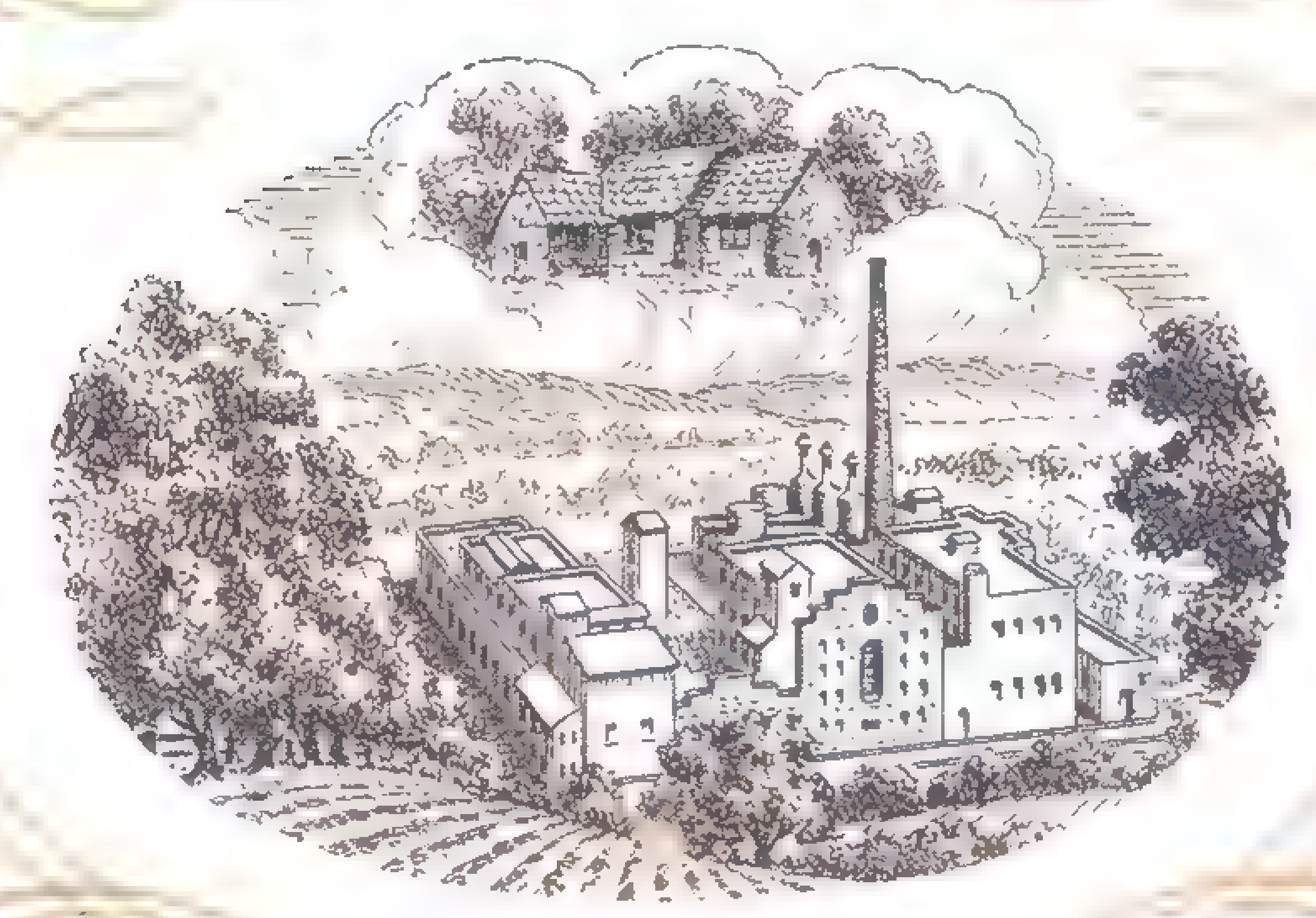

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The Deadline Was Midnight

Continued from page 96

tried to do a kozotsky, bouncing up and down on his haunches, kicking his legs out in front of him, spinning and jumping while the Russians clapped time with their hands. No. Letting Clark down was the last thing he wanted to do.

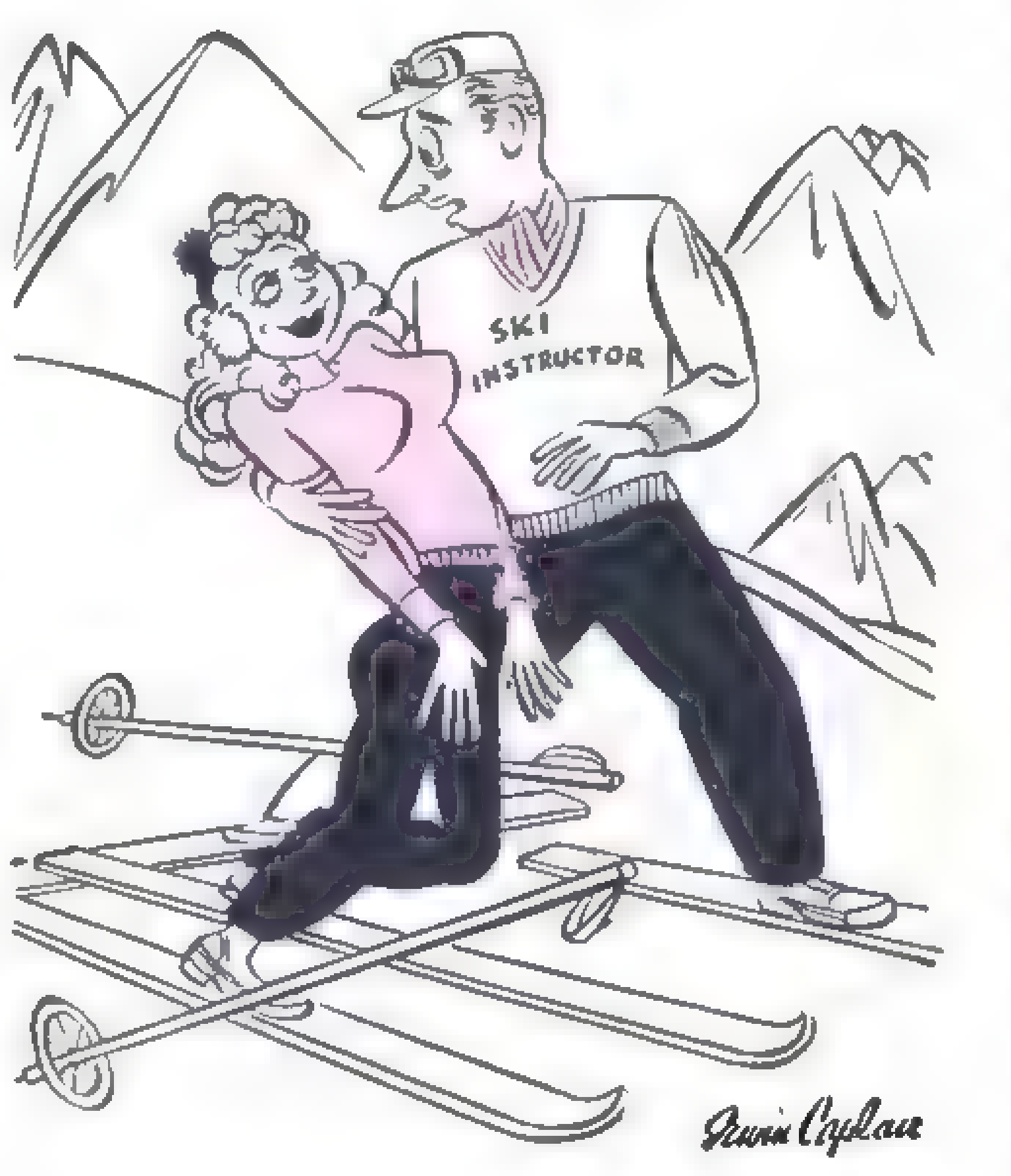
"It's been a long time, Clark," he said.

"Yeah. Too long. I was afraid you had forgotten."

Forget? He chuckled bitterly. "I was just thinking about the time we met the Russians on the Elbe," he said.

The other man grinned. "Yeah. We had fun that day. It kinda made up for the times when the going was rough." The reporter signaled the bartender for more whiskey. Now was the time to start talking, he told himself. He had to talk fast and smooth and not give Clark a chance to think.

When the drinks came he told the waiter to leave the bottle. For a moment the wild idea flashed through his mind that he'd hit Clark over the head with it. Then he pushed the thought aside when he saw Clark's eyes narrow warily. He felt someone brush by their booth. It was Hill. The pudgy little detective went to the end of the bar where he sat down on an empty stool, his right hand in his raincoat pocket, his eyes watching in the mirror.



"When I say relax you needn't overdo it, Miss Koller"

"I don't like the looks of that guy," Clark said. "He looks like a cop."

"What guy?" the reporter demanded. He looked at Hill, then turned and looked the length of the bar. Straud was standing about ten feet away, a glass of beer in front of him. "I don't see any cops." He felt the sweat running down from his armpits. "There aren't any cops here."

Clark ran his hand wearily over his face and hair. "Maybe I got the jimjams," he said, "but I've the feeling this place is going to be unhealthy pretty soon." He kept his other hand under the table. "Did you bring any money?"

"Twenty bucks—all I could raise."

"That won't even get me to Jersey. Couldn't you do better than that?"

The reporter spread his fingers slowly across the top of the table. He felt like crying, but he tried to make his voice sound casual: "I could have brought you a thousand dollars, Clark, and it wouldn't do you any good. You'd never get to Jersey. They're watching for you everywhere. Don't be a fool. They know you've got a gun and they'll shoot first and ask the questions afterwards. Use your head. You haven't got a chance. They've got you in a box and they're only waiting to slam the cover shut. Why don't you do the smart thing—let me turn you in!"

Clark's hand under the table didn't move. His face was bitter.

"Who are you trying to kid?" he asked. "So I let you turn me in—so what? Callahan is dead, isn't he? I killed him, didn't I? I can't even say I caught him with my wife. He caught me—sure, it was stupid, trying a stick-up in broad daylight like that, but I was quicker with my gun. I killed a cop. No lawyer can pry me loose from that charge. I'm finished, no matter what I do, unless I can get away from here."

The reporter sighed. He could not evade the truth any longer.

"Clark, I got to tell you something. Just remember we were buddies. We spent better than a year up on the lines together. The Army's a funny place, where you become quicker, stronger pals than in civilian life. It was like that with us. So I got to tell you this." He drew a deep breath and plunged on. "I don't want you to end up with a bullet in your belly. And I don't want any more dead cops. I don't want any more killing. You've got to give yourself up. I brought the cops with me. They're here . . . now . . . in here."

The other man didn't move, not an eye nor a muscle, but the color drained from his face, and under the table, from the way he was holding his arm, the reporter knew the revolver was trained directly on him. But he felt no fear. The whole thing didn't make sense any more, he told himself. Nothing any more made sense. He only wanted the whole stupid business over and done.

After what seemed a long time, Clark spoke: "I'm not going to shoot you, if that's what's worrying you. You're a damn fool, but we're buddies, and you probably thought you'd be doing me a favor. All right, so I'm going to do you a favor. Get up and get out of here. Come on, move toward that door!"

"For God's sake, Clark, use your head!"

But Clark's eyes were hard and metallic under the lowered lids: "Jerry, if you don't leave, I'll put a slug in your belly here and now!"

Slowly, the reporter got to his

feet, turned and began to walk away. He knew Straud and Hill would wait until he was out of the line of fire only so long as Clark kept his hand and revolver under the table. Once Clark moved, the detectives would jump him. The reporter had taken five steps, perhaps, toward the door, when he heard Straud's voice, ordering Clark to sit motionless. He turned and watched the two detectives close in on the booth.

And then, so quickly he wasn't certain he saw it happen, Clark's hand snaked from under the table, blue gun metal in his fist.

But quick as Clark was, it was the roly-poly Hill who fired first through his raincoat pocket, and the heavy .38 caliber slug threw Clark back against the wall of the booth, his gun waving wildly. For a moment Clark seemed to be trying to raise the weapon again, his hand trembling; and then the gun clattered to the floor from his loosening fingers and he toppled forward slowly over the table, and as the strength drained from his legs the lower half of his body sagged and seemed to pull him under the table where he lay still.

The reporter went back to the booth where Straud had already grabbed Clark by the legs and was pulling him out limply from under the table.

"He's dead," Straud said simply.

The detective leaned over again and picked up Clark's gun, a long-nosed Luger. "He must've gotten this from Goering himself," he said, taking out the clip and working the bolt to see if there was a cartridge in the chamber.

"No," the reporter said in a small voice. "He got it from me. We were in the same infantry outfit. He winged a Kraut lieutenant who was drawing a bead on me. I took the pistol from the Kraut and gave it to Clark as a sort of souvenir."

Straud shrugged his shoulders. "Well, you got a story, anyway."

"Yeah, it's my story," the reporter said. He let the patrolmen pass him and went to the door. The rain was falling gently. He wondered whether anyone would notice him leaning over the gutter. He found he didn't care. #

They Are Taking Her Away

Continued from page 89

always tagging. "You hear? The day that monstrosity goes to the scrap heap, give Doane his time."

Give him a sixteen-pound sledge and he'd have made scrap of Old Nellie right then and there, and I've always felt he'd have killed Pop with his bare hands if we hadn't had cars to shunt to keep up production.

Pop just stood there, looking like a kid when the ice cream falls out of his cone. He watched Harry slam off, with the Chief Clerk practically horizontal trying to keep up with him, and finally he shook his head.

"You know," he said, "I don't understand the big boss scrapping Nellie. She won't take it kindly." He turned and looked at her, sort of leery. "No, sir," he said. "I won't be responsible when the time comes."

If it had been me, I'd have quit right then and there and let Harry try to find someone else to coax Nellie up the grade and around the river curve in our spur track, but Pop hung on like he hadn't worked all his life and needed the money. The story got around and everyone saw him looking older and more like a sick hound-dog every day and Harry was riding us to get more stuff out, and the boys got to feeling sorry for him. When Harry walked through the plant they took to singing, "My darling Nellie Gray, they are taking her away," to get his goat, but it took a cloudburst to move him.

It hit about ten miles upcountry and before you knew it the river went crazy. Harry pulled the furnaces and shut down the mill in plenty of time, but he forgot about the carload of new rolls. They were sitting out back on our spur and by the time he got out to look the flood was undercutting the siding and the piles were beginning to sag. If those rolls went in the river, production went with them, and no one was feeling so good.

A bunch of us were standing there, listening to the water sucking away and wondering what our next pay check would look like, when we heard a snuffling and Old Nellie came nosing around the upriver corner of the mill with Pop's stork face sticking out of the cab.

I'll say this for Harry, he went running up the track, trying to stop him, but Pop just gave a toot on Nellie's whistle—a short one, so as to save steam—and kept coming. He was easing along, barely moving, and Harry jumped on for brakeman and the three of them came down the track. The car was beginning to tilt outward and so was Old Nellie when the coupling clashed. Harry began yelling—as if anyone could hear anything with all that water roaring—but Pop knew Old Nellie like a man knows his wife. He'd felt her take hold and now he had her in reverse and pulling.

Nothing happened. The rails were wet and those big old drivers just spun. Pop blew sand and the rails smoked and still nothing happened. The car of steel was sagging over and the piling was screaming when Harry jumped clear, waving Pop to follow. But Pop just blasted more sand on those tracks and turned his drivers over slow, and Old Nellie got traction and started out of there. She coughed and she choked and she spit and she slipped, but she kept on gaining ground and in a second or two the river was licked. Nellie hit the flat and picked up speed and backed away with the car. Just before she curved out of sight beyond the

Continued on page 138

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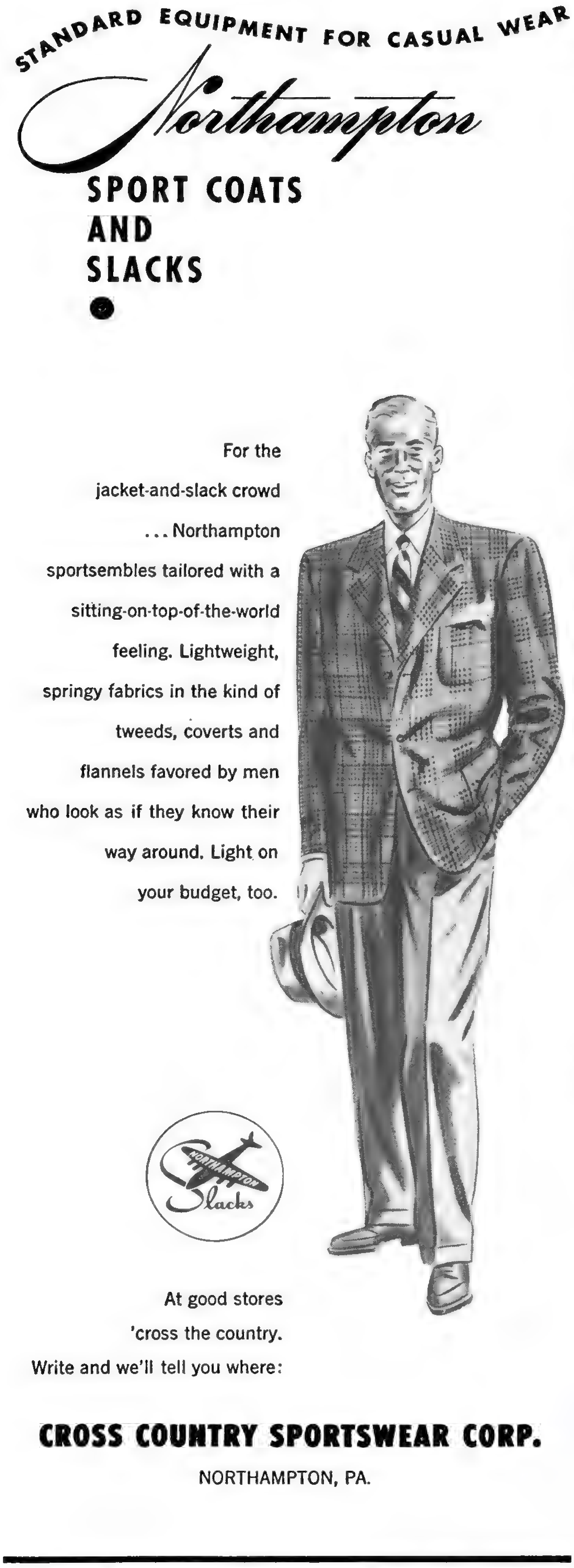
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They Are Taking Her Away

Continued from page 137

corner of the mill, Pop pulled a blast on her whistle that almost deafened me.

The water was still coming up and there were things to do, and Harry and the rest of us were too busy to run and give Pop any medal. It was dark before the flood hit crest and began to ease off and when Harry and I went looking, Nellie's firebox was cold and Pop had gone home.

He was back on the job the next morning and I was out back asking him just how scared he had been, when Harry turned up. He came over slow on those narrow feet of his and handed Pop a check for $500.

"A little bonus," he said. "That took guts."

Pop read the check and grinned: "Thanks. Lots of guts in the old girl. I could've told you."

Harry had to boss the plant and I suppose there was nothing else for him to do. He said: "But Nellie still goes. We're taking delivery on the Diesel the first thing in the morning."

Pop looked at him and said: "Scrap?"

"She's company property," Harry said. "Scrap."

"Okay," said Pop. "Scrap."

I didn't think Harry would ever get it out—it's the only time I ever saw him eat crow—but he did. He said: "I'm sorry," and walked away.

We were all down on the river side of the mill, cleaning out mud and driftwood, when it happened. There was a clanking and a roaring upriver, like a side-wheeler out for a record, and then the rails of the spur sang high and we all ran to look. Just as we got to the siding Old Nellie lurched around the corner of the mill hell-bent, her bird-cage smokestack blowing flame and black smoke. She hit the curved track all out like a race horse and took a nose dive into the river. When that hot boiler hit the water they heard the explosion ten miles away.

Outside of a few busted windows it did no damage to anything but Nellie; if there was a piece of her left bigger than a dollar, nobody ever bothered to dig down and see. When the river stopped boiling we all went looking for Pop, with Harry Beger in the lead.

He was in the lunchroom, eating a fried-egg sandwich, and when we piled in he looked up and said: "I thought I heard an explosion. What was it?"

Harry said: "That was Nellie. She jumped in the river."

Pop said: "Oh."

Harry glowered: "Oh what?"

Pop took a bite of egg sandwich and chewed it for a while. Then he swallowed and said: "I was afraid something like that was going to happen."

Harry came to a boil: "You were *afraid* of it? You *did* it."

Pop raised his head sadly: "I been here ten minutes. Ask the cook. This is my second egg sandwich."

The cook nodded and Harry just stood there while Pop finished his sandwich.

Pop said: "Somehow I had a hunch Old Nellie wouldn't stand for the scrap heap. I just had a hunch."

There was nothing to say, so Harry Beger didn't say it. He went out of there, and after a while so did the rest of us. Pop just sat; he had ordered another egg sandwich.

The boys were talking about miracles and engines with souls, and they still do whenever the subject of Nellie comes up, but I've been around too much machinery. I went up and took a look at the tracks where Nellie always stood and they were wet. The way I figured it, Pop put wedges of ice under Nellie's drivers, nudged the throttle open, and let her boiler heat do the rest. I asked him one night when I was punching out late, but he wasn't talking. He just asked how the Diesel was running and I don't blame him. He's got the softest job in the plant these days; just sits in the gatehouse to be sure no one steals the time clock. It seems Harry Beger forgot all about giving him his time. ⁂

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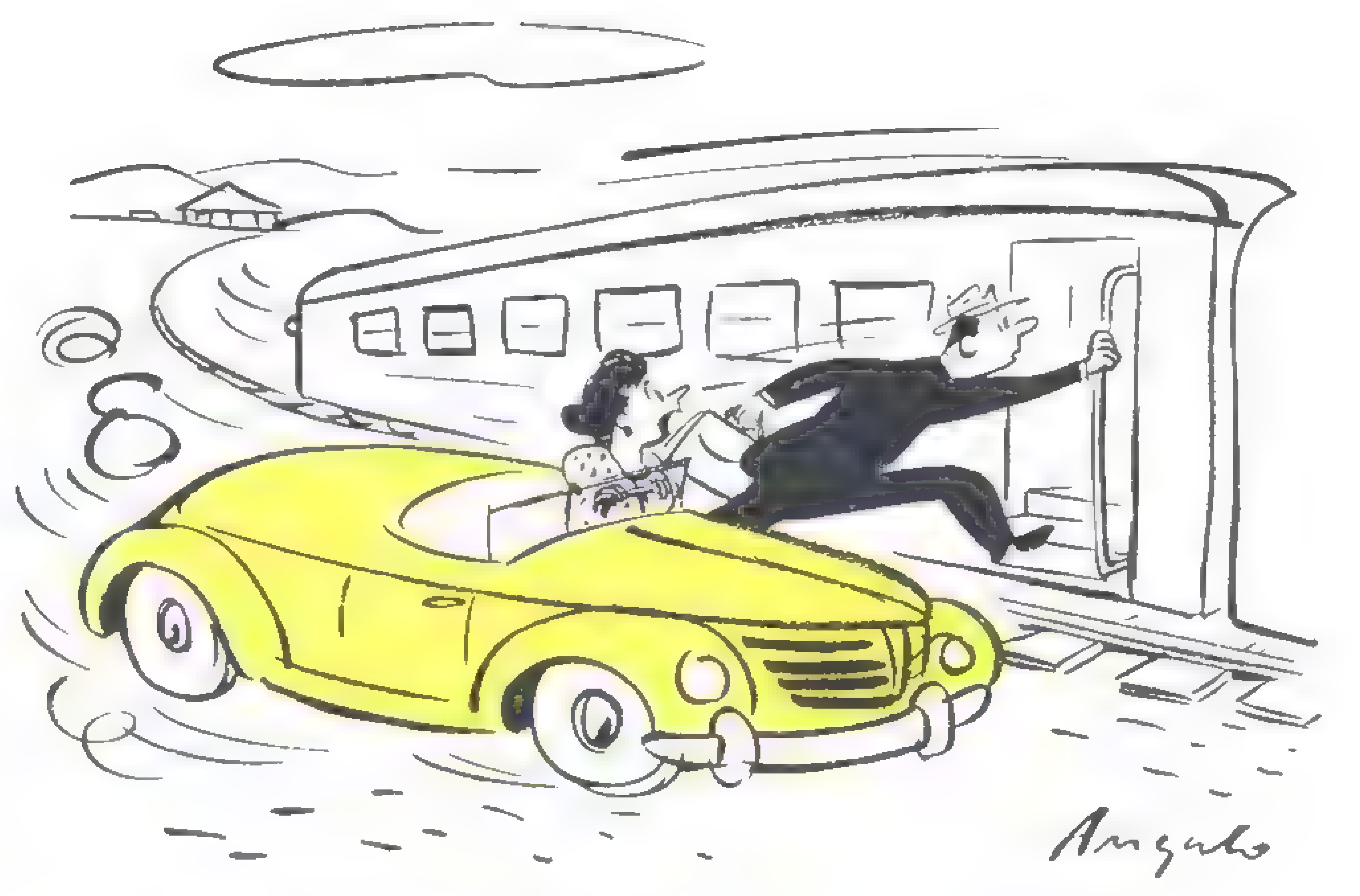

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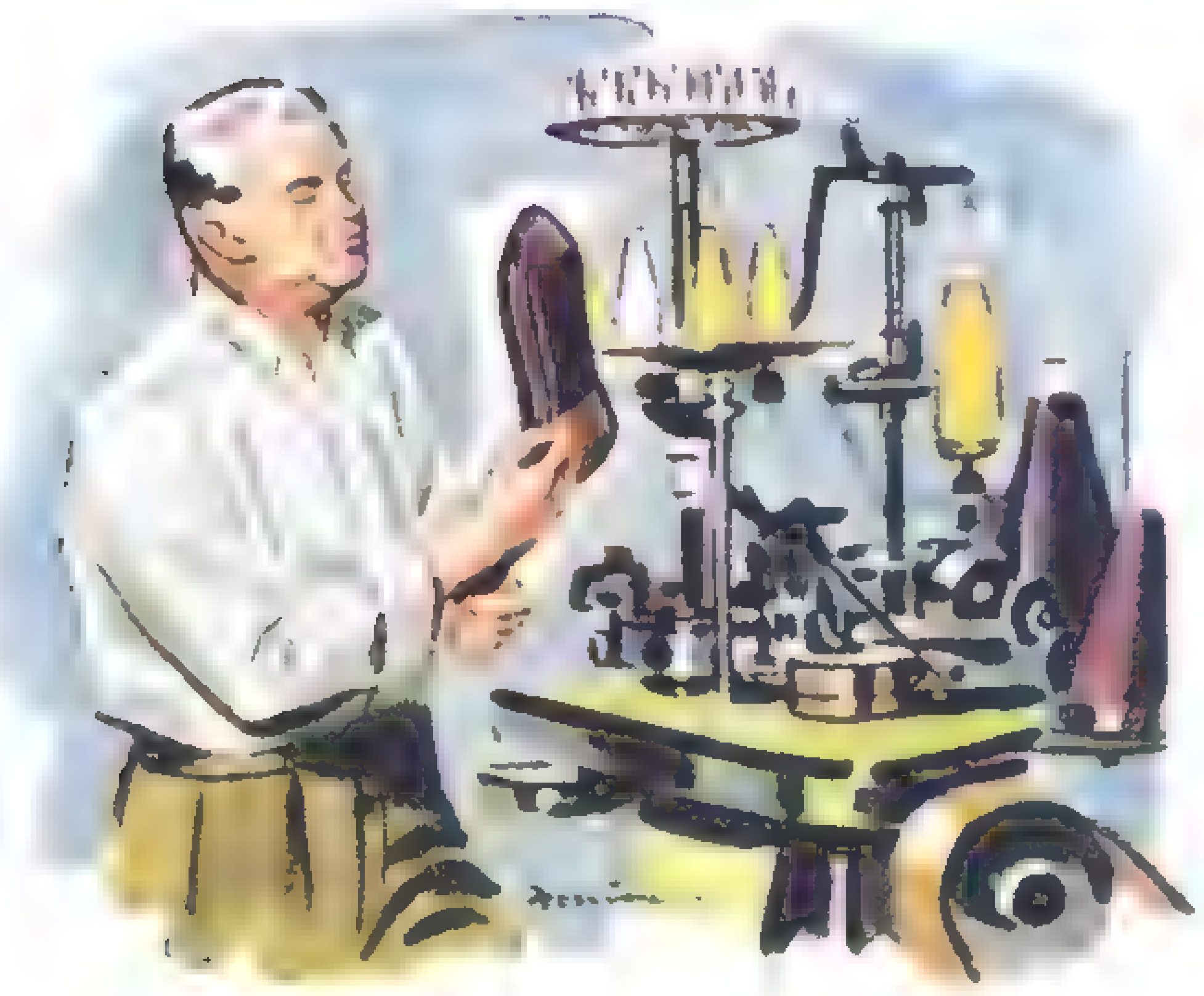

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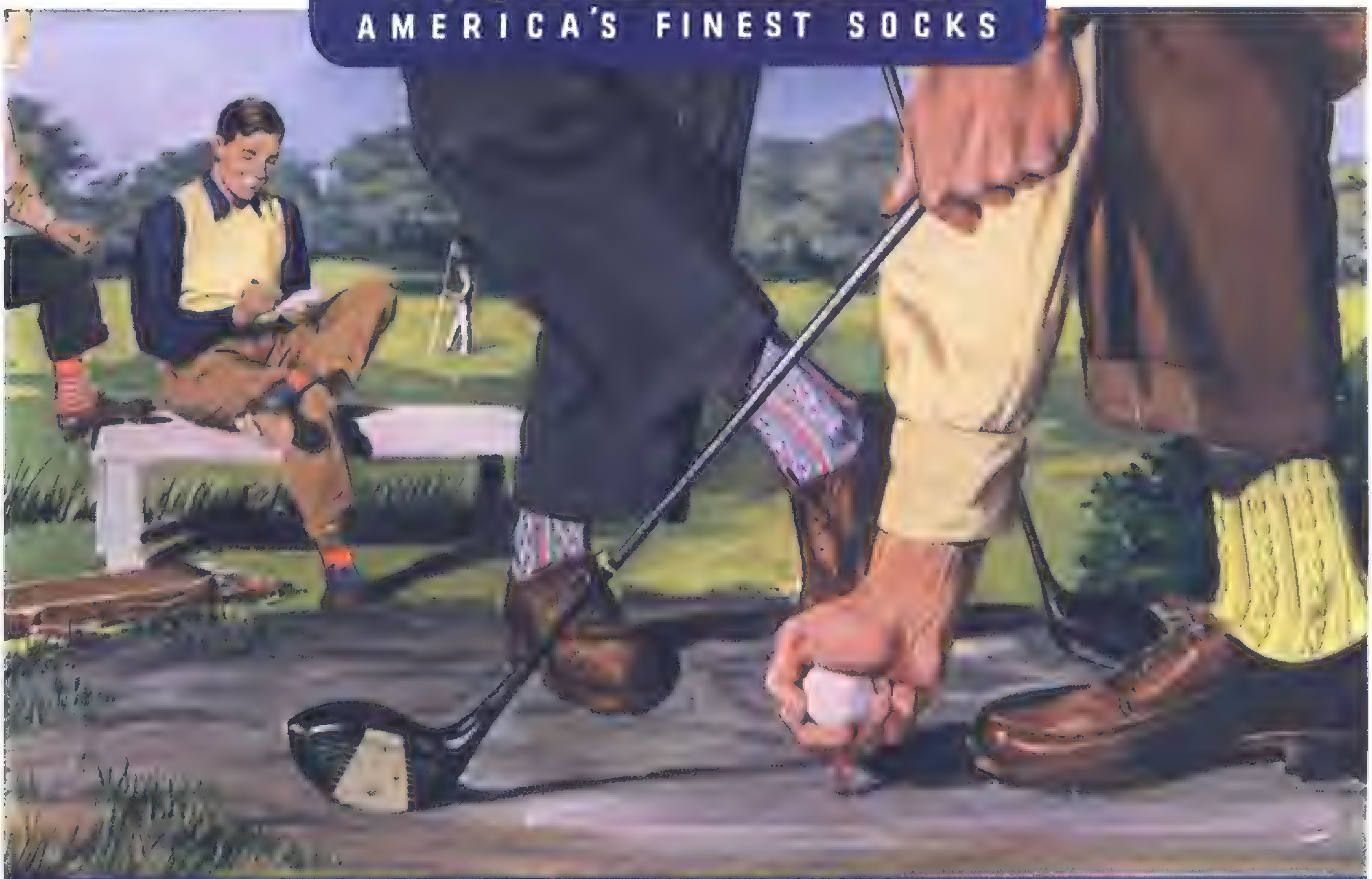

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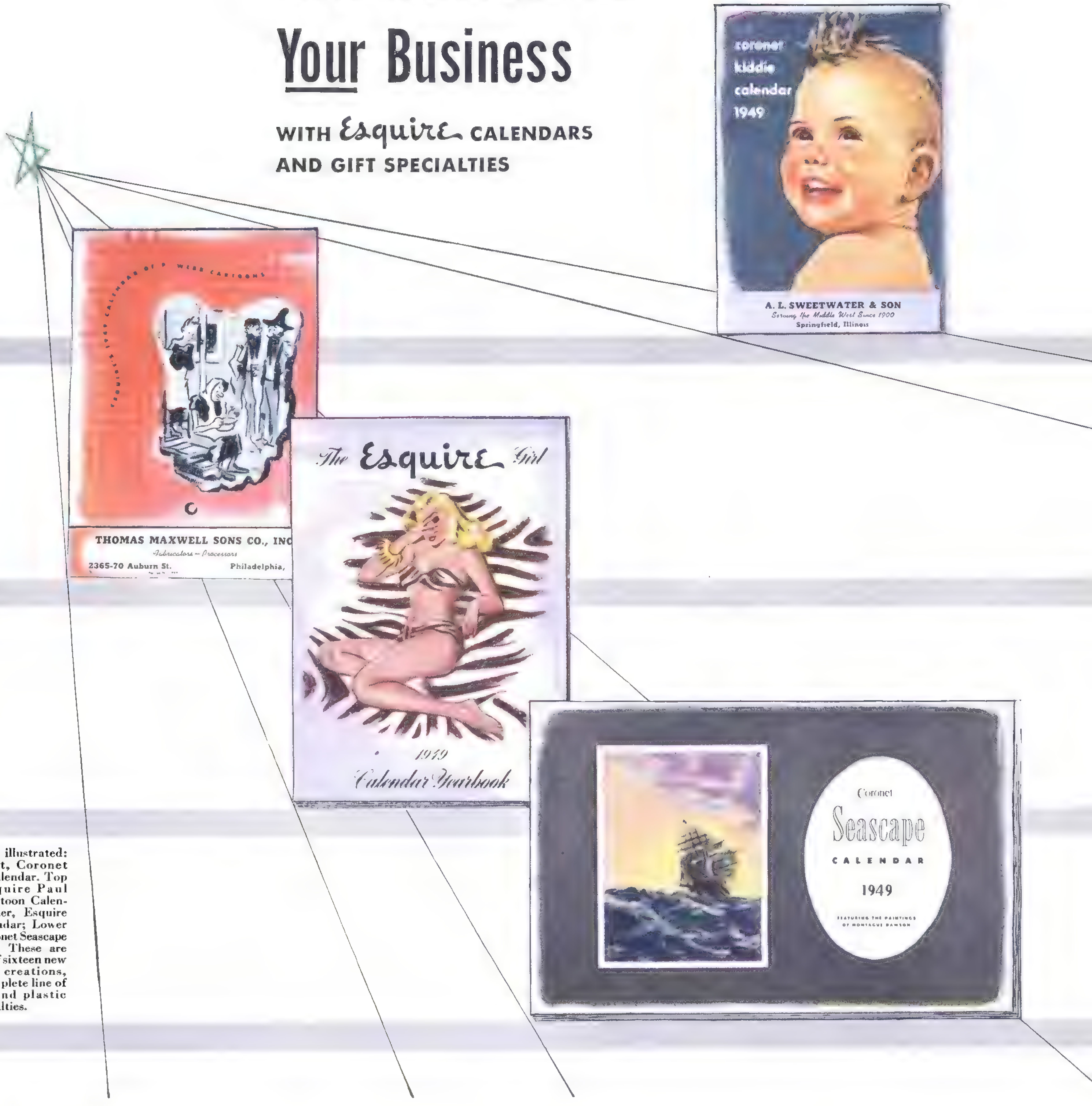
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The Lobster and Ed Conley

Continued from page 49

hotels of the interior had to be educated on the superior excellence of the fresh, live lobster. A hotel in Montreal was one of the first accounts sold. Re-orders came quickly. The new dish spread rapidly over the country as the enthusiasm of the chefs of the interior was kindled.

Today Conley's Live Lobsters travel all over the country. You can eat them in San Antonio when the thermometer is 100 in the shade. They are in Tucson and Santa Fe, on the hot deserts of Arizona and New Mexico. When you see them in the restaurant windows there you know that the seaweed on which they are reposing has come with them from the shores of the Bay of Fundy.

Ed Conley addressed himself to the next problem. How could lobsters be sold throughout the year instead of only during the limited season in which they were caught?

He had moved his headquarters from Deer Island to the town of St. Andrews, on the mainland. There, on the site of an old shipyard, he built his receiving and shipping depot.

As the lobsters come in from the coasts on which they are caught they are stored in great tanks. Through them a pump drives a current of the icy salt water of the Bay, 1500 gallons a minute. By them stand the sorters and packers, picking the lobsters out of the tanks, sorting them by sizes, packing them with the ice and weed.

These tanks could hold up to 200,000 pounds, keep them alive and fresh for a few weeks if necessary. But they didn't solve the problem of how to keep lobsters alive through the year. For that you would have to give them something like their natural environment.

Ed did some figuring. His thoughts turned back to Deer Island. He remembered a certain cove there. It was narrow, a little over 100 yards wide, and wound its way back between rocky shores. At high tide the water was 20 feet deep, at low the bottom of the cove was dry.

Conley bought the cove and proceeded to construct what he had in mind.

Other "lobster pounds" have since been built but Conley's is still the largest and probably one of the most efficient. It would be hard to duplicate except at some other site on Fundy where the giant tides flow in and out.

A dam stretches across the cove. Its lower part is of solid construction so that even at low tide eight feet of water can be held inside. The upper part is of slats which let the tide flow in and out while the lobsters are kept in. The water changes with each tide, every six hours.

A second dam forms an upper enclosure. Sluice gates in the lower dam allow one enclosure to be emptied while the other is full. Slat partitions subdivide the two enclosures so that lobsters of different sizes can be kept apart.

Part of the lobsters bought by Conley's in the season are dumped into the pound. Fed daily, a pound of herring for 100 pounds of lobster, they keep in good condition through the year. As they are required for the market they are netted and taken out. As much as 800,000 pounds of lobster have thus been kept in live storage.

The only drawback is in the cannibalistic nature of the lobsters. Though they get plenty of herring to eat they'd rather eat each other. That's why different sizes are kept apart. Even so, if a lobster is below par in strength the others will gang up on him and eat him alive, shell and all. Conley's figure on taking out only 90 pounds of lobster for each 100 put in storage.

So a year-round supply of live lobsters was established. Ed Conley was enabled to expand his purchases greatly.

His buyers went 150 miles down the coast of Maine. They covered the coasts of New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island, operating in the Bay, on the Gulf of St. Lawrence and the Atlantic coast of Nova Scotia. Sometimes they bought as far as 400 miles from the St. Andrews shipping depot.

They could do this because Conley took quick advantage of the development of the motor truck. He kept a fleet of ten to fifteen. Lobsters were bought at the pier, as the fishermen brought them in, then trucked to St. Andrews on all-night runs, since the lobsters kept in better condition in the cool of the night.

In the early morning the trucks come rolling up to the unloading platforms on one side of the depot. The lobsters go quickly into the tanks. By night a large part of them have been sorted, packed and the boxes stacked up in the refrigerator cars on the railroad siding along the other side of the depot. It's like an assembly line.

The home of the American lobster is the North Atlantic. The Pacific variety is really a big crayfish, being without the large claws. Efforts have been made to transplant the Atlantic lobster to the Pacific Coast—so far without success.

Northern waters suit him best and he prefers a rocky bottom. On this side of the Atlantic, therefore, he is mostly to be found on the coast of Maine and of the Maritime Provinces of Canada.

He starts life as an egg on the underside of his mother's tail. She produces 3000 to 100,000 a season. Infant mortality is high. When hatched he's about a third of an inch long. While he floats helplessly on the surface, waiting for his shell to grow, he's a prey to birds and fish and his chances of survival are less than one in a

Continued on page 142

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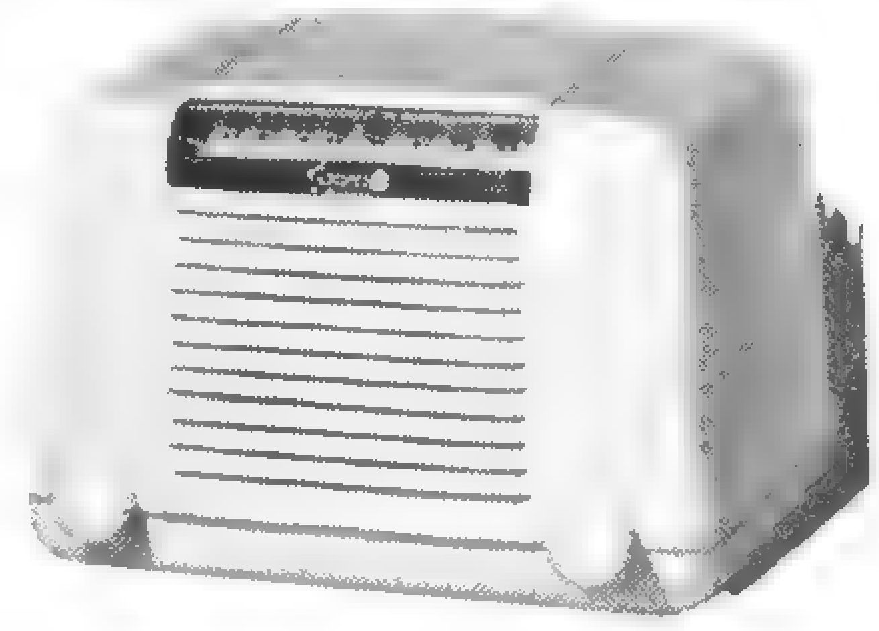

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The Lobster and Ed Conley

Continued from page 141

thousand. If he's the lucky one he sinks to the bottom with his new shell after four to six weeks and takes up a more secure way of life.

When he's seven inches long, weighing half a pound, he's of legal size and may be caught and canned. He must weigh a pound before he's salable as live lobster. That makes six to ten years.

He leads a solitary life. He makes a sort of burrow in the rocks and from that as a base forages within a radius of 25 or 30 yards. He eats shellfish, worms —almost any kind of animal life, but not plant. In winter he goes into a semihibernation.

One claw is almost always larger and stronger than the other. A pound-sized lobster can shear a lead pencil in two. To make him easier to handle the fisherman usually plugs the larger claw with a small wooden wedge.

The lobster grows by shedding his shell; molting it is called. In his first year he may molt 15 to 20 times, in his second three or four. Thereafter it's an annual process until he's attained his full growth.

Molting is a painful affair. As the lobster grows the shell gets tight and begins to split. Then he must starve, sometimes for a month, until he can squeeze out of the shell. When he's out he looks just as he did before, but is soft as jelly. Until his new shell hardens he must avoid his fellow lobsters—he'd make an easy meal.

A rise in the temperature of the water often makes lobsters molt. Once that caused a catastrophe in the Conley pound. Two hundred thousand lobsters were confined in one pen. Some freak of the ocean caused the water suddenly to become warmer. Lobsters began to disrobe by the thousands. As each emerged from his shell he was promptly eaten. Conley's lost nearly half the 200,000.

The biggest lobsters live in the deeper parts of the ocean. Since those depths are not fished and since the big fellows couldn't get into a trap anyway, nobody knows how big they may get.

The big ones that do see the light are caught inadvertently by trawlers. The record is 45 pounds. This lobster was taken by a trawler off the Virginia Capes and was covered with barnacles. It can be seen today in the Boston Society of Natural History.

Of the millions of lobsters that Conley's has handled the largest was 24 pounds. The day it came in there was an order from a new customer out in Calgary. He asked if they could send one big one with his order—he wanted to display it in his window. Conley's sent the 24-pounder along without comment. They never heard from the customer about it. Probably in Calgary they think that 24 pounds is just run of the mine. If the big fellow ever came to the table he must have been a disappointment. The very large ones are far too tough to eat. Even a three-pounder is inferior to one weighing a pound.

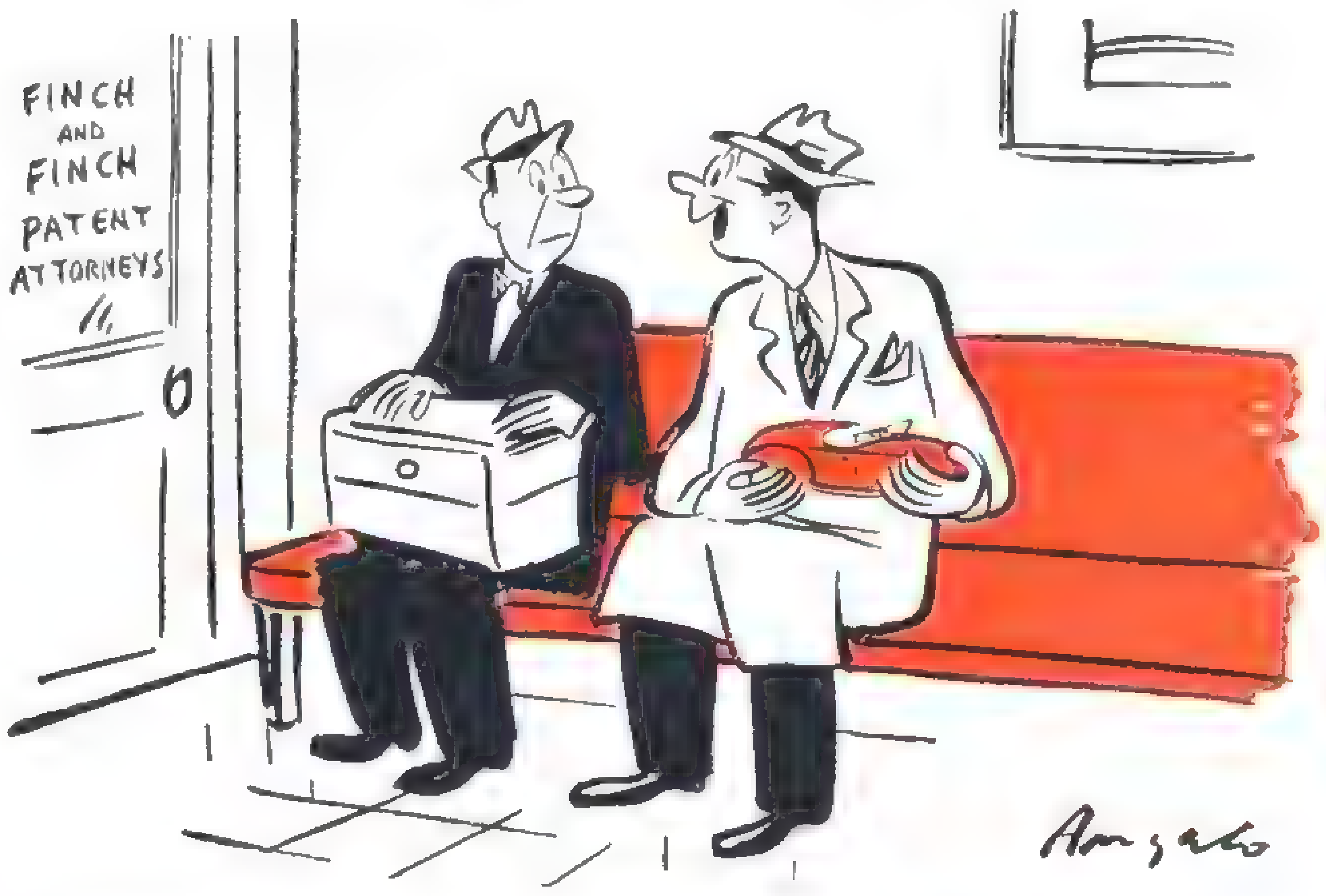
Trapping is the universal method of commercial lobster fishing. A trap is a crate built of lath, with a double bottom weighted with flat stones. Inside is the bait, usually herring, wrapped to protect it from predatory small fish. A cone-shaped opening lets the lobster enter, keeps him in.

The traps are lowered to the bottom, sometimes to a depth of 100 feet or more. In deep water the traps are usually single. In shallower water they are strung together, up to 50 or 60 to a line.

Modern lobster fishermen usually work in pairs, using a 30-foot powerboat, drawing up the traps by a power winch. The traps are raised and inspected daily and moved a little every few days.

Lobster fishing is a part-time business, during a season of two or three months. The seasons vary from place to place. The fisherman's average investment, in boats and traps, is $5000 or $6000. In a fair season a man may earn $2000 or $3000. In 1946, when lobster at the pier brought 85 cents a pound, some fishermen are said to have cleared $10,000.

The chief hazard of the business is storms. In one bad storm a


FINCH AND FINCH PATENT ATTORNEYS

"I've just invented a car that runs entirely on orange juice—of course I realize it would be practical only in Florida and California"

man may lose nearly all of his traps. Sometimes the fishermen race an approaching storm to get their traps in before it strikes.

The big excitement of the season is at the start. A location goes to the first man who puts out his lines. Through the night before the opening day the boats jockey for position. At midnight they race for the chosen spots.

In recent years both the United States and the Canadian Governments have devoted much study to the lobster. It's more important to the Canadians since approximately two-thirds of the lobsters come from the Maritime Provinces, the other third mostly from Maine. In Canada the lobster is second only to the cod as a commercial asset.

Lobster marketing differs economically from that of cod and halibut. With the latter it's the market that controls the volume, with the lobster it's the supply.

Of cod and halibut there seems to be an almost unlimited number. If additional buyers could be found the annual catch could be multiplied several times. But there are only so many lobsters and sooner or later most of them walk into the traps.

The Canadian Government's Department of Fisheries has been experimenting to find out what proportion of all legal-size lobsters are caught each year. At the beginning of the season they tag 500 to 1000 lobsters and release them on a typical fishing ground. Fishermen report the catch of tagged lobsters, which have differed in various grounds, ranging from 35 to 80 per cent. As a result the open season is being further limited, especially in areas where the largest percentages are caught.

Canada's total catch runs from 25 to 35 million pounds. Of that, Conley's Lobsters Limited handles about one-sixth, besides what they buy in Maine.

The company sells part of its product to wholesalers but tries more and more to deal directly with hotels and restaurants. Much of the business is by phone. As a rule, the order is on its way the same day. Most of Conley's business is in live lobsters, though some of the product is canned.

Live lobsters are classified as "chickens," weighing a pound; "quarters," one and one-fourth pounds; "selects," one and one-fourth to two and three-fourths; "small jumbos," two and three-fourths to three and one-half; and "jumbos," over three and a half pounds. Selects bring the highest price a pound, jumbos the lowest.

Conley's is trying, with some success, to increase the home consumption of fresh lobsters. During the season the A and P company buys three or four carloads a week, 50,000 to 60,000 lobsters.

Conley's Lobsters Limited does a business of around $3,000,000 a year.

Nowadays Ed Conley gets into the office occasionally, but leaves most of the business to his sons and their associates.

His first wife having died he remarried at the age of 67. Now, at 80, he has a lively son, aged eight.

Ed is a busy man. His vocation now is fruit growing. There are certain varieties which, people say, cannot be grown in Canada. Ed is figuring out ways of growing them and putting his theories into effect. He's having considerable success at it. ⌗

Continued from page 49

Where's the Light-Plane Boom?

Continued from page 56

lic was one of the first builders to start eliminating some of this nonsense by demonstrating in its Seabee that automobile starters, spark plugs and electrical equipment work just as well on planes as on motorcars.

This matter of cost is undoubtedly the most important facing the airplane business. The lowest priced four-place plane so far announced costs over $5000. Prices range up to $13,750. Minimum cost of operating such planes, including insurance and depreciation, is $2000 per year. Few persons can afford any such outlay.

For those who can, however, such a cost is *not expensive on the basis of the service provided.* A four-placer flown 500 hours in a year, for example, may cost $10 per hour. But for the $5000 thus spent it is providing 75,000 miles of transportation—at six-and-two-thirds cents per plane mile and less than two cents per passenger mile.

If you think that is too expensive, remember it costs at least five cents a mile (and maybe ten cents) to run your automobile one-fourth of the plane's speed.

But there is a catch in all this—in order for the plane to pay off economically it must be flown that 75,000 miles—or anyway 30,000 miles. Such extensive utilization is needed by only a few private individuals.

John W. Friedlander, president of Aeronca, says, "An aircraft is basically a method of transportation, and that is what we are selling—transportation . . . The logical markets for aircraft will be found in the agricultural, industrial and commercial worlds."

Even the smallest businesses can recognize the advantages of transportation as fast and economical as that provided by modern four-place airplanes. Farmers and ranchers, particularly in the West, make surprisingly extensive use of airplanes. But with present costs, the outlook for a family plane in every hangar isn't very bright.

Planes are still expensively made by skilled craftsmen and any sudden drop in prices is not in the picture. One company estimates that it would have to produce 50,000 planes of a single model per year to justify tooling

Continued on page 144

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2. Let your salesman help you decide your size . . . don't rush.
3. Insist on an honestly-made shoe, like Ward Hill, where there's as much care put inside the shoe as in the finish.

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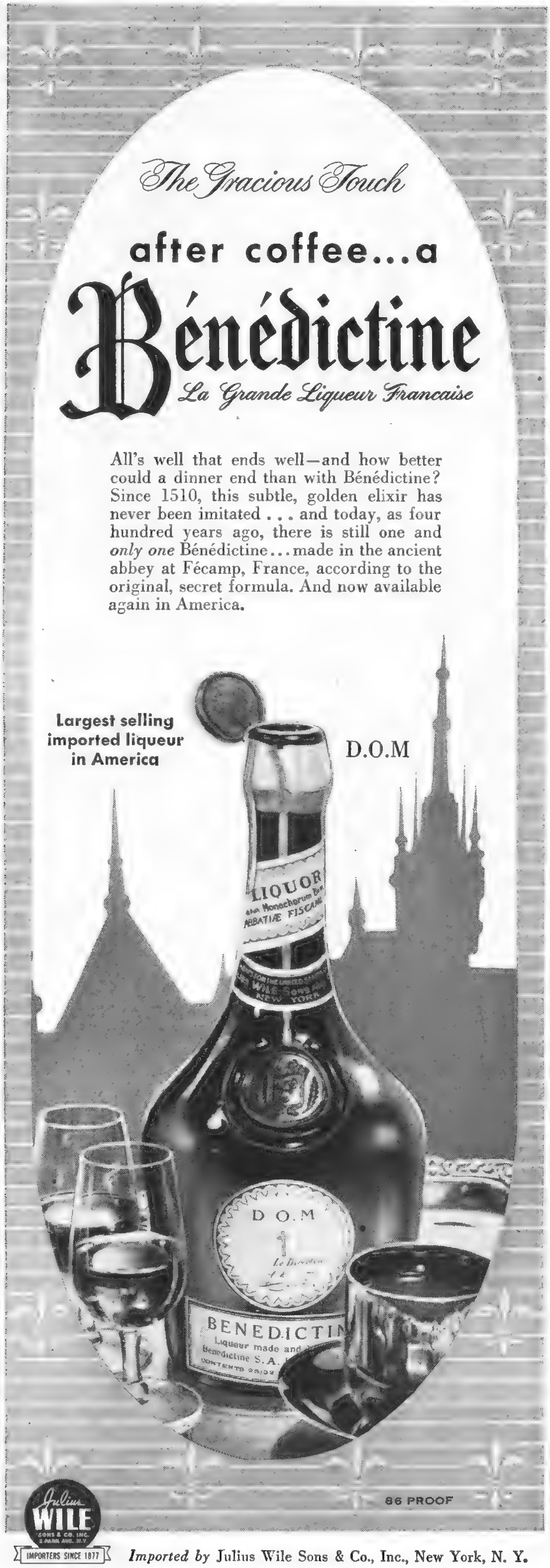

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Where's the Light-Plane Boom?

Continued from page 143

for true mass production. Even at present prices manufacturers are not making big profits—indeed most of them are barely breaking even.

After cost, the manufacturer's single biggest problem is his dealer. Planes must be sold by fixed base operators who provide airport space for them, service them, house them and repair them. And operators' business practices at times have been slapdash, even unethical.

Things are getting better, but slovenly service around airports is the rule. Airport rest rooms are notoriously unkempt. Unethical operators have put "the bite" on patrons, or have been so immersed in turning a fast dollar under the G.I. training program that they have ignored their other interests in selling and servicing planes.

Many old-timers simply don't know how to conduct a good operation. They grew up in the barnstorming days when every pilot was a hero. Often they are discourteous to new customers, resenting the idea that everyone can fly because that threatens their heroism.

Manufacturers are trying to control "the bite" by setting up standards of repair and maintenance charges. But the Barnacle Bill barnstormers must learn modern business methods or starve.

Moreover, planes still lack utility because of lack of airports. There are more then 4000 civil airports in the country. The CAA feels that 4000 more are needed. The new half-billion-dollar Federal Air airport program actually makes it possible for all these to be built—provided local governments are willing to match the Federal contribution.

There is downright opposition to airports in some localities. This opposition centers in the residential areas which are best able to support private flying. It is tending to drive airports away from the cities, making them harder to get at, hence less useful.

Weather is still a difficult problem. Icing is a hazard with which no private plane can contend. Although some new planes are equipped for instrument flying, the skill required is beyond all but a handful of pilots. Any realistic appraisal of private flying today must recognize that bad weather is insurmountable. Planes have no recourse but to stay on the ground.

Most utility problems are referred to the engineers. To curb objections against close-in airports, engineers are trying to make planes quieter. Muffling the engine is fairly simple. Quieting the prop is very difficult—after all, a siren is also a kind of propeller. The large slow-turning fan-shaped paddle blades which engineers have devised look outlandish but they are quiet.

Another attempt to lick the airport problem is the roadable airplane. If you can unhook your wings at the airport and drive the fuselage to town, you don't care if it is one mile away or ten. Most engineers believe that a roadside airplane is neither a good automobile nor a good plane. That they are not all agreed accounts for persistent attempts to develop successful roadables.

Still another engineering attack on the airport problem is the new castered landing gear, enabling planes to land crosswind without danger. That means, in turn, that single landing strips are adequate to serve most lightly used airfields. This reduces the cost of runway construction and the amount of land necessary for airports. The CAA is already restudying its airport program as a result of this development.

Other developments are underway. L. P. Sharples, chairman of the executive committee of the Aircraft Owners and Pilots Association, wrote to the National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics over two years ago outlining a goal for that organization to shoot at.

"My idea," he wrote in effect, "would be a four-place cabin plane with 200 m.p.h. cruising speed, 35 m.p.h. landing speed, able to land in a minimum field now usable by light planes, vibrationless and silent as an automobile for passengers, priced like an automobile, suitable for night flying and flying over overcast, quiet enough to keep peace with the neighbors, and twice as safe as the best two-control job now in production."

In two years we have made enormous progress toward most of these goals. Here's how the most modern planes are approaching Mr. Sharples' goals: Cruising speeds, 150-175 m.p.h.; landing speeds, about 50 m.p.h.; ability to land in minimum field, yes. They are at least silent enough for a cabin dome speaker. They are suitable for night flying and flying above the overcast. Quiet enough for neighbors? No, but at least we know how to make them so. Twice as safe as the best two-control job in production in 1946? Probably not—in fact extremely uncertain because safety is always a function of speed. Priced like an automobile? Far from it!

It is quite possible that one of the unconventional aircraft now in development might completely alter the whole aircraft picture. There are planes with controllable wings, four-place nonspinnable planes, roadable planes, all in development. There is a model with a very short wing curved like a half barrel (called a channel wing) for which sensational performance is claimed. There is another one in the works shaped like a gigantic ladybug. The aircraft industry is a business in which anything can happen and the sky is, truly, the limit. ⵏⵏ

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Case of the Nutritious Sadist

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impulse was to brush Conny off, but when he noticed how guileless his nephew was, he invited Conny to spend a thirty-day shore leave with him. Conny had some money saved up. Bob prevailed upon him to make a down payment on a car—any kind of car, just so it had a steering wheel—right after Conny had made Uncle Bob the beneficiary of his Navy insurance. After Conny's car went over a cliff, Bob put the insurance money into his business.

In the Spring of 1935, Bob hired a new manicurist—a tall, statuesque blonde named Mary Busch, who was never quite sure what day of the week it was. Miss Busch soon took it for granted that she and her employer were engaged. One morning she asked Bob when they could be married.

"Married?" Bob asked. "Why?"

"We're going to have a baby."

All day he tried to avoid looking at Miss Busch. This was not easy. The walls and ceiling of his shop were mirrored, and the floor was so highly polished that customers noticed an interesting optical effect as the manicurist walked past. Wherever he looked Bob saw Miss Busch's blonde reflection, exuding love and joy.

That night Bob learned that Mary, too, believed in insurance. Marriage now seemed desirable.

Bob faced a problem. The annulment of his fourth marriage had not yet been granted, and bigamy was a serious offense.

The solution to the problem came to him one night in a barroom where he perceived a fellow patron had a singularly pious face. His name was something like Gobi. Bob asked him to help play a joke on a girl friend. "Make believe you're a minister, and marry us. There's fifty bucks in it for you."

Gobi showed up next day carrying a Bible, and pronounced Bob and Mary man and wife.

The following week, June 3, 1935, Bob took out $10,000 worth of insurance on Mary with two companies, with double indemnity for accidental death. They moved to a pleasant community called La Canada, in the Sierra Madres foothills. Their house sat far back from the road, and was screened by tall trees and luxuriant shrubbery. Behind the house was a fishpond. The only neighbor who could view the property was a retired English Army officer—a Major Alfred Dinsley.

People in Southern California sometimes have odd occupations. A pock-faced, flat-nosed customer named Chuck Hope who came into Bob's barbershop, described himself as a bread cutter in a café. Bread cutting apparently had its dull periods because Hope put the bite on Bob for free tonsorial service the day after Bob's spurious marriage to Mary Busch.

That evening Bob, driving along Sunset Boulevard, struck up an acquaintance with a young lady. They went to Long Beach. In an amusement area there Bob became preoccupied with an exhibit of diamond-backed rattlesnakes, and soon his head was aswirl with plans for his fifth wife's future.

Next time Hope showed up in the barbershop, Bob said to him, "Take my car and run down to Long Beach. There's a man there with a snake exhibit. Buy a couple of rattlers from him. Make sure they're hot." Bob gave Hope $20.

Hope returned with the rattlers which, he said, were hot, meaning that their sting was deadly. Bob put the snakes in a box with a chicken overnight, but the chicken didn't die.

Bob now gave Hope $50 and sent him to the reptile farm of Snake Joe Houtenbrink. Snake Joe, not realizing what he was doing, sold Hope two very hot snakes named Lethal and Lightning. An experiment conducted with some chickens late that afternoon proved that they were hot.

Hope now inquired, "What you goin' to do with these snakes?"

"We're going to kill a woman," said Bob.

"*We*. What do you mean *we*?"

"You and me. We're going to kill my wife."

"Count me out. Count me out on murder. I don't like scaffolds."

"Look," said Bob. "This will be easy. My wife's dumb as hell. You're going to be a doctor. Find something wrong with her and suggest an operation on the kitchen table. We'll strap her to the table and let a snake bite her leg."

Hope underwent a change of mind and heart when Bob offered him some of the insurance money and pointed out that the bread cutter, by buying the hot snakes, was already involved.

Bob's spurious marital status began to worry him. What if the insurance companies learned upon Mary's death that she and Bob had not been legally married? The problem happily resolved itself when Bob got an annulment from his fourth wife. Now Bob married Mary legally. Mary distinctly recalled the first ceremony and asked why Bob was marrying her again. "Because I love you so much," said Bob.

Now Hope—Dr. Charles Hope—entered Mary's life. He started coming home to dinner with Bob. One night Mary asked, "What are you staring at, Doctor?"

"My dear," said Hope, "you need medical attention."

"What medical attention?"

"Nothing I can't do right here on the kitchen table."

By way of the build-up for what was to come, the doctor put Mary on what was practically a whiskey diet. On the morning of Sunday, August 4, 1935, the boys were ready to go to work. Hope was hiding in the garage behind the house, with one of the snakes in a box with a glass top. Bob and Mary breakfasted on a bottle of rye. When Mary was good and drunk, Bob signaled Hope to

Continued on page 146

Springtime

When April pushes tulips up into the sun and freshens the air and makes you feel it's good just to be alive — that's the time to light a fine Dutch Masters cigar and add one more pleasure to the good things of life.

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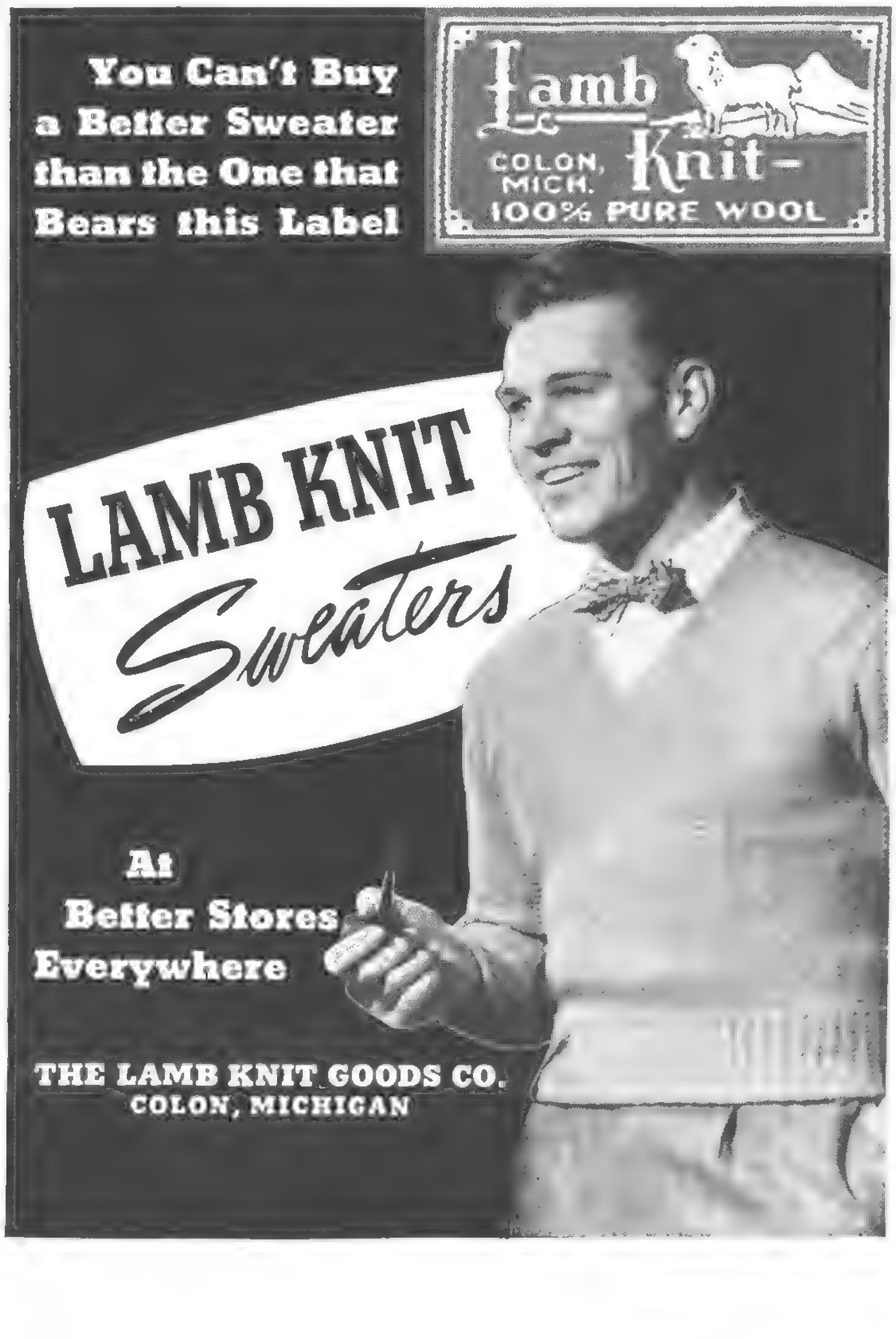

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Case of the Nutritious Sadist

Continued from page 145

come into the house with the snake. The two strapped her to the kitchen table and bound her mouth and eyes with adhesive tape. Then Bob took her right foot and slipped it into the box. Lethal struck immediately. Hope took the box back to the garage.

As the poison began to creep up Mary's leg the pain partially sobered her. "You must have got bitten with something," her husband explained. "If it's not better in the morning, I'll call Dr. Hope."

When darkness fell, Mary was still alive. Hope was still out in the garage, royally drunk.

Mary, half drunk, half out of her mind with agony, sat down and wrote her sister a letter, at Bob's dictation. It was written as if penned the following day. Mary told her sister she had been bitten by an insect while working in the garden. She spoke of waiting for Bob to come home from work.

It was almost dawn when Bob summoned Hope into the bungalow. Mary lay dead in a tub filled with water. "Grab her feet," said Bob, "and I'll take her head."

They took her out to the fishpond, and laid her face down in the water, so that it looked as if she had had a fainting spell, fallen into the pond and drowned.

Bob opened up the barbershop at eight-thirty. He made it a point to be seen continuously for the balance of the day. After the shop closed, he picked up a Mr. and Mrs. Pemberton, and drove them to the bungalow at La Canada for dinner. He maneuvered things so Pemberton found Mary.

When the cops came there was nothing particularly suspicious—if you didn't know Bob James and the cops didn't. The swollen leg was ascribed to an insect bite. Pregnancy often causes women to faint and the fifth Mrs. James had apparently fainted and fallen face downward into the fishpond.

There was not the slightest indication that Mary James had died earlier than the day she was found. Her note to her sister was still on the desk and it indicated it was written on Monday. The James neighbor—Major Dinsley—said he had just happened to peer over the shrubs to the James property at half past nine on Monday morning, and had seen a woman in pajamas puttering around her garden.

The investigative department of one of the two companies that had insured Mary James decided it would be stretching coincidence all too far to suppose Bob James had just happened to take out double-indemnity policies on three persons only a short time before they met death by accident. But

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where was there any evidence of foul play? Mary James had, by her own written admission, met death at a time when Bob was miles away, working in his shop.

The insurance companies were stubborn. They dug up the fact that the policies were irregular in that when they had been issued, Mary James, although being named as the wife of Bob James, had not been legally married to him. On the basis of that irregularity one of the insurance companies offered James a settlement of $3500 on a $5000 policy, and the second company told him to go ahead and sue. James took the settlement from the first company, started suit against the second, and moved to Los Angeles, where he began to play house with another woman.

The D.A.'s office had considered James for a leading role in a front-page probe at the time of his fifth wife's death, but they had nothing definite against him. However, something that happened in March, 1936, seven months after her death, started the investigative ball rolling.

In his barbershop one day, Bob looked up from a lathered face and saw, across the street, a lady. He abandoned the task at hand to run across the street, and proffer the lady a detailed indecent proposal. She slapped his face and screamed for the gendarmes. Bob was arrested and fined fifty fish for disorderly conduct.

The street incident brought Bob James to the attention of the D. A.'s office once more and a top-drawer investigation was begun.

The body of Mary James was exhumed. Medical experts said she had been bitten not by an insect but by a rattlesnake. That cast serious doubts on the authenticity of the letter that Mary James had written before she died. How a woman who had been bitten by a rattlesnake could possibly say she had been bitten by an insect just didn't make sense.

The D. A.'s men reached back into the life of Bob James. They learned from Wife Number One, an Alabama girl, that Bob had attempted to drown her after taking out insurance on her. They learned from the second Mrs. James—a former Emporia, Kansas, movie-house cashier with the improbable name of Vera Vermillion—that her marriage to Bob had begun to disintegrate when he tried to put hot curling irons on her fingers.

In checking up on Bob's acquaintances, the D. A.'s men found Chuck Hope cooking hamburgers at a resort near L. A. It was Hope who broke and spilled his part of the story. Hope went away for life, and they hung the nutritious sadist—the last man to go by the rope before the gas chamber was introduced in the Golden State. ⧺

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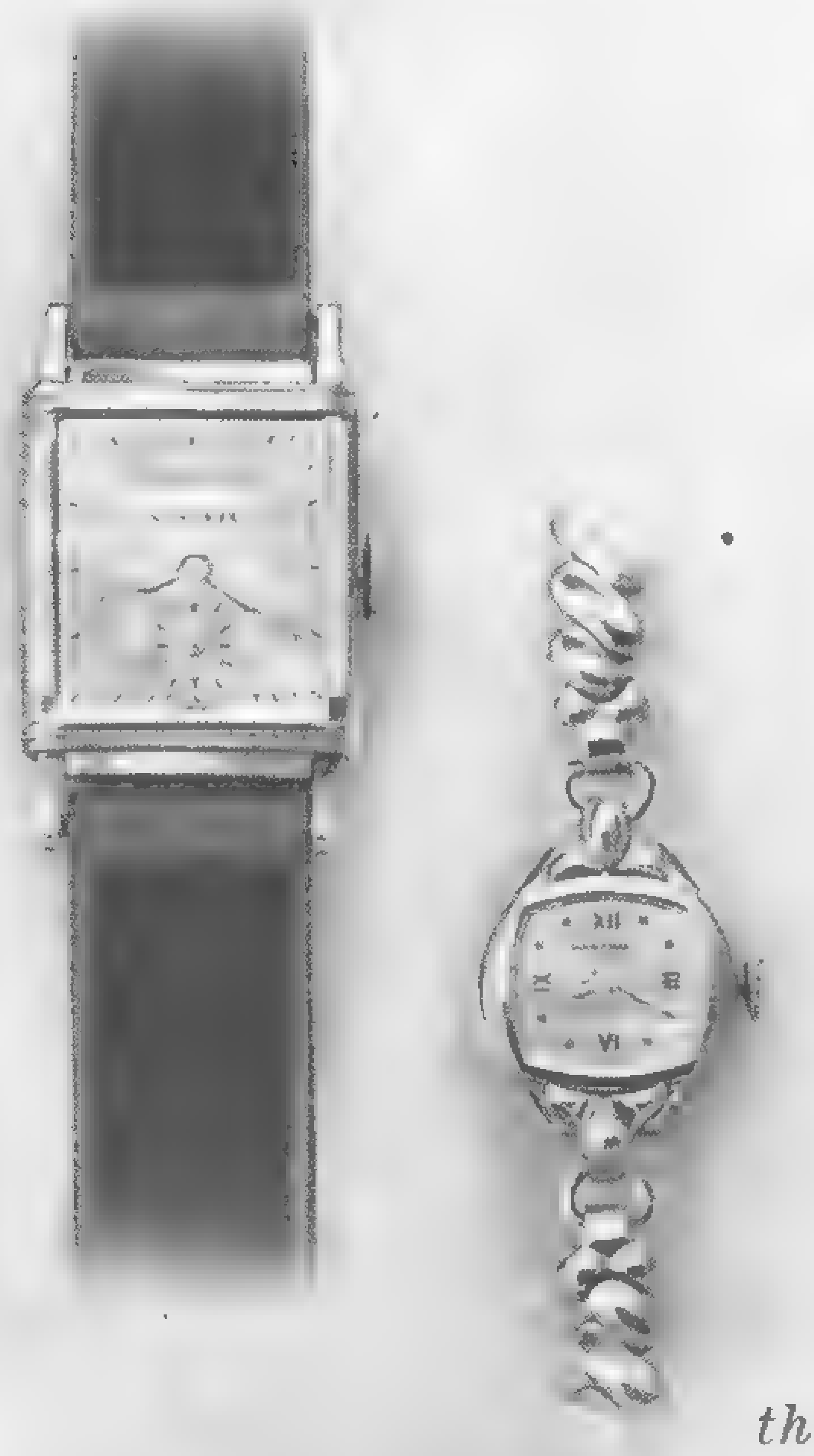

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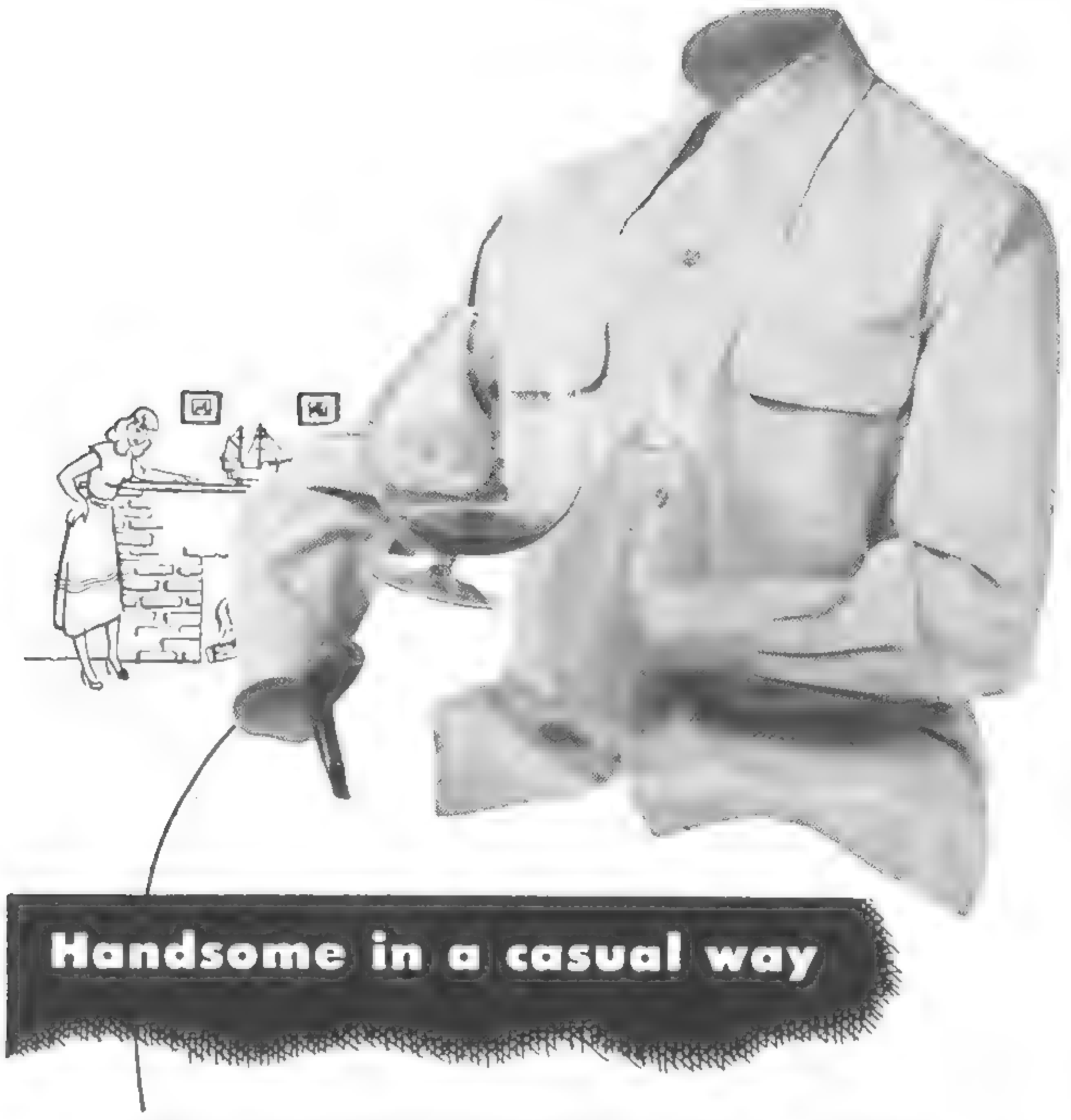

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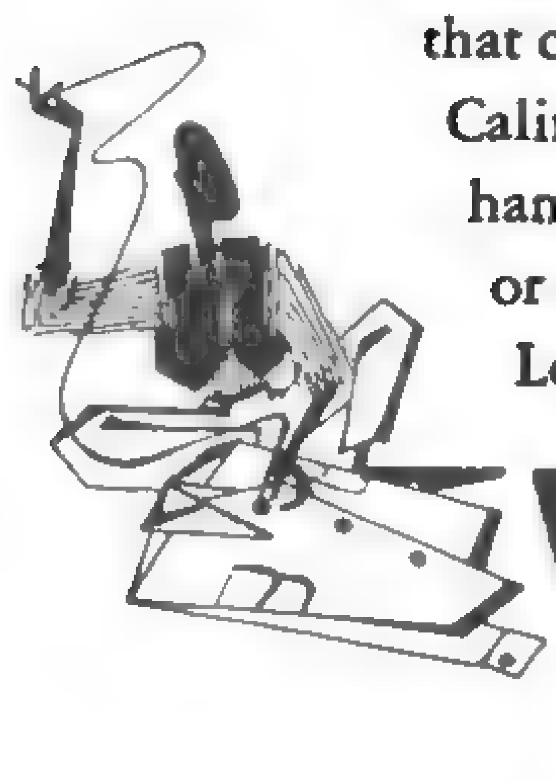

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Tourist's Perfect Handbook

Continued from page 98

the old Frenchman impressed on me, "these meals, boring teas, and mediocre wines must be paid for in one way or another.

"A man of my age pays for his hospitality by being dignified, distingué, and gravely nodding, 'You are quite right, Madame; I have always thought so, too,' to any observation she makes, no matter how foolish.

"A guest of forty fulfills his obligations by having a new story and a front of false amiability every time he comes to the table.

"But with a lad of your age it is incumbent that he try to seduce his hostess. This implies no disrespect, mind you. It is only a subtle courtesy which costs nothing, and is the nicest compliment you can pay her. Whether she accepts your attentions or allows herself the hollow gratification of feeling virtuous (than which there is no memory less pleasant to look back upon) it will give her such a nice feeling in any event.

"If she refuses you, we leave on Monday morning with the other guests, you looking fittingly unhappy. Believe me, even that will be a better gift than a brooch. If she accepts you we stay on until the food starts falling off or the servants get insolent, for they will detect a change in her first.

"Also remember that the pantry is filled with intrigue. Servants have their own ways of undermining you and getting someone else in if you do not overtip as a form of insurance; this precludes any possibility of doing the daily marketing—with the idea of overcharging and withholding change, as a means of acquiring said *pourboire* funds and the daily bouquet for your hostess. That is their concession and your only way of meeting your expenses is by paying the checks for her in tearooms, cocktail bars, restaurants, and casinos when you are out, a tenderness which enables you to raise the addition just enough to let her pay for her own flowers, and to cut down on the waiters' tips enough to placate the maître d'hotel and cook at home. What it amounts to in the servants' case is, they are simply dividing their gratuities, and as they are generally communists anyway they should not complain. Your hostess, on the other hand, likes a guest who is ever ready to go out teaing, dancing, or gambling, so everyone is happy."

But let not the young American think there are no moral obligations in this social system for him. Naturally, in the small confines of a coast that stretches to all intents and purposes only from Monte Carlo to Cannes, where all the

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Camp Hosiery has the superfine quality particular men want. You see it in the fine Durene* mercerized cotton...in the four ply body and six ply heels and toes; in the meticulous knitting. Available in many smart patterns and color combinations.
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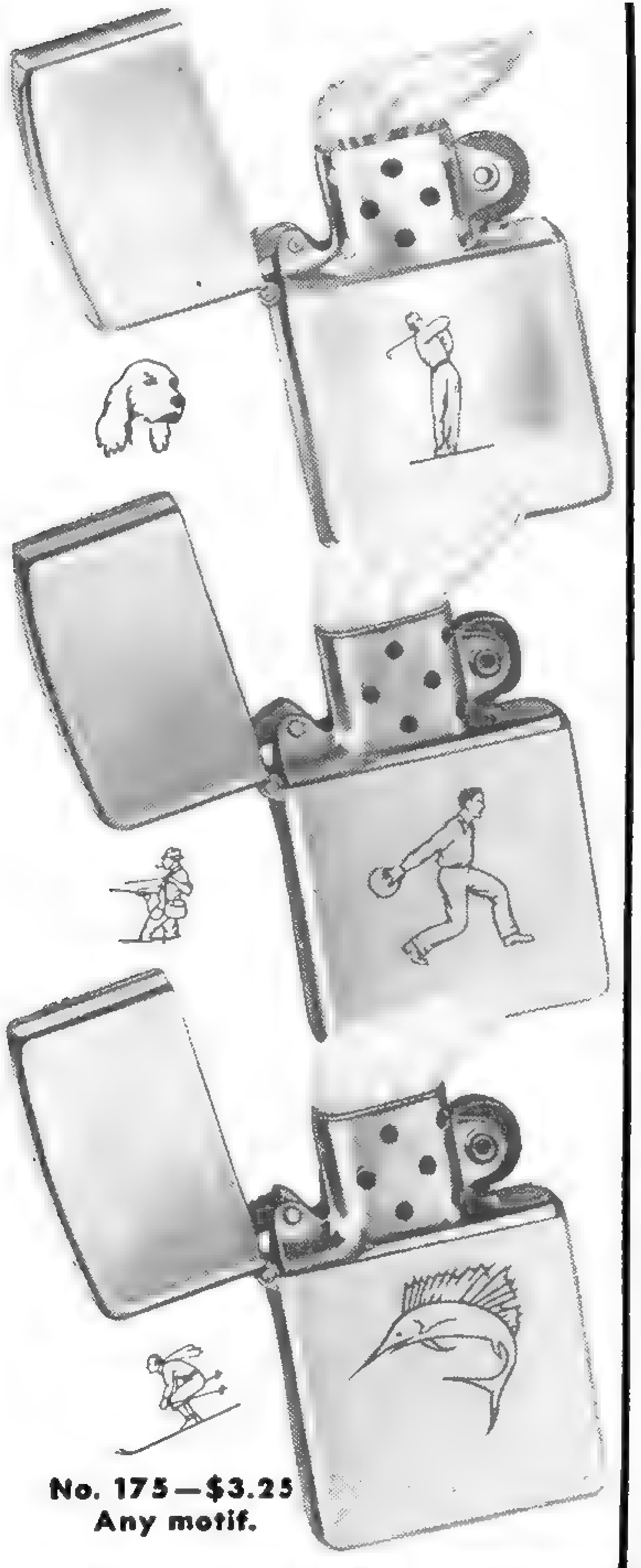

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servants are cousins, and matrons confide the most intimate details of their private lives over cocktails to the world in general, and where the people you meet here today are the ones you are going to run onto in Paris or Cairo or Biarritz in three months, everyone is going to know of your new relationship within a week. This places the reputation of a lady completely in your hands. She cannot be changing tame house guests every week, since permanency more or less gives the relationship respectability; it is therefore one of the unwritten laws of cultured society that when a gentleman has seduced a lady he must continue for at least six months out of politeness.

If he has a philandering streak in him and has to get it out of his system, let him take a trip. On it let him remember that any lady worth meeting won't be won by a shrill whistle, reflections on her ankles, or a G.I. leer. A bow accompanied by, "Will you do me the honor, Madame?" at apéritif time may pay sixty per cent results; but never insist if the answer is no. This last is where the American has hurt himself most in the eyes of the cultured foreigner.

The French have the saying: "A worthless man is irresistible to a good woman," but his manners still have to be impeccable. Only men with a damn good bank account and a reputation for reliability can afford to be gauche.

If the French belief that a worthless man is irresistible to a good woman is true it therefore follows that the reverse should also be the case. Your ideal, worthless man should only be attracted to good women, an assumption I subscribe to thoroughly. You never find a bounder like myself being caught by a bad woman. We like ladies, gracious and regal and well-groomed; clothed, coiffured, and manicured accordingly; the sort included in the forty per cent to whom a bow and the most courteous apéritif invitation is no substitute for presentation and a reliable sponsor. But suppose you are on a ship, in a café, dining car, or train, and there is no mutual acquaintance or approachable elderly lady in sight on whom to apply the theory that all the world loves a lover.

It is no longer a matter of strategy; you are up against pure tactics now, and whatever technique you work out, be it the boyishness of a big, brown-eyed Texan or the deep sadness of an inconsolable Russian, it must be to the pattern of your own nature.

In the case of a young French nobleman, which we might cite as an example, the solution was a ponderous Russian watch, a key-winder found in a pawn shop, with *Za otlichnouyu strilbu*, "for excellent shooting ability," on its silver case and a miniature of the czar and czarina inside. It has been a regimental sharpshooter's prize at some long past spring maneuvers, when to some boy, probably dead these many years, the proudest

Continued on page 150

Famous Queens
BY
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Painting by H. P. Gray
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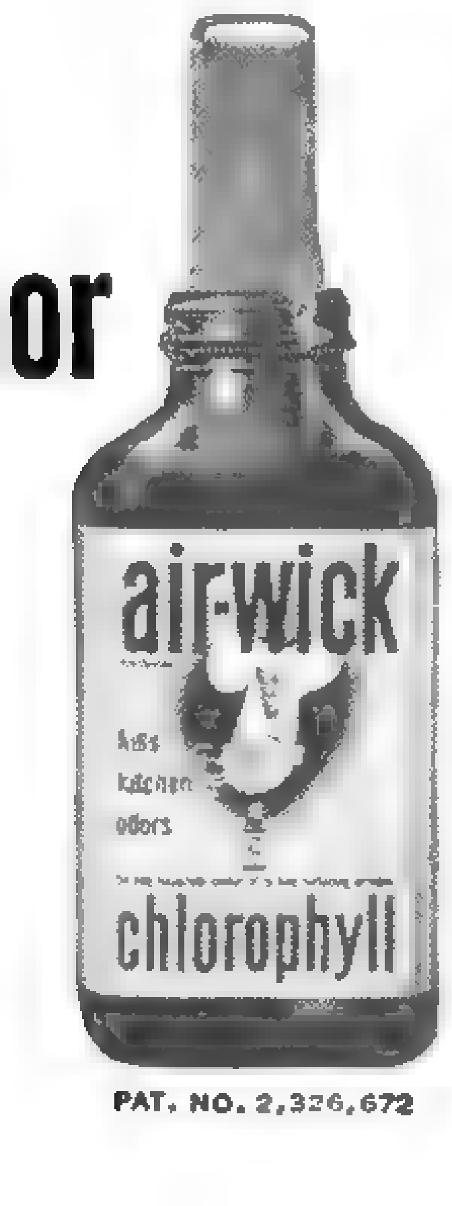

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Tourist's Perfect Handbook

Continued from page 149

thing in life was praise from his emperor for shooting a gun.

One can only imagine how many times it changed hands on the end of a greasy string, from a dead man's pocket to a live one's, and the road down, into and out of pawn shops for flophouse money and vodka. Pawn-shop trips in the end are inevitably one-way and one day it did not return.

Its fifteen-jeweled, handmade works by Tobias kept perfect time till its predaceous new owner dropped it on a ship's deck, after which it ticked as long as it remained in a horizontal position and stopped as soon as it was placed upright in a pocket.

After a week or two he would not have had that watch repaired for anything. Once he had selected the lady whose acquaintance he wished to make and had casually edged into her proximity, he could safely pull out his watch in the certainty that it needed setting.

Carefully, deliberately, as befitted a conservative young gentleman reared in the traditions of the old school, he would open the heavy back of the case, insert the key that must originally have been designed for a dungeon or a wine cellar, and, exposing the face with its two miniatures, begin turning the hands.

By now both the quarry and anyone else in the vicinity were watching with interest. He would stop, look around in search of a clock, and then in a most abstract manner that implied no interest at all in her, say: "Pardon, Madame, but can you tell me the hour?"

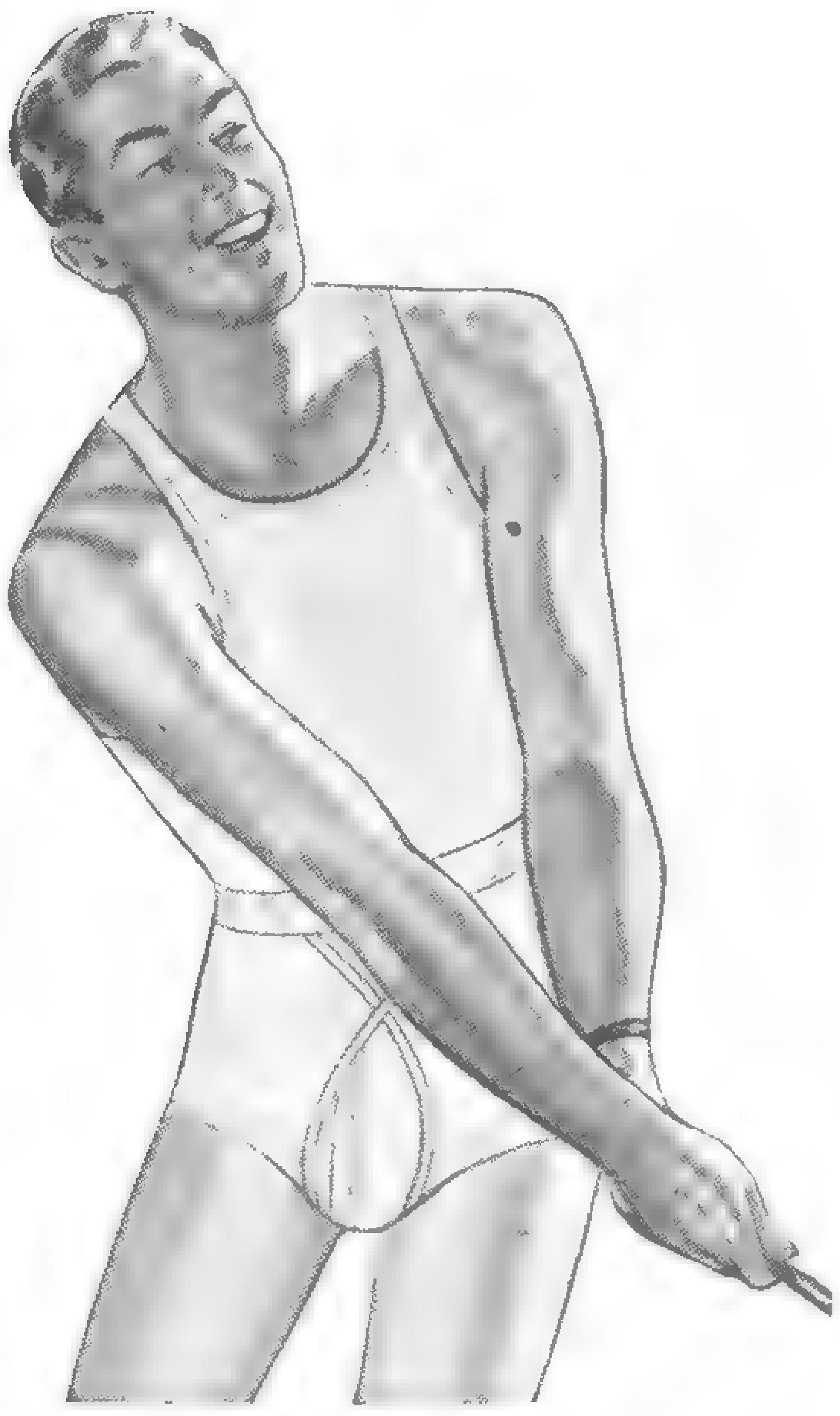
No lady who is well-bred enough to snub an apéritif inviter can refuse to give a gentleman of her own class the time. From then on, depending on a snap judgment of her knowledge of history and Russian czars, followed a story that ranged anywhere from Austerlitz to Plevna, lingering on the hallmark in the hammered case and gradually working toward a hotel, stateroom, or bar.

These are things thousands of simple boys, condemned by environment and educational system to become lowly sergeants, might have been doing in the halcyon days from 1929 to '40, along the path from Paris to Juan-les-Pins and Biarritz to Bucharest that has been worn smooth by the Rolls-Royces of pilgrims; and who can say they would be wrong? Instead of slogging it out from Normandy to the Bulge we would have had just that many more fluent OSS lieutenant-colonels with diplomas from the finest school in the world: Hard Knocks College and the American Hospital in Paris, to serve us in our hour of need.

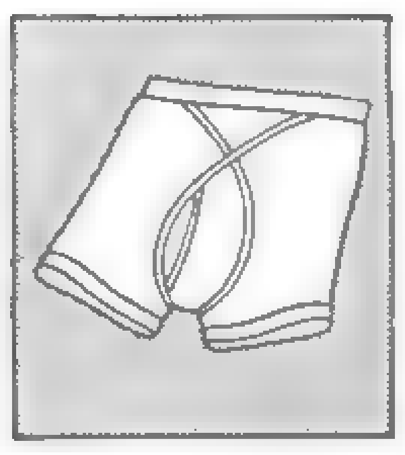
It is enough to break the heart of a man of fire and imagination, the woeful lack of spirit in the young American of today.

Continued from page 98

Try this underwear just once and you'll wear it all your life! For you'll know the minute you put it on what comfort *really* is. You see, Healthknit is the only **underwear** that has the Kut-Ups feature and the Cantilever support. Working together, these two big exclusives banish creep, bind, bunch, give you support **that's really** gentle. You feel the difference with every move you make, every step you take. Yet Healthknit costs no more. So, from now on, friend, wear this **different** kind of underwear. Ask for genuine Kut-Ups shirts and MacDee shorts. For men and boys at better stores everywhere.



HEALTHKNIT MacDee† BOTTOMS



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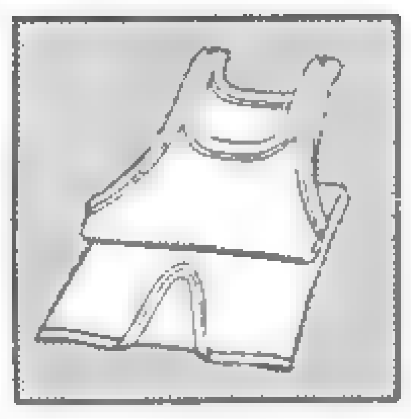

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Advice to Unfaithful Husbands

Continued from page 37

life miserable for both of you. So why risk that? Don't break down if she gives you the third degree. Don't let her wear you out by a war of attrition. Above all, don't let her trap you into an admission by pretending she has all the evidence. She wasn't there, was she?

I knew a wife once who had a Heart-to-Heart talk with her husband during the early months of their marriage. She told him how important it was to be completely honest with each other, that if the time came when one should stray, the erring spouse should make a clean breast of it to the other, so that they could talk it over frankly, analyze the situation. After all, they were both modern, intelligent, adult. They weren't children, nor mid-Victorians. They were capable of viewing each other as individuals, weren't they? The husband fell for it, hook, line, and sinker, felt good to think he had such a broad-minded, intelligent wife. So, came the day when he took the Fatal Step. It was a completely unimportant, casual, meaningless encounter, but, mindful of their promises to keep everything fair and aboveboard, he came to her, all set for that intelligent, adult, objective discussion. What happened? She divorced him.

Another husband I know returned from overseas after the war and answered truthfully his wife's normal feminine queries and thereby confirmed her suspicions, instead of throttling them as he should have done. She didn't divorce him, but sometimes he wishes she had. Hardly a day goes by that she doesn't remind him of his defection, and taunt him with it. She refuses to do anything for him, because he has Betrayed her. Let him darn his own socks! Why should she work her fingers to the bone for a Louse and a Beast? She snarls at him in private and makes snide references in public. Every time he suggests that they let bygones be bygones and tells her that he really loves her, she laughs derisively. If he stops for a glass of beer on his way home from work, she accuses him of having a rendezvous with a mistress. If he's tired at night and doesn't feel like talking, she attributes his silence to thinking of some other woman. If he makes a special effort to be nice to her, she says he's trying to cover up.

She, too, is a modern, intelligent woman, or passes for one. She had affairs before she was married, and possibly even since, but the one thing she apparently cannot forgive is her husband's overt humiliation of her by *telling* her that he has been unfaithful. She cannot stand to know, and to have him know that she knows. Because it is true that no matter how "intelligent" or how "adult" she may be, there isn't a wife born who wouldn't rather have her husband swear to her that he has

Continued on page 152

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Advice to Unfaithful Husbands

Continued from page 151

never so much as touched another woman's hand—even though she is pretty sure he is lying. So long as he doesn't admit it to her, she doesn't have to *do* a thing about it.

(Of course, there are exceptions to every rule. Now if, for example, I should even suspect my own husband, I would simply slit his throat from ear to ear. Not when he was awake. I am not one to indulge in hand-to-hand combat. I would wait till he was asleep—he is a very sound sleeper—take a sharp old-fashioned razor and go to work. Are you listening dear?)

Even if you think that you have actually fallen in love with another girl, this is in the majority of cases merely One of Those Things which will wear off in time, if only you keep mum about it. You may feel you are absolutely sure that this is the McCoy, the works, the business. Nine times out of ten you are dead wrong, so for heaven's sake keep it to yourself—at least for six months or a year. If it is the real thing, it will survive this waiting. If it is only an infatuation, you will have saved your marriage, and yourself a lot of headaches. I know a man who had been happily married for fifteen years. He and his wife were friends and companions. They enjoyed being with each other, liked the same things, enjoyed the same friends. Then he got a job which took him out of town a lot. On one of these trips he met a pretty blonde, years younger than either himself or his wife. She gave him the old business and he went for it. Rapturous with delusions of recaptured youth, he went to his wife, told her he had fallen in love with someone else, and said he wanted a divorce. His heartbroken wife gave it to him, and off he flew on wings of love—assisted by Eastern Air Lines—to his new flame. Alas, she had flickered out. In fact, she laughed in his face. Now he can't get his wife back again, and he is one disillusioned, miserable guy. In addition, he has to pay her alimony.

Still another husband, convinced that at last True Love had come into his life, persuaded his wife to divorce him. But the True Love was also married and had no intention of leaving her husband. By the time our hero realized this, his own wife had married again, and he can see his children only by appointment twice a year.

Let us assume, however, that you are under no illusions as to the magnitude and permanence of your amorous episode. While your wife was in the country, you went out one night on a party, had a few drinks, met someone who flattered you, flirted with you, and made you feel like a helluva fellow. Well, so what? You may feel guilty about it, but the chances are that you assuage your conscience by reminding yourself

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that "all the other fellows do it." You still love your wife. You don't want to leave her and go and live with the other girl. In fact, you would fall in a dead faint at the idea. You are not going to sit around and brood over it, because the average man is a practical extrovert where his emotions are concerned. In short, you are going to put it out of your mind, or at least relegate it to a remote fissure of it where you store items of no great importance (such as the date of the Battle of Hastings). So why make the Little Woman miserable and risk your marriage by letting her drag it out of you?

Even, I repeat, if you have really done this thing which perhaps neither one of you thought in the early days of your marriage could ever be possible—not *you*, of all men!—what has actually been changed? You have not turned into a werewolf. You are exactly the same guy as you were before the Foul Deed. You look the same, talk the same, like the same books and movies, feel the same about politics, tell the same jokes. The mere physical act of your philandering has not magically metamorphosed you into a monster. If you loved your wife before, then you still love her. You don't want to lose her, and she doesn't want to lose you—even if she might like to see you slowly tortured with red-hot pincers for a few hours. All she can really do is to wish that it hadn't happened, and if *you* don't tell her, she won't know that it has.

Foreign men are much more sensible about this sort of thing. To many Frenchmen, Latin-Americans, etc., having mistresses is as routine and normal as brushing their teeth (more so, to some of them), but they don't tell their wives about it! You can't picture them saying, in earnest but stumbling words: "Listen, Fifi (or Carmencita, as the case may be), there is something I must confess to you. I have been killing time with a little blonde number who really means nothing to me, but I want you to know about it." They would consider, and rightly, that any husband who followed this suicidal procedure must be mentally unbalanced. American husbands would do well to follow their example. I don't mean that you should take mistresses the way you do aspirin—two at a time—but when you do fall by the wayside, remember that the rule is to admit nothing, deny everything, think fast. The urge to confession is a powerful one in the human soul. Don't let it get the best of you. This is irrefutably one situation where honesty is the worst policy. Men being what they are—a combination of snips and snails and puppy dogs' tails and hormones—the wise husband is the one who acts on the theory that what his wife does not actually know cannot hurt her. You may be a heel if you cheat on your wife, but you're a far bigger one if you tell her about it. If you're unfaithful—forget it! ⧺

Continued from page 37

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CONCEALED GRIPPER FLY-NO METAL CAN TOUCH YOU!

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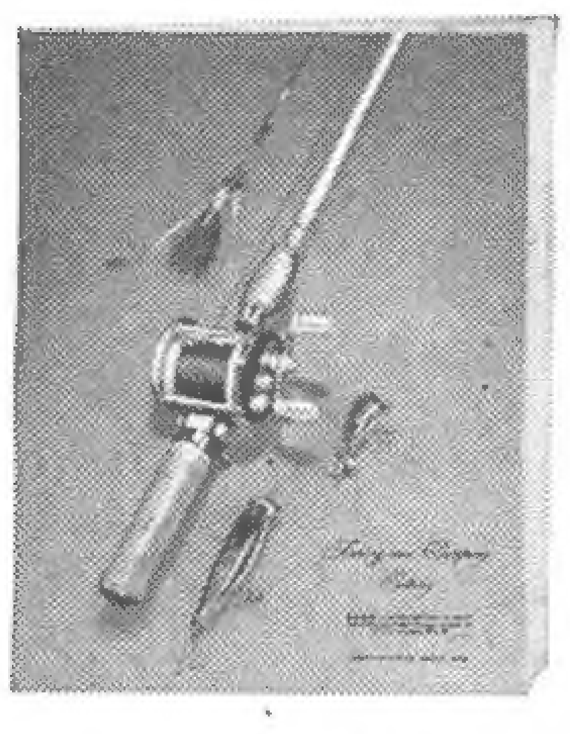

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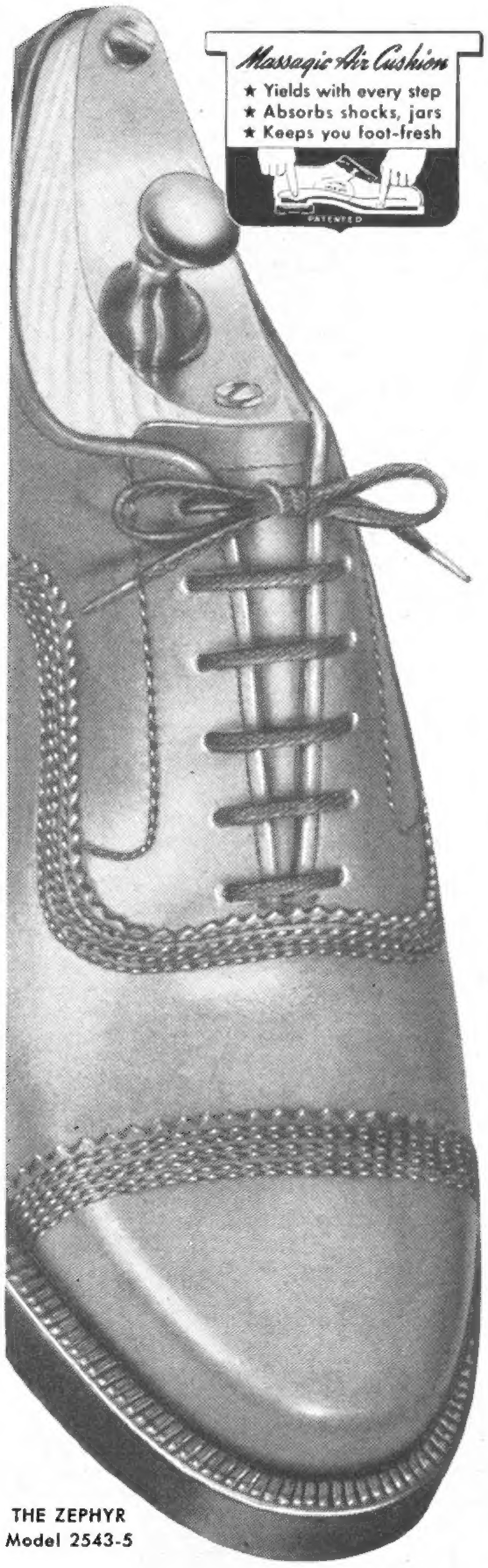

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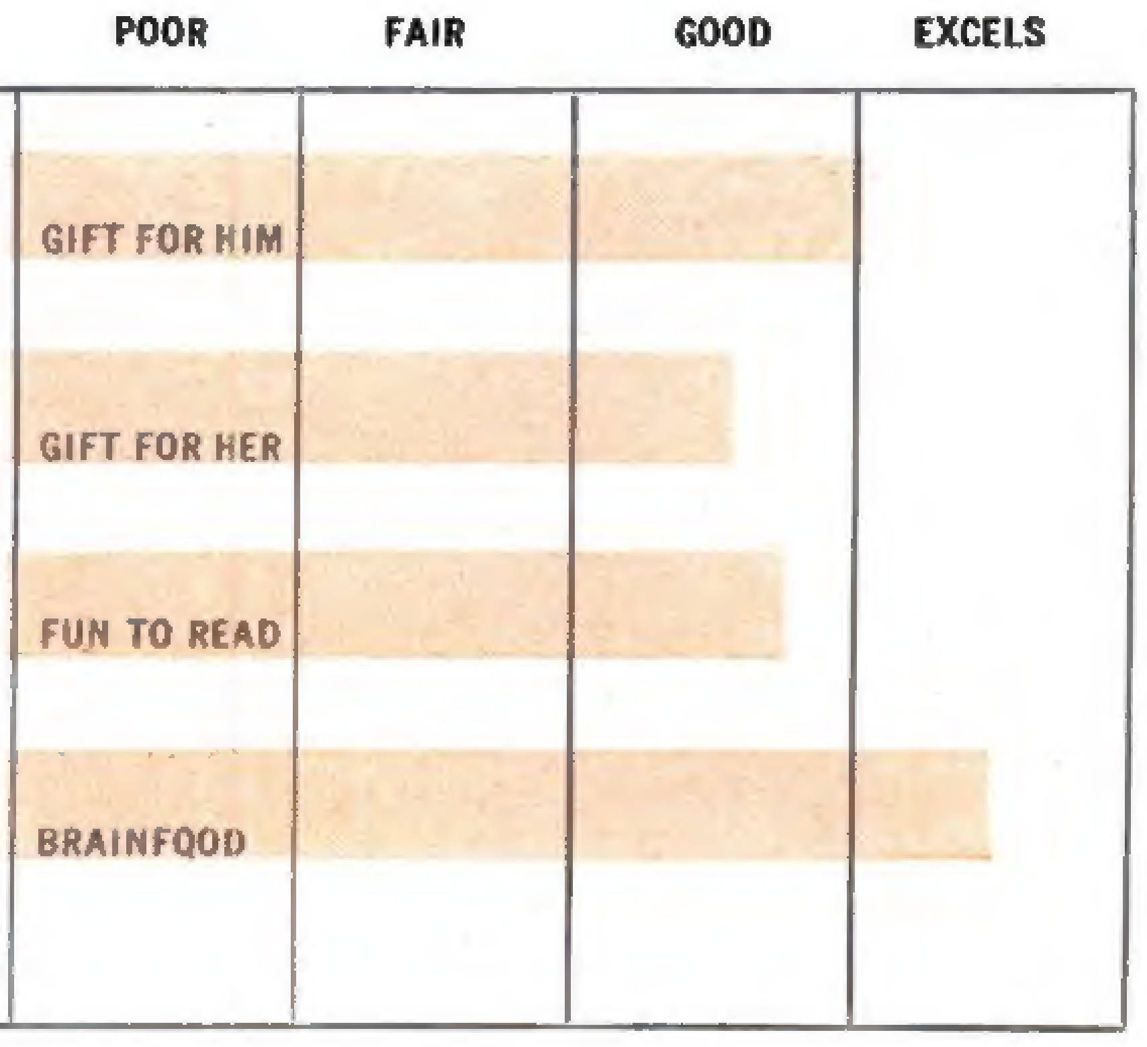

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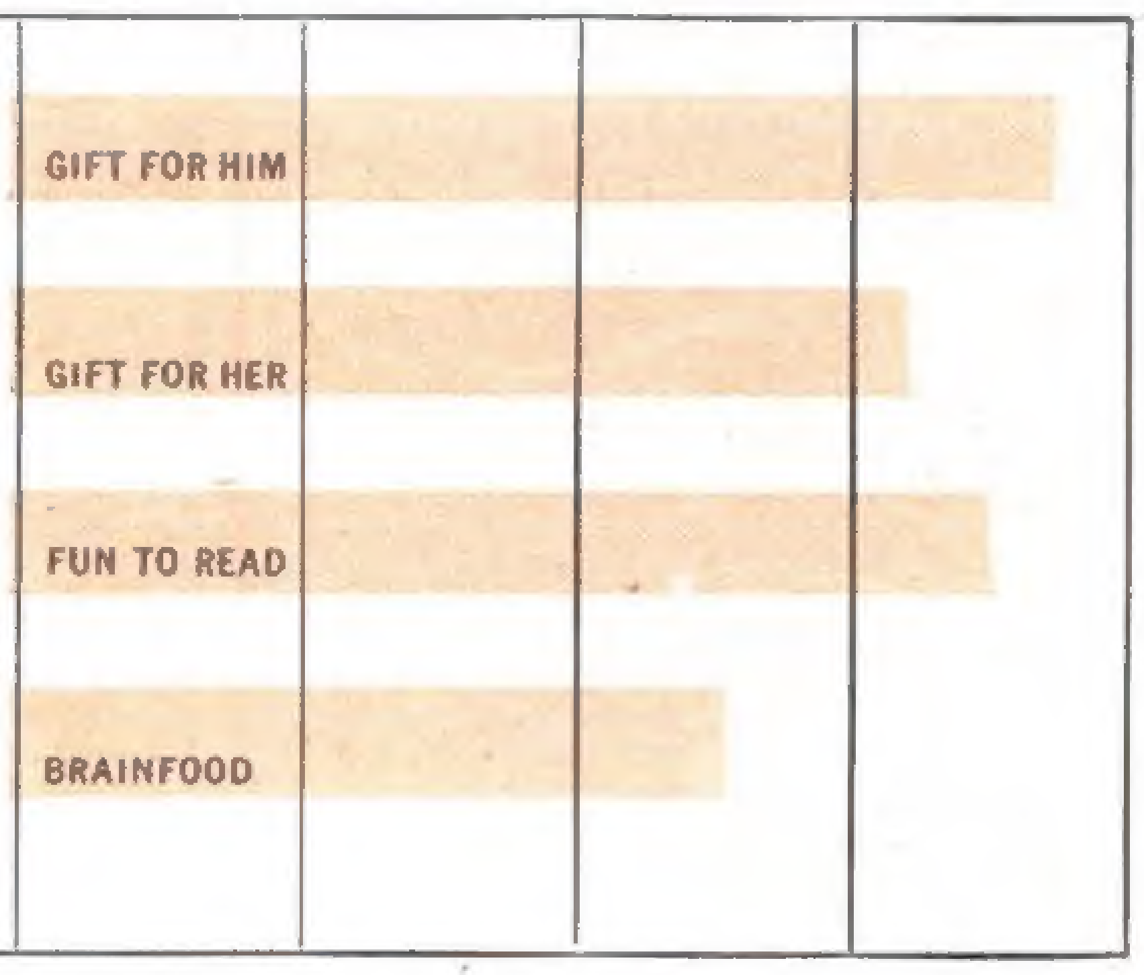

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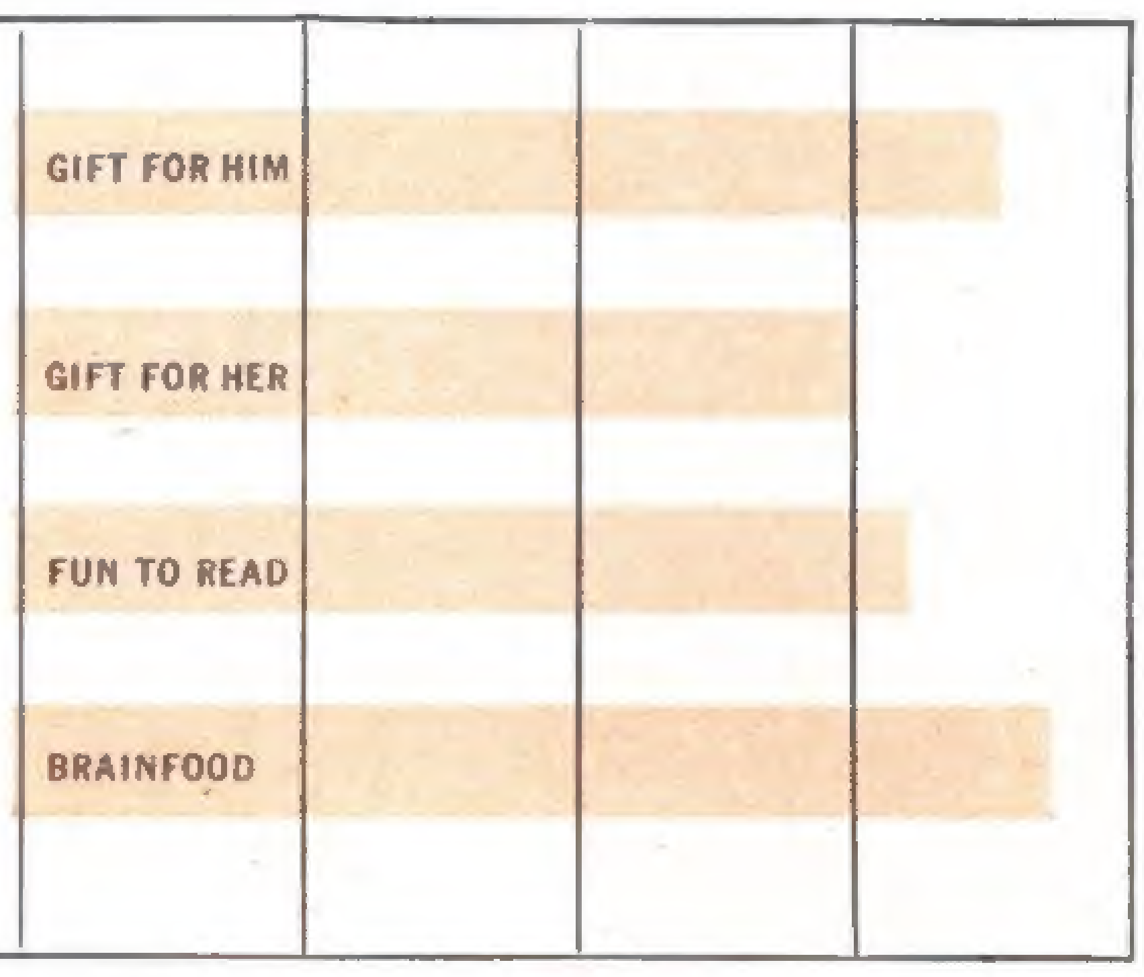

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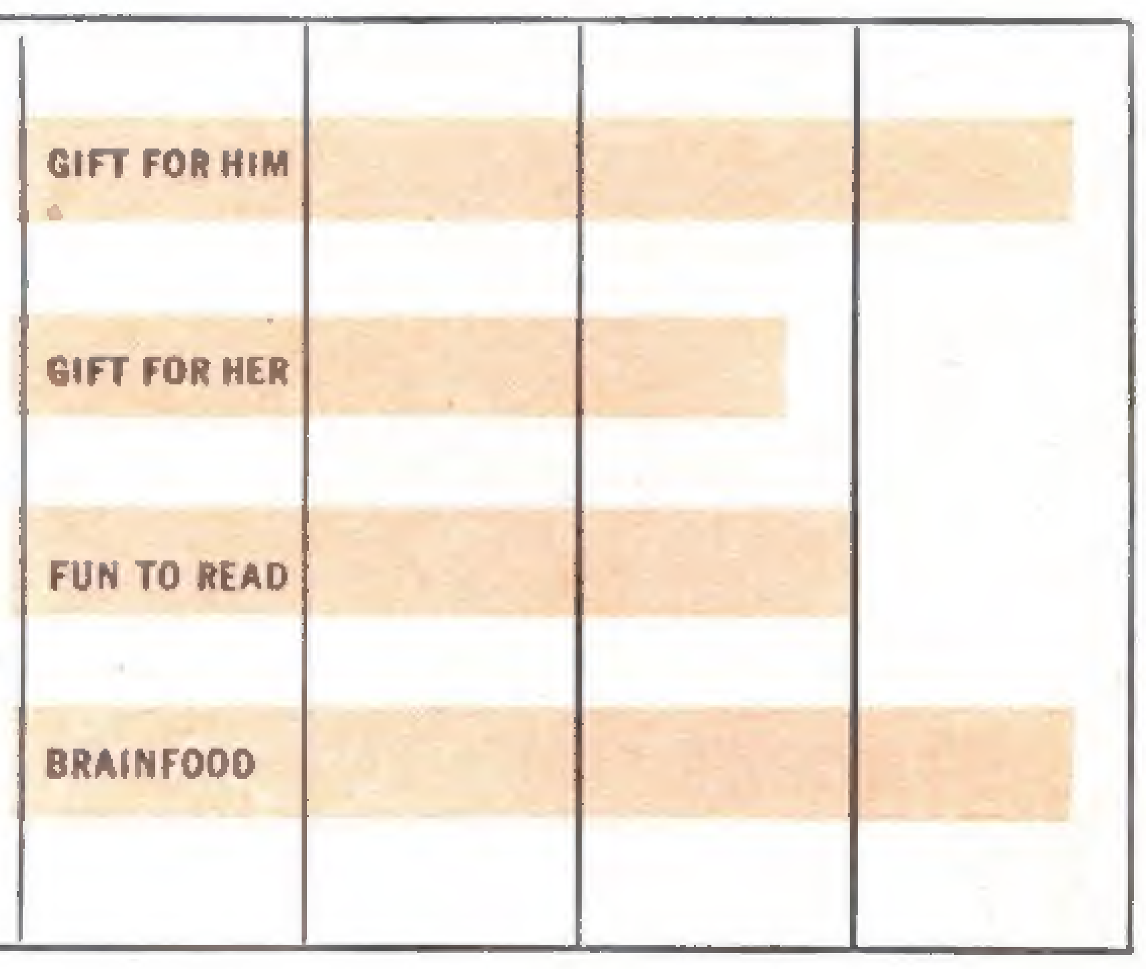

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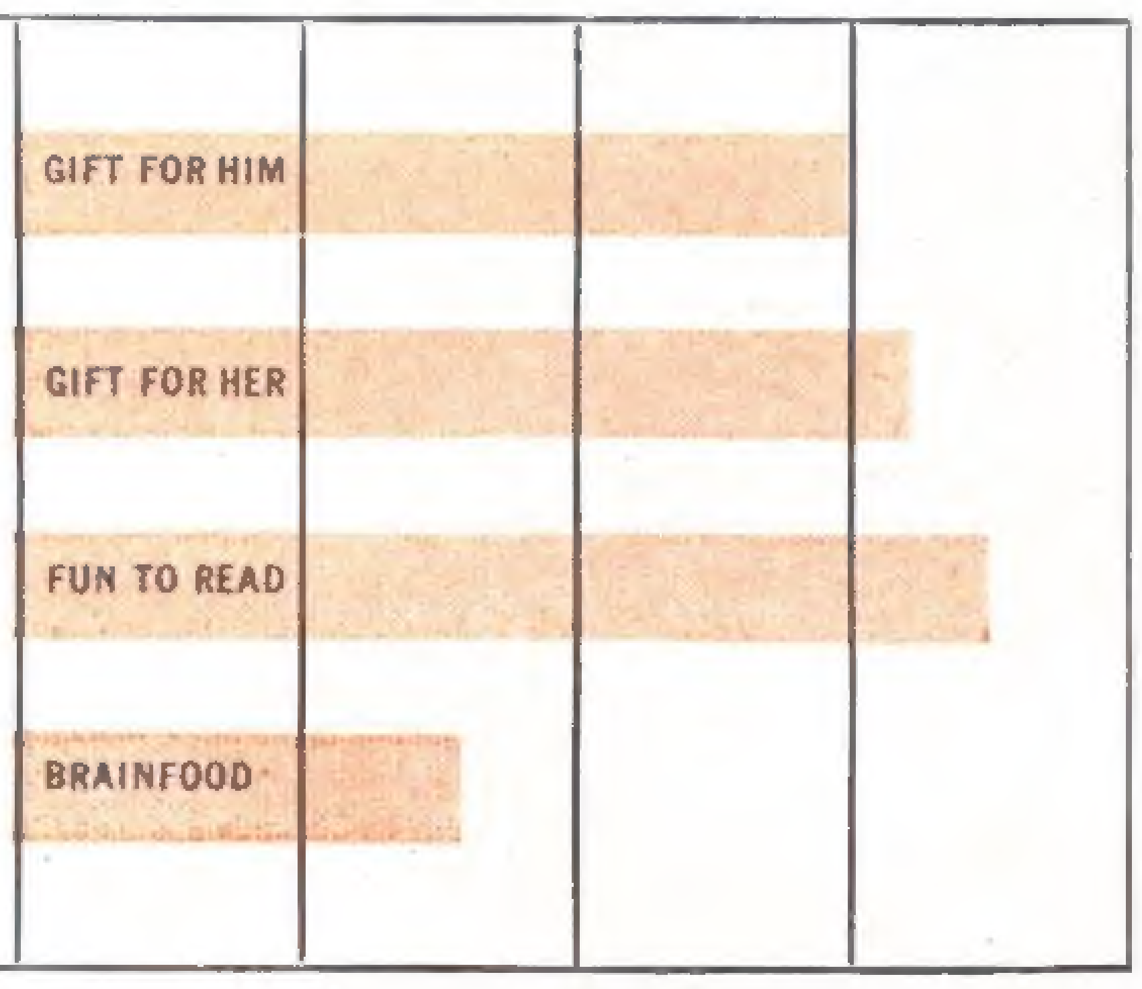

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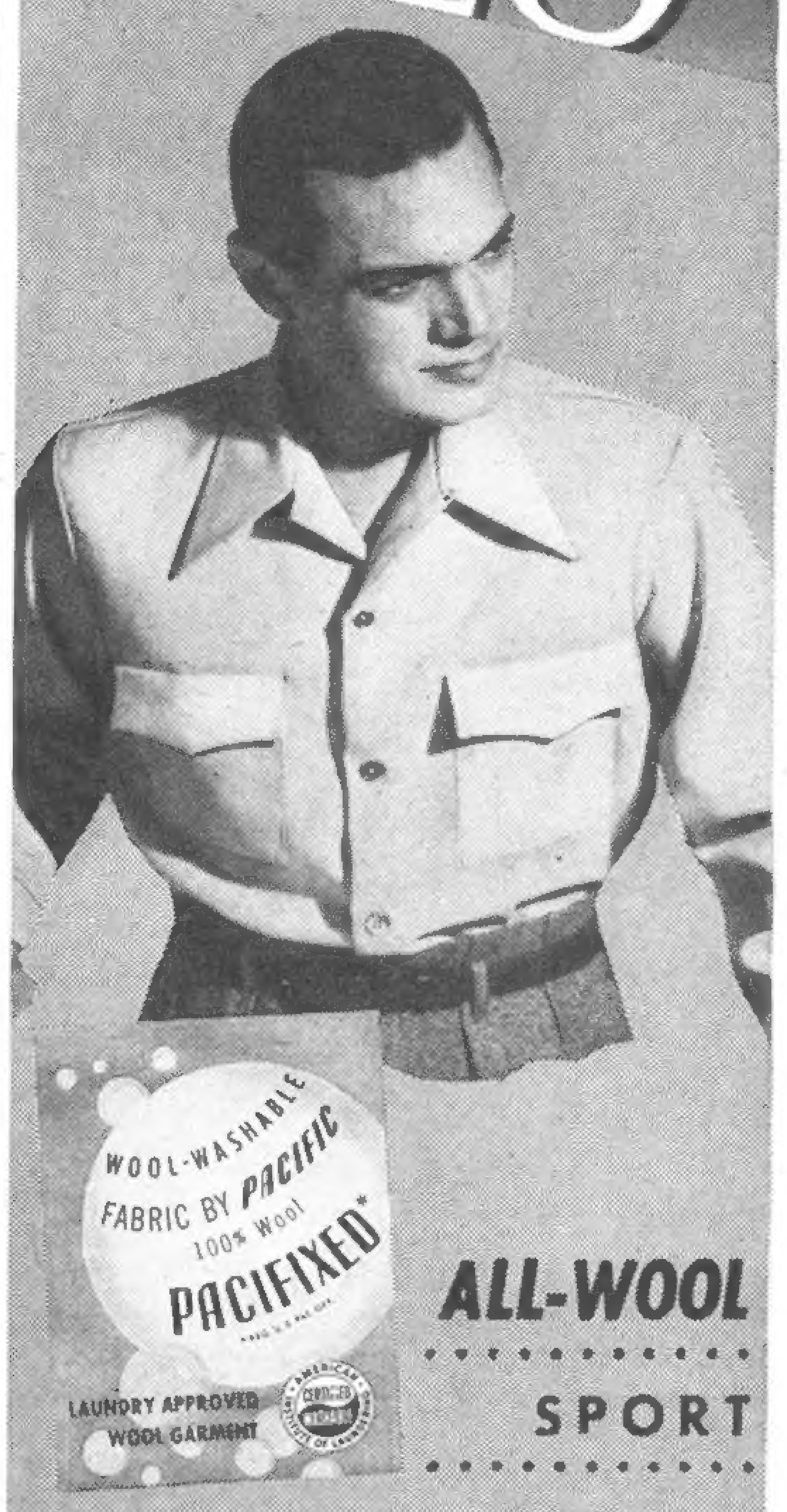

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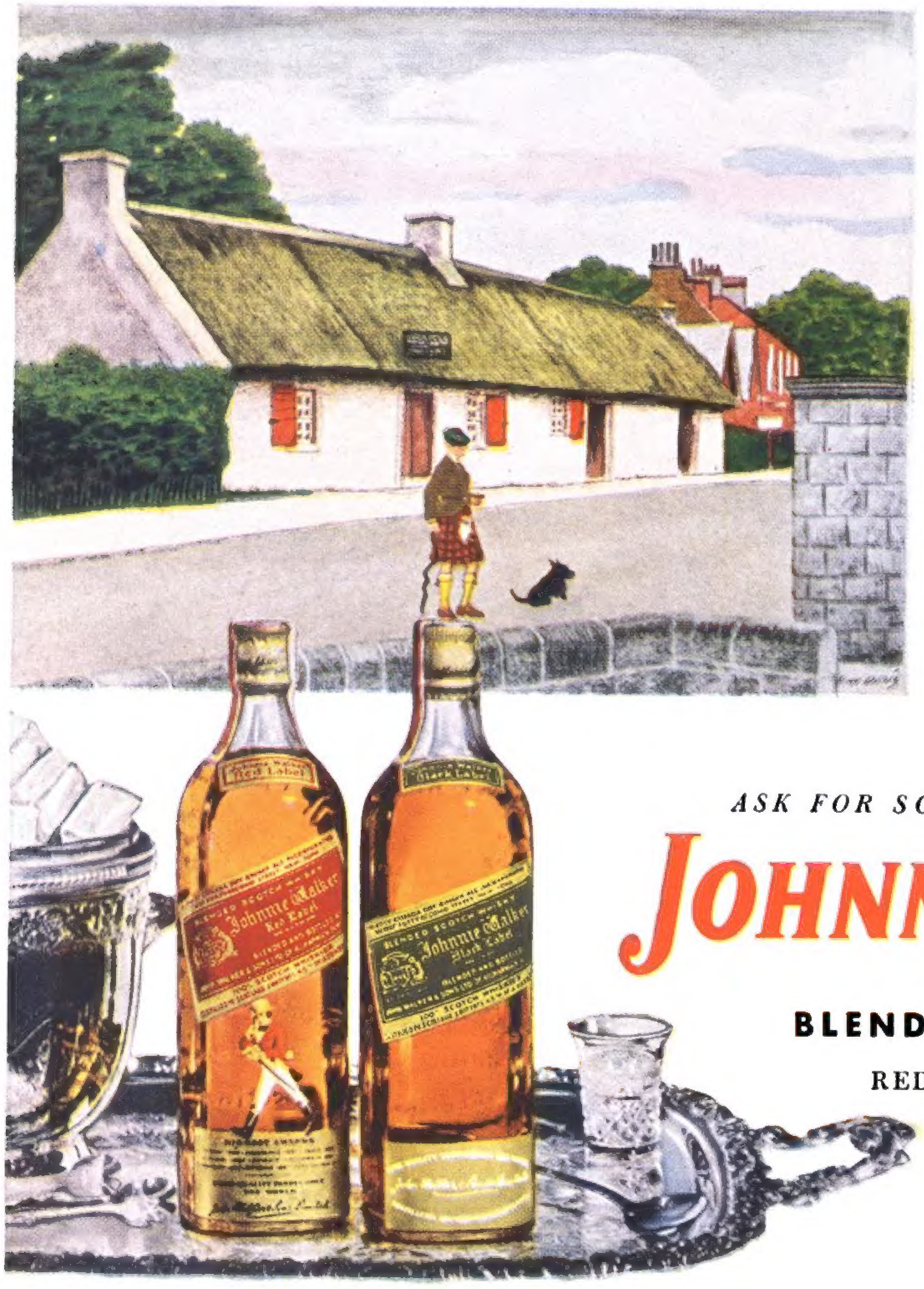

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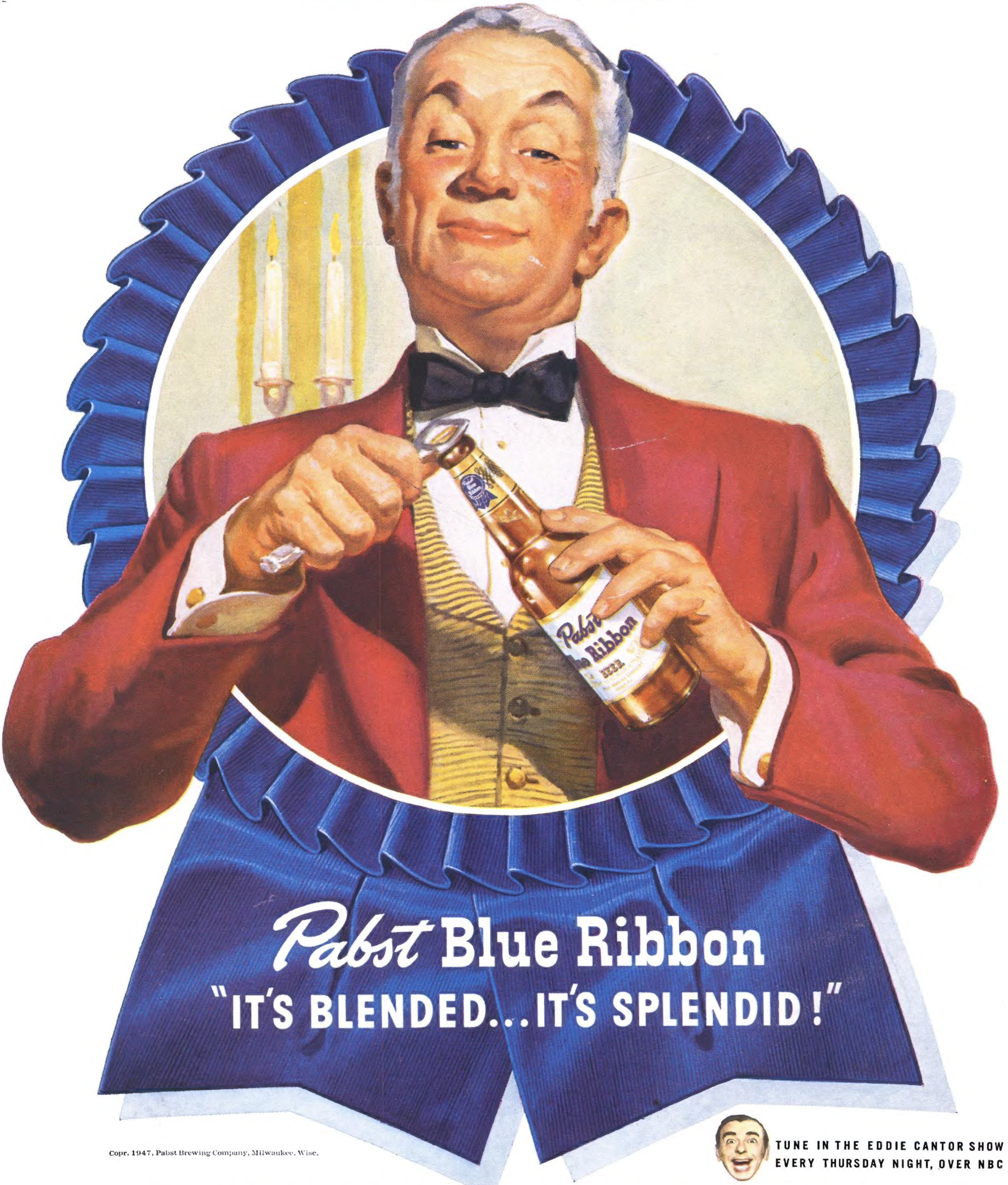

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